

MAY

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

The Cream of the World's Magazines
Reproduced for Busy People

OWNED BY WILLIAM L. WELLS
NEW YORK

PRINTED UNDER A GIFT
BY S. L. THOMPSON

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINDSOR AND LONDON ENG

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

ANY ONE OF THESE BOOKS FREE

American Industries

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES



THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

THE AMERICAN
INDUSTRIES

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

170 Broadway

NEW YORK

THE BUSTY MAN'S MAGAZINE

See
Waterman's
The pen with the Clip-Cap
Ideal
Fountain Pen

Manufactured
and exhibited
at the
Jamestown Exposition

THE careful making of parts, the time taken in adjusting the Spoon Feed to the solid gold pen, the purity of materials used and many of the details that enter into the manufacture of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen will be fully demonstrated in Booth No. 1, Interior Court of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

Dainty Celluloid Bookmark Souvenir of "The Pen With the Clip-Cap."

L. E. Waterman Company of Canada, Limited
136 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

173 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON

Why it Pays to Drive a Russell

The Russell has a Good Record

Owners of these cars in the past are still driving Russells.

They are satisfied: The car has done its work well; the makers have used their customers well.

The Strongest Argument Satisfied Owners

This is your assurance when you purchase a Russell.



THE 1907 RUSSELL is stronger, simpler and more refined than its predecessors. There is no car with more handsome lines, or more luxurious appointments. All models have engine in front under the bonnet, shaft drive, metal-to-metal disc clutch, selective sliding gear transmission, two powerful sets of brakes on each rear wheel. Nickel steel used in all gears and shafts.

Model E. 12-14 H.P. Light Touring Car, 50-hp. wheel base, 30x3 H. in. tires	\$1900 00
Model E. 25 H.P. 4-cylinder Touring Car, 50-hp. wheel base, 32x3 H. in. tires	\$2500 00
Model F. 40 H.P. 6-cylinder Touring Car, 50-hp. wheel base, 34x4 H. in. tires in front and 36x4 H. in. in rear	\$3750 00

Write for Catalogue and book of letters from satisfied owners.

Canada Cycle and Motor Co. Limited, TORONTO JUNCTION, CANADA

Branches: Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Melbourne, (Aust.)

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1907.

LIFE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE		PAGE
Westinghouse—"The Man Who Works"	By CLYDE SMITH	33
A champion sketch of the man who controls the largest aggregation of patented appliances in the world.		
Grand Old Man of Surgery	By HENRY RUSSELL	55
Outlining the work of Lord Lister, who has revolutionized modern surgery.		
The Colonial Premier	By E. B. ORRIS	105
A sketch of the seven colonial premiers now in attendance at the Imperial Conference.		

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS		PAGE
Canada, England and the States	By GOLDWIN SMITH	18
Discussions of political and commercial relations existing between Canada and these two countries.		
The Secession of the Transvaal	By W. T. STEAD	57
The result of English supremacy in this state.		
Imperial Federation		62
Some allusions to the English conception of Imperial Federation.		

ENTERTAINING SHORT STORIES		PAGE
The Duel	By EARL DICK ROGERS	12
An amusing account of a man's fight with the cook at the wheel.		
The Tin Trolley Car	By RALPH BERGENS	17
An interesting story of how a man's dishonest action was punished by his fellow men.		
My Baseball Debut	By L. CONSTANS	45
When the writer was carefully looked to some spite to "play on the other side."		
The Art of Catching the Nausea	By A. W. DIMOCK	78
The absurdity of this national reaction of one's self, makes one's capture very difficult.		
Gen'l Grant and Auto Polo	By M. B. WRIGHT	83
An account of a meeting where Gen'l Grant was wounded by a colored cat who used the 4-sharp method.		
The Jewel of Comeliness	By JOE C. LINCOLN	91
The story of a lady's most beautiful designs in order to give the charity of the church women.		
Dowd's Patent Scaresaw	By E. STEVEN SMITH	116
An account of a confirmed hesiter, which gave him in many strange and surprising moments.		
The Most Impopular Man on Board	By GLENN FARRINGTON	120
How the curiosity of the passengers on a steamer was aroused by the strange story of a fellow passenger.		

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY		PAGE
Municipal Ownership of Electric Light Plants	By JAS. R. CHAYATH	22
An unbiased article dealing with both sides of the question.		
American Wastelessness	By A. HERRMANN	57
Showing the waste of our resources and the consequent results.		

KAY'S MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT



No. 10, Chair

Also used as a Dining Chair.
Price \$1.00



No. 2, Heavy Arm Chair

2 1/2 ft. high, seat measures 20 in. x 17 in.
Price \$2.75
Rockers to match 3.00

Verandah Furniture

THIS year we have taken time by the forelock and are ready for all demands with the best and biggest assortment we ever carried in Chairs, Rockers, Settees, Tables, etc., for Verandah or Porch. A few representative pieces are illustrated here. Cuts and quotations of other designs will be promptly sent on request.

These chairs are strongly built of seasoned hardwood, with seats of woven split reed, and are finished light red, or painted red or green. Orders by mail will receive immediate attention.



No. 1, Large Easy Rocker

Back posts 48 in. high. Seat measures 22 in. x 17 in.
Price \$2.75
Arm Chair to match 3.75



No. 3, Rocker

Seat measures 20 in. x 10 in.
Price \$2.15
Arm Chair to match 3.00

JOHN KAY COMPANY, LIMITED

36 and 38 King Street West - - - Toronto

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

- Iceland's Wonders** By FREDERICK H. LAW 125
The dramatic experience of a party on a homestead among the lava rocks of the Arctic regions.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

- A Medical Conundrum and Answer** By ROSE PELL, M.D. 75
The origin of disease and some ways of preventing it.
- The Making of Medicine** By ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN 7
An interesting paper showing the recent developments along this line.

ARTICLES FOR THE WORKERS

- Keeping in Tune** By ORISON SWIFT MARDEN 37
On the value of being in harmony with your work.
- Good Eyesight in Relation to Good Health** By LUTHER H. GULICK 41
The remarkable number of ailments that are traceable to defective vision.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Soukhotons of Canada** By K. L. SMITH 21
Something about the city in which the community is being brought to great financial prosperity.
- A County Thirty-One Years in Rebellion** By FRANK WICKHAM 45
The story of a rural community in Missouri, wherein a public office is a private assembly.
- Confessions of a Specialist** By BEN THAYER 70
In which is told the experience of two men in the recent past.
- Income Tax Bedges** How payment of this unpopular tax is made. 70
- Lift Saving: Dogs of Paris** By W. G. FYNCHER 100
The good work accomplished by the well-trained dogs of Paris.
- Africa Fifty Years Hence** By SAMUEL P. VERNER 104
Forecasting the future greatness of the African continent in the light of present progress.
- Christian Science in New York** By Wm. ALLEN JOHNSTON 127
Giving an idea of the advance of this body in New York City.
- Other Contents of Current Magazines** 133
- The Busy Man's Book Shelf** 140
- Humor in Magazines** 144

CANADA—

MONTREAL (Telephone 1242) 222 McGill Street
TORONTO (Telephone 5741) 19 Front Street East
WINDSOR (J. B. Macdonald) Room 211 Union Bank Building
St. John, N.B. (J. Macdonald) No. 1 Market Street

GREAT BRITAIN

LONDON (Ed. G. Meredith McKim) 30 Fleet Street E.C.4
BIRMINGHAM (Ed. H. S. Ashbourne) 15 St. Ann Street

OFFICES

OF COURSE YOU WANT THE MOST THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURED IN CANADA. THIS IS THE "CHATHAM"



Comfort enough, ample power, perfection of design and finish. Write for catalogue giving full particulars.
Manufactured by THE CHATHAM MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, CHATHAM, ONT.

HOW
ABOUT
YOUR
GARDEN?

These new effects in beds and borders you have planned to have this year will mean selecting your seeds early.
We have everything you can want; all the old favorites and the best new varieties. Make a note of it; and remember—RENNIE'S SEEDS never disappoint.
If a call is not convenient, we will gladly mail you a copy of our illustrated garden guide. Write to our nearest address.

WM. RENNIE CO., Limited, TORONTO — and — Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV.

MAY, 1907

No. 1.

The Making of Medicines

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN IN HARPER'S MONTHLY

An interesting paper on the manufacture of drugs, showing the recent development along this line

THE one hundred and thirty thousand physicians in America do not make the medicines with which they dose their patients: they prescribe. The thirty-five thousand pharmacists who fill the million and more prescriptions with which they are confronted every day do not make these medicines, either; they dispense. These medicines are all either made or gathered by industrial organizations known as "manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations"; every course of medicine swallowed by every patient in America comes, practically, from some such shop. Now, the physician must undergo a most arduous training before he is permitted to prescribe; the druggist must undergo a training almost equally arduous before he may dispense; but the manufacturer of the substances which the physician prescribes and the druggist dispenses needs only "hang out his sign"; no professional training or educational qualification is deemed legally necessary for the manufacture of drugs.

What is interesting, and in a present-day and very literal sense vitally interesting, is the extent to which scientific method may possibly be applied in the making of these substances; for to writer and reader alike there will come a time, and lucky shall he be if it comes but once, when from a vial or through a needle he will take in there the issue between life and death. Whether it be hypnosis, stimulant, antipyretic, antiseptic, antitoxin, or what not, if it be innocuously or ignorantly or carelessly made, the earth may cover a mistake but

for which he might be walking among ices in the sunlight. Because of the vital interest related to this manufacture and because it illustrates beautifully what men may succeed in doing, when they have the will, in employing scientific method in a business where it would seem impossible of application, and because, finally, it affords an object-lesson of the fact that the intelligent application of scientific method pays, always and wholly, the subject of modern science and drug-making constitutes the substance of this paper.

The drugs come from the uttermost parts of the earth—from the dark forests of Brazil, from the frozen Siberian steppes, from the banks of the "grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees," or from "allion Benmarkand"; but almost everywhere they are gathered by barbarous peoples, the lowest of earth's denizens. It is small wonder, then, that with any one plant there should be a variation among its individual specimens in the proportion of the active medicinal agent it contains. But when we add to this the fact that, in general terms, the per cent. of the active ingredient depends on the amount of sunshine it enjoys, on the time of the year it is gathered, even time of the day, on the amount of moisture, the elevation, the character of the soil, and a dozen other factors, it becomes almost a necessity of thought that the amount of "medicine" in that plant must vary from a maximum to nothing at all.

Such crude drugs are now assayed for

their per cent. of medicinal activity, by a testing department consisting of a large corps of able chemists and pharmacologists provided with an equipment that would do credit to any university.

First there is the chemical assay. To take an example: There is the herb lycopersium, or huckleberry, a clammy, fetid, unattractive animal or human. In the old days it was used to cure the psori, in accordance with this running invention delivered to it the night before. "Saved herb, I hid thee, I hid thee, tomorrow I summon thee to the house of my patient to stop the thum of his feet."

The next morning, before sunrise, the herb was dug up with the bone of a dead animal, sprinkled with salt and confections, and hung about the body patient's neck. Nowadays, the crude drug is extracted in enormous quantity with alcohol, and a test sample of the "fluid extract" is then analyzed by setting free its active therapeutic alkaloids with ammonia, dissolving them out with chloroform, and ultimately titrating them with sulphuric acid. In this way the company positively knows the therapeutic activity of the extract which it has manufactured, and it is also able, through two subsequent analyses, to dilute or concentrate it to a liquid of standard strength, which as anodyne, lysoptic, or unattractive, through the physicians, to the people.

In such a manner does this firm and others that are equally sincere manufacture the 3,000 fluid, solid, and powdered extracts and concentrations of drugs that the physician not only employs but relies upon, and in such a manner do not these many other manufacturers that are insouciant, ignorant, or careless.

But chemistry, even at its present best, is incapable of ascertaining the active principle of any drug whatever. There exist speculative principles of so delicate a texture that they break down under analysis. Therefore, Messrs. Method and Efficiency have developed a great department of physiological standardization, in which the determined and educated members thereof ask that refractory drug, not, "How much is there of you?" but, "How much can you do?"

Thus there is ergot. A man's wife

goes heavily down to the gates of Death to pass through, or, if it may hap, to come slowly back, bearing radiantly with her the flaming torch of another life. Ergot is required. Now, ergot is a fungus growing upon rye, where it destroys and displaces the ovary of the plant. It comes from Russia, Austria, Spain, Sweden, and where not; its chemical analysis does not seem to yield reliable information, for its active constituents are not definitely understood. Finally, the physiological activity of the drug may be good, or little, or zero, just as it may chance, while after the lapse of a year it becomes unfit for use. Yet it is this substance, so utterly variable, that the physician trusts to decide the question of the woman and the child. That he may do so depends upon this most curious and interesting fact, that ergot, which is therapeutically active will block the cock's comb of a living fowl, and that the degree of blackening may be so carefully adjusted by strengthening or weakening the drug that a standard preparation may be prepared. Consequently in this laboratory there are kept certain redoubtable roosters that continually function as standardizers of ergot.

Then there is cowenish indica, or Indian hemp, the dried flowering tops of a plant growing in the East Indies, and forming in different confusions the "lawshish" or "blang" of the East. This drug develops a recondite excretion that constitutes a powerful and valuable narcotic. The quantitative estimation of its active constituents is impossible in the present state of chemical science, and yet because it is perhaps the most variable drug of all materia medica some method of estimating its value is positively demanded. In order to standardize it, therefore, recourse is had to the fact that when it is administered to a dog of a certain weight the normal active drug of a given quantity will cause a lack of muscular control or co-ordination. The company in this way has worried out a method of so preparing its extract that the physician may implicitly rely upon its action.

Again, there is digitalis, and for this drug the ocular observation of symptoms is not sufficient. As it is a valuable,

heart tonic and stimulant, and as its chemical composition is wholly a vexed question, and because the crude drug is often adulterated, it is necessary in order to standardize it to determine the actual effect of a given quantity upon the heart's action. For this purpose an animal is anesthetized, and its heart having been fixed between a little clamping apparatus, registers in the form of a curve its every movement upon a rotating smoked cylinder.

Another such substance is strophanthus, which is estimated by determining the least possible dose that will prove fatal to a frog of a definite weight. So determinate is this method that it has almost the accuracy of a chemical analysis. Thus a frog weighing from fifteen to seventeen grams is killed by a standard fraction of strophanthus in a dose of 0.00016 gram, but with 0.00013 gram it lives!

This drug, strophanthus, is a new remedy, an arrow-poison coming from the heart of savage Africa, and its mention leads one, in a search for significance, altogether away from the standardization laboratory, to the work of which we have but barely glanced, to a wholly different work of this firm—the discovery of new drugs.

Even in the early days this earnest, aggressive company recognized that among the strange peoples of the world there must be strange pharmacologists, and because of this it organized expeditions to seek out new medicinal plants. The Pacific slope of North America, the Fiji Islands, the West Indies, the Amazon River, and Peru were exhaustively searched, and thus through their efforts, though others doubtless helped, there have come into the hands of the medical profession certain drugs that are invaluable—cocaine, from the yearly production of one hundred million pounds of coca; camara sagrada, the temporal salvation of infants the land over; guaiacum, for hounds, yuccasanta, the balsam; grisebina robusta, the sedative; monses, for rheumatism; tonga, sheekan, pechi, johannina, and others.

But, and this is altogether significant, the search for new drugs among savage

peoples is by no means precluded with its old-time vigor.

The discovery that in coal-tar there existed many substances that could be used as a basis in building up the numberless aniline dyes led to the assumption that such substances might have valuable physiological properties, and the assumption was wholly justified; the investigative research along these lines began with the attempt to attain the philosopher's stone of druggery—the synthesis of quinine. Soon, it became recognized that not only the compounds of the benzene ring might have physiological properties, but that any one of the 30,000 organic compounds might have, and probably would have, properties that would affect the human organism. As a result, there is to-day an incredible number of new "synthetic" remedies introduced, through the physicians, to and into the people.

An ideal hypothesis is one that will produce a normal sleep as differentiated from a narcotic which produces unconsciousness by intoxication. The first of this series of drugs arose in 1869 with chloral hydrate, and this substance, even to-day, is the subject of a wide usage. But chloral hydrate, while it certainly does produce sleep, has a depressing action upon the heart, it sometimes acts as a toxic agent, and, very bad, there is an extreme danger of habituation—the chloral habit. Out of the proposed substitutes for it, there are some that appear only to disappear, others linger in promise a year or two, and some bid fair to become an integral part of medicine, but always there is something of disadvantage, and it takes years of experimentation upon patients before there can be a fully determined verdict. An ideal hypnotic seems impossible of present attainment.

The manufacturer of pharmaceutical preparations must be as careful of his reputation as a maid. Because this is so, it will be interesting to watch Messrs. Method and Efficiency in their search for a new "synthetic" remedy. The search begins in their laboratory of organic chemistry. There, after it is decided

by the higher powers to seek for a better medicinal agent for some one of the numerous human ills, there will be found a member of the staff, a trained organic chemist, busily endeavoring to correlate with their chemical constitution the physiological properties of all the substances used for that particular ill. This is to a slight, but very slight, degree possible. Having studied the matter in this way, he is able to think of other compounds which because of their structure he thinks, or rather hopes, may manifest this therapeutic property in a greater degree. Having determined upon them, then, he proceeds to make them. This may take him a month or more, but finally, as definite, beautifully crystalline or liquid bodies, they pass out of his control into another laboratory altogether—that of physiological testing. Here they are one after another carefully and cheerfully administered to animals, and every visible physiological change is noted by efficient instruments—changes in respiration, in heart-action, in excretion, in metabolism, in their action upon nerve-centres, and others. This being accomplished after additional months of labor, some one of these substances, let us say, manifests in a superior degree a curative action upon that one human ill. It may now be supposed that the firm is ready to market its product; but not at all! a dog is one thing and a man is quite another. The firm now proceeds to send out to expert experimenting physicians privately in their employ sample packages of this substance for secret experimentation upon human subjects. This must be done, for there is no other way to obtain information. Now, this discreet experimentation on the human subject on the part of the employed physicians is extraordinarily difficult, and it sometimes takes a year or two before these men hammer out a consensus of opinion. Any physiological effect upon one organ reverberates through all the others, and by-effects and after-effects are often insidiously masked or unconsciously delayed. Even now the company does not feel satisfied, for it hereupon proceeds to send out packages of this same substance to the clinics, and it is only when the hospitals using the

directions and dosage of the company's physicians obtain the same good results that the company goes to market with its new ware. When it does go to market, it goes, it must be confessed, with all the aggressive force of the company back of it, and with no uncertain advertising; though it ought also to be said that any advertising statement made to physicians or pharmacists must first obtain the sanction of the scientific men on the staff, the company finding it advisable in this way to curb the temptations of its own advertising department.

Old drugs from plants and new drugs from the tar-barrel do not, however, exhaust the company's repertory of activities. Much of its capital is employed in the extraction or elaboration of products resulting from the animal organism.

The story opens with the little bodies known as the suprarenal glands. These two little bodies, weighing each about four grains in the adult man, lie near the kidneys. It was at first supposed that they had no function, that, in fact, they were mere vestigial remnants of organs such as to-day we are given to imagining the vermiform appendix. In 1885, however, Addison showed that in the event of their becoming either atrophied or attacked by a malignant growth, a peculiar disease supervened in man, which has since been named, after its discoverer, "Addison's disease." Next, Brown-Sequard showed that the removal of these organs from animals meant inevitable death. After this came the discovery that an extract of the gland contained a specific substance which, introduced into the blood of an animal, caused a marked rise in blood-pressure; and at length, in 1901, the Japanese, Takamine, working in Columbia University, though in the employ of this firm, and followed closely by Aldrich, also in the employ of the firm, succeeded in isolating from the gland of oxen, and in a pure form, its active principle. This substance was called by Takamine adrenalin.

Adrenalin is a light-yellow, light-weighting substance which under the microscope shows a crystalline form; it has a slightly bitter taste and, temper-

ately, a burning effect upon the tongue. In practice it is dispensed usually in the form of the chloride—adrenalin chloride. Adrenalin is a physiological agent so commonly powerful that the injection of one-millionth of a gram for every two pounds weight of an animal will cause the blood-pressure of that animal to suspend a column of water over seven inches higher than it otherwise would; as powerful that one two-millionth of a gram will produce distinct physiological results in the body of an adult man; the small doses of the homeopaths are thus gigantic as compared with those of adrenalin. This tonic increase in blood-pressure will take place under any degree of shock. It stops bleeding, and thus becomes invaluable in the treatment of all kinds of hemorrhages; and, not only so, it prevents in large measure the possibility of bleeding, and so permits of bloodless, or practically bloodless, operations; it permits, in fact, the surgeon to work in a clear field, as, to give an insignificant example, in the removal of the turbine bones. The literature of adrenalin therapy is to-day enormous, for it is used in a most extensive way in much special and in all general medical and surgical practice. Its utility may be taken for granted; what is sought for in this paper is significance, and this is found in the statement that adrenalin was given to medicine by a firm of manufacturing chemists working wholly through the strictest methods of science.

Men are now able to make in the laboratory, and independently of the living animal, a substance similar to adrenalin in its chemical properties and possessed of a physiological activity just as great.

In the course of this manufacture there are some twenty research laboratories devoted exclusively to its investigative progress. It is interesting and instructive to enter any one of these. Taking them at hazard, here is one in which there is to be found a Japanese bacteriologist whose definite, clean-cut object it is to discover the best available germicide.

Still another laboratory consumes itself, for one thing, with "the typhoid agglutinator" for the diagnosis of typhoid fever, one of the greatest triumphs of applied bacteriology.

Without going through the other laboratories or through the enormous factory operations which result from the work of these laboratories, it is obvious enough that this latest glimpse into these manifold activities affords ample justification for what must now be said.

The astute of individuals constituting this firm started early with the ideal of doing "ethical business," based upon science, sincerity, and wisdom. They do this same type of business to-day because the intelligent application of scientific method is always sincere and always wise; furthermore, it is always and wholly pays. It is seen in the undignified and specious statement of one of its officials: "We did not have the face to oppose the Pure Food and Drug Law, but it will hurt our business because it will make our opponents both honest and scientific."

It thus affords an object-lesson to every manufacturer in the country, and particularly to the smaller manufacturer, who, with the coming tightening of competition, will so surely need the intelligent application of scientific method. It always and wholly pays.

A strong individuality is indispensable to the achievement of great things. When you have stability and firmness of purpose—faith and confidence enough to reach the goal for which you are ambitious—you have a strong individuality.

The Duel

BY EARL EDEN ROGERS IN METROPOLITAN

An evening account of a sea voyage with the cook at the wheel.

THE skipper of the John Henry stood on the deck and gazed wistfully at the distant gray, where he beheld the newly-bred member of his crew indulging in unusual and picturesque exertions.

"Wot's the matter with 'im," he inquired of the cook, "why don't 'e come on board? We sails in 'an' an' hour."

"E's tryin' to make known 'is awful state," returned the cook, solemnly. "Jee started 'n-ore to fetch 'im, but 'e 'oller'd not to come 'n-ear 'im. 'E sez 'as 'e 's been exposed to the smallpox."

"Why, that's all right," said the captain, heartily; "tell 'im not to let that worry 'im. I'm not one to old anything like that an' in a man."

There was an eloquent pause.

"The smallpox, I said," ventur'd the cook.

"Well, I'm not dead—I 'end you," responded the skipper testily, "wot of it?" "E ain't likt; to get it, an' if he does, 'oo's afraid? I've 'ad it, an' so 'as the mate. Jos, now in an' fetch 'im at once."

Another pause ensued, during which the cook shuddered uneasily from one foot to the other. His plans for spending that evening with a lady friend in Plymouth had been wrecked by the captain's decision to leave a day early, and in the new hand which the master of the John Henry had engaged there he saw his only salvation. By a vivid recital of the smelties practised by the skipper, together with a liberal purchase of beer, he had ordered the new recruit to play false, seen in the delay which the search for another seaman would compass his chase for an evening of festivity. But the frivolous manner in which his smallpox story was being received took him unprepared.

"Wot ads you, Joe?" the captain belated. "'Ave you quite taken' orders from me?"

Jos cleared his throat, but it was the cook who spoke.

"We're pore men," he said, "but there ain't no law to make us risk our lives for nothink. If that man comes aboard the John Henry, we'll 'ave to go."

"Wot nonsense," the skipper sneered, "you 'ave to die o' something, an' why not the smallpox? Wot's a few sailor-men, more or less? Why, they're as plenty as flies."

"Of all the 'ard-earned talk," murmured the cook.

"I 'ad some trouble gittin' this fellow," went on the captain, savagely, "an' I ain't goin' to lose 'im now—no, not if 'e's been exposed to a whole dictionary o' diseases. To find another like 'im would take a day or more, an' I 'av'n't even a minute to spare."

"It's unfort'wile an' un'aggy," put in the cook; "it's come at a very bad time, an' it's 'ard on all o' us. But it can't be 'elped. It's Providence, that's wot it is."

"Providence nothink," rejoined the skipper, who was no novice in dealing with such situations. "Jee, if you prefers a trial for mutiny to obeyin' my orders, I'll go ashore for the new 'ard myself."

He started for the ship's boat, but the cook planted himself in his path.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but if that feller comes aboard, me an' the other lads will 'ave to leave. It ain't human to ask us to stay."

Our glance at the faces of the crew told the skipper he need expect no sympathy there.

"Well," he said shortly, "mebbe you're right. Mebbe your lives are worth something, though it's foolish of you never to prove it to me." He walked to the rail and addressed the smallpox victim, who was sitting dejectedly on the edge of the plan. "Go away, pore fellow," he shouted, "go away to some quiet spot an' die." Then he turned to

the crew, watch in hand. "We sails in ten minutes," he remarked.

This announcement came as a distinct shock, especially to the cook, who heard it at a time of inward rejoicing over his apparent victory.

"'Ow about the new 'ard?" he inquired timidly.

"It's unfort'wile an' un'aggy," the captain returned, "but as I said before I 'av'n't time now to look up a new man. We'll 'ave to wait without 'is come at a very bad time, an' it's 'ard on all o' us. But it can't be 'elped. It's Providence, that's wot it is."

"Yes, it'll be pretty 'ard on us all, I guess," he went on, after a pause, "cause the boy'll 'ave to do the cookin', an' 'is repertory ain't large. Soup an' coffee's the extent o' Johnny's pore ability, an' sometimes it's 'ard to tell which 's means for which."

"An' why will Johnny 'ave to do the cookin'?" inquired the cook, haughtily, but with no little anxiety in his tone.

"Why," answered the skipper sweetly, "because you're goin' to take the place of the pore feller wot was exposed to the smallpox. You can be ready to take your turn at the wheel to-night, along with the rest."

The cook drew himself up loftily.

"I'll talk no turn at no wheel," he announced, in a dignified tone. "I'll 'ave you know, sir, as 'ow I shipped with this vessel as cook, an' as 'ow I intend to stay cook to the end o' this voyage. I ain't been no common sailor before, an' I ain't goin' to begin now."

"You'll do as I say, my lad," retorted the captain, warmly. "Jee's a doozy, an' when I tell you to do anything, I ain't goin' to 'ave any back talk. You'll do your turn at the wheel, or you'll go twelve months for mutiny."

"Not bota' used to the work o' a ordinary A. B.," said the cook, with equal warmth. "'Aw do you expect me to keep awake? I asks you that."

"Tain't none o' my business 'ow you do it," was the skipper's short reply. "Only you gotter do it, that's all." And he walked away.

A milky crew sailed the John Henry out of Plymouth harbor. During the

remainder of that day the cook went about with an ugly look on his face. He avoided all friendly conversation. Speculation as to his future course ran high, but nothing could be discovered, for when Joe Martin daringly inquired what his plan of action might be, he answered sharply:

"To do my duty an' keep my mouth shut, the same as you ought to be doin'."

That night, a little past midnight, the entire ship, from cabin to fore-castle, was aroused by a sharp, piercing whistle. The men leaped from their bunks and started up the companion-way. At the top they met the captain and mate, clad in the garments of sleep, and forming with them a cautious procession, moved noiselessly forward. In a moment they came in sight of the cook, standing fearfully at the wheel, and whispering "God Save the King," in tones calculated to wake the dead resting in the shipyards of London.

"Wet's the meanin' o' this, cook?" inquired the skipper, very red in the face.

"Wet's the meanin' o' wot, sir," asked the cook, nervously.

"Wot's your idee in wakin' up the ole ship in the middle o' the night by wakin' a ungodly noise?" said the captain, even redder.

"I'm sorry if I 'ave disturbed you, cap'n," said the cook, calmly, "but I've been new at this kind o' work. I 'ave a 'ard time ridin' my eyes open. An' so I whistles. It keeps me awake."

"I 'ave no doubt it does," said the skipper, sarcastically, and then starting in enthusiastically, he saluted the cook all the names he knew. The list exhausted, he tried his hand at invention, with no little success. Finished at last, he turned sheepishly to the crew, for it was plain, as the cook intimated, that hard names were not the equivalent of strokes and staves. At a loss for a plan of further action, he ordered all below in a terrible voice.

No one slept that night during the cook's watch. What was worse, the next night the same piercing whistle roused crew and officers, and the recording angel's cash account must have been

in a sad muddle by morning. For some time the unaccustomed watcher's nightly concerts continued. The captain was roaring mad, and the crew, while naturally delighted to see their chief getting the worst of something, had begun to regret the cost at which this pleasure was bought.

It was at this point that old Daniel, master of plots and plans, took the case in hand. For several hours he sat thinking in the corner of the fore-castle, repelling in early tones the advances of the interested and anxious. At length he announced to the waiting ones the perfection of his scheme, and carried it to the skipper for approval.

"Anythink," said that harassed gentleman, severely, "anythink at all just so it shits 'em up."

Early that evening the entire crew, together with the cook, sat smoking in the fore-castle, when Daniel suddenly arose and going over to his chest, took out an old newspaper.

"I was jest thinkin'," he soliloquized, softly, "as 'ow I forgot to look over that paper wot I bought when I was in London." And sitting close to the smoky lamp, he began to read.

"Wot's the news?" the others inquired, but with little show of interest. Five years before Daniel had bought that paper and all save the cook had read the date beneath the name.

"Notin' much," responded Daniel, in an off-hand manner, "nothin' but a few murders an' 'lagers' an' the like." Then suddenly he sat up very straight, as excited look on his face.

"Wot's this?" he said, so loudly they all started. "Ow lucky," he went on, "ow very lucky fer me to come across this at such a time."

"Wot is it? Read it," they chorused, and Daniel began at a roaring voice.

"Wot is a very strange case 'as 'appened in the St. George horsepital. A night policeman named John Davis 'as been took ther sufferin' great pain from insanity. Them wot lives on 'is beat say as 'ow 'e was accustomed to whistle a well-known tune all durin' the night, an' when them as couldn't sleep bothered at 'im, 'e only awoke fer answer. 'Is punishment for this straitly

'as come. The doctors give out as 'ow whistlin' the same tune for so long 'as turned 'is brain. 'E can't never recover. 'E leaves one wife and eight children."

Here Daniel glared fiercely at the cook. "Well," said that gentleman uneasily, "it seems to me as 'ow that's very pore language for a newspaper."

Daniel turned yellow, which was his way of blushing.

"It's not a very good newspaper," he said, "an' besides, I 'ad to change the language a bit so as to be understood by them wot's not well educated."

"Indeed," returned the cook, shortly, "will ye be so kind as to 'and me the paper, may I ask?"

Reading was not one of the cook's accomplishments, and knowing this, Daniel willingly handed over the sheet. For some moments cook studied it, all the time holding it upside down, as Daniel afterwards explained to the delighted crew. Then he thoughtfully laid it down.

"Indeed," he said again, and departed.

When the cook had gone to the galley, they all praised Daniel until he turned yellow again.

"'Tain't nothin', mates," he modestly assured them, "but I think you'll find that cook is scared out o' 'is wits 'n' all. I asked 'im this afternoon why 'e always stuck to the same tune, an' 'e said, 'I didn't know no other. In 'at case, I think as 'ow we'll get our rest to-night."

But in spite of Daniel's prediction, the cook did not see fit to discontinue his concerts that night. When the crew met him on deck the next day they spoke to him sadly concerning it.

"Wot are you thinkin' of, my lad?" Daniel inquired. "Ave you forgot your meens an' the eight little ones? Turn back, we begs you, before it is too late."

"Maybe the insanity 'as already got a 'old on 'im an' 'e can't turn back," said Bill, pityingly. "Insanity is a awful thing. I knowed a man otter 'o ad it: 'e thought 'e was a animal o' some kind an' used to roar fearful."

"The only man I knowed 'oo 'ad it

thought 'e was the Prince o' Wales," put in Joe Martin. "An' 'e was alius makin' the fo'e'sle for the three room!"

"Two means men 'as come to my notice," said the mate, who was standing nearby with the skipper, "one mis-took himself for a hangel, an' the other kept insistin' the people around 'im was articles o' food, an' tried to show 'em."

"Insanity is a terrible thing," said the captain, sorrowfully. "After the warnin' you 'ave 'ad, cook, I am surprised at you. Turn back, my lad, an' save yourself from such a awful fate."

But the cook was deaf to all entreaties.

That night, instead of being roused by the usual whistle, the crew were awakened by a roar that seemed to shake the entire ship. They rushed up the companionway to the deck, and there they beheld the captain and mate backing slowly away from the cook, who had a frightened look on his face.

"I'm the British lion, that's wot I am," he shouted, stopping between each word for a roar, "I'm a lion an' I'm goin' to eat you, cap'n. I'll be a tough meal, but I think as 'ow I can stand it."

"Wot's that?" said the skipper, roaring in his turn.

"I'm a hangel," continued the cook, suddenly very quiet, "see my wings. I'm goin' to fly."

"If you're a hangel, all I can say is you're out o' place on this vessel," said the captain.

"I ain't no hangel," cook went on, haughtily, "I'm the Prince o' Wales—" "Ain't you overdrin' it a bit, my lad?" put in the mate, but the cook made a leap for him.

"You're the king," he shouted, "an' I'm goin' to kill you—so I can 'ave the throne."

"Be careful," said the skipper. "Be careful there!"

"Look out, old 'am sandwich," shrieked the cook, turning on him, "if you was a piece o' pie, I'd eat you."

With that he fastened himself on the mate.

"You're buttered 'n' black," he cried, "as 'is my meal time."

The captain pulled him off.

"Wot's the meens o' this nonsense?" he asked, angrily. "Go an' take your place at the wheel."

"Wot," shouted the cook, "I've want a ravin' insane steerin' this ship? I'm insane, that's wot I am. Whistlin' one tune 'as turned my brains."

"You're a liar," roared the skipper.

"Old on," said the cook, glaring up. "I ain't no fool, an' I guess I know when I'm insane."

"You've as sane a mind as wot I 'ave," said the captain.

"Maybe," returned the madman, sarcastically, "maybe. But that ain't sayin' much."

The skipper's face changed, and the crew waited for him to knock the cook down. But he suddenly controlled himself.

"We warned you that this would 'appen," he said sadly, "but you would not 'eed us."

"I'm a hangel," said the cook.

"George," went on the captain, turning to the mate, "I'm afraid we'll 'ave to put the pore creature in irons till the end o' the v'yage, when we can 'and 'im over to a horsepit to experiment on. I think the hold is the safest place to keep 'im."

The cook turned pale.

"I'm a lion," he said, softly, "an' a hangel. I'm kinder scared like Where am I? And then he added, a bit too hastily, "There, I feel much better."

"No you don't, pore lad," said the captain, pityingly. "You only think you do. Them wot's insane never knows 'ow they feel."

"I ain't insane—any more," said the cook.

"You think you ain't," replied the skipper, helping the mate to lift the hatch over the hold, "them wot's insane alius say they ain't. Chuck 'im down, mate. Pore, un'appy wretch! Pore feller! An' see that that hatch is well fastened, George."

The next morning the skipper opened the hatch a few inches and let down a bottle of water and some hardtack into the hold.

"Good mornin', pore lunatic," he said

"Is this all I get?" inquired the cook, anxiously.

"That's all," said the captain, "I read in a book that it's best not to overfeed insane people, an' I'm not one to do anything wot's wrong."

Then he closed the hatch to shut off the awful noise coming up from below. "Wot if he should mistake the ship for a topsy hen, an' eat it?" said the mate, smiling.

"Or wot if he should think the sea was a 'ot chocolate, an' drink it?" said the skipper, smiling back.

For two days the captain kept the cook in the hold, letting down his bread and water at each meal-time. At the end of the second day he came and took off the hatch.

"An' 'ow is the insane man to-night?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Much better, thanks," came a meek voice from below.

"Wot does 'e feel like now," asked the captain, "a hot, a hangar, or the France o' Wales?"

"'E feels like 'imself agin," came an even meeker voice.

"That's good," said the skipper, "an' does 'e feel as though 'e would like to take a bite out o' 'is cap'n?"

"No, sir, the very sight o' 'is cap'n makes 'im sick."

"Wot?" roared the skipper.

"Viewed as provisions, I mean, o' course," said the cook, very hastily.

"Very well," said the skipper, "a may come on deck."

Is There Room for You?

It is, no doubt, infinitely more difficult to start a new business of any kind to-day than it was.

But it is only a difference in form, not in substance.

It is infinitely easier for a young practical man of ability to obtain an interest in existing firms than it has ever been.

The doors have not been closed on ability; on the contrary, they swing easier upon their hinges. Capital is not requisite. Fairly influence, as before, passes for nothing.

Real ability, the capacity for doing things, never was so eagerly watched for as now, and never commanded such rewards.

The law which concentrates so many industries and commercial affairs in a few great factories or firms, contains within itself another law not less imperious.

These vast concerns cannot be successfully conducted by salaried employees.

No great business of any kind can score an unusually brilliant and permanent success which is not in the hands of practical men peculiarly interested in its results.

The Tin Trolley Car

BY RALPH REBERGSEN IN THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Emmanuel Eaton resplended in rags with the usual result. He was about to strike his wife a blow as he reeled like his father's when he caught a new device for making the wife, messenger of good news, and again his father's money to purchase a very motor. This startled the father of the young boy who was about to take and then directed him from concerning the other.

SITUATED in the center of Harway, Massachusetts, Eaton's Pharmacy, as the approaching pedestrian might read the name on the gilded metal and pebble overhanging its doorway, did a fairly representative business. Drugs are almost inevitably remunerative, a soda fountain even more so, and for the holiday trade, always an important asset in his yearly profits, Emmanuel Eaton successfully dispensed a miscellaneous collection of combs, razors, fancy soaps, and toilet knick-knacks in general. A prosperous merchant of remedies nicely calculated to relieve man or beast, a skilful compounder of prescriptions, learned in Latin, and reinforced on occasion by a certain bulky volume that little Emmanuel, Jr., already regarded with awe as the repository of mysterious secrets, Emmanuel Eaton was as much a part of Harway as the railway station that had grown up just within the town limits. On Saturday nights the workers in these factories took their pleasure promenading the main street of the town and the cigar and soda business especially prospered. On these busy evenings little Emmanuel was put to bed early—at least he vanished to those higher regions over the store where Mrs. Eaton kept house. But on other nights the occasional visitor was often entertained by his presence. The tops of the long glass cases made an admirable playground on which processions of cork stoppers marched gallantly—a very army of them, the big stoppers pompously in the van and the little stoppers bringing up the end of the procession far along the counter. And on these evenings, Emmanuel, Sr., read the daily paper in his revolving chair behind the prescription desk, or emerged to make an occasional sale or gossip with a chance caller.

It was all very old-fashioned, prim-

tive even to the cash drawer, with its circular compartments for small change, and its long compartments for bills. But Harway itself was primitive. The grocer, to be sure, had a cash register, on which his clerks thumped like piano players whenever they sold even five cents' worth of sugar. The telephone had only recently been introduced, this invention Emmanuel Eaton had adopted as he had earlier adopted the electric light, he believed in progress—the more so since his marriage, somewhat past the usual accredited heyday of the blood, to the young woman who for many years had taught in the public schools of the city before coming into a small inheritance. On the inevitable descent of Providence in this union, Emmanuel, Jr., was the visible sign and token.

To-night, however, father and son were far more widely separated than by the length of the shiny glass showcase. The cork stopper soldiers marched as usual in solid phalanx across its smooth surface, but the little boy's thoughts were busy with an unexpected rebuff—a thing unheard of—the refusal of a perfectly natural request. The cork brigade marched warily, then ordered ranks arranged with but a half-hearted generalship, and seen through a mist of rebellious tears. As if a filler could be expected to play all the time with just cork stoppers. They might do for passengers in a trolley car, and for people waiting to get on when the car stopped, and for a conductor and a motorman—but you couldn't play that without having a trolley car.

Emmanuel, Jr., stopped arranging his soldiers and dummed listlessly on the showcase. Outside a real trolley car crashed through the lighted space in front of the shop; its bells jangled derisively and scathed furiously from the trolley. Emmanuel, Jr., of course, had no wish to own a real trolley car, but in imagination he fastened his

found none against the window pane of Mam Pritchett's toy shop, and saw the unattainable glories of a tin trolley car. Two irresponsible tears formed in his blue eyes and fell, like the first hint of a summer shower, on the glass showcase. But Emmanuel, Jr., was made of sterner stuff than weeps at a tragedy. He kicked himself mentally and resumed marshalling his regiments. But it was an unexplainably mean parent who wouldn't buy his boy that trolley car, who had not only refused, but insisted with surprising, altogether unaccountable hardness. Had Emmanuel been a real general it is probable that he would have led his army to a revolution.

Mr. Eaton, in his revolving chair behind the prescription desk, laid down his newspaper and took up a letter. It was an official, business-like paper, and bore the heading, "Tigre and Crowe, Bankers and Brokers." He read it seriously, knitting his brows thoughtfully, his blue eyes, the same shade of blue as his little son's, following the few lines with pitiful anxiety. Additional margins—so the note brusquely intimated—were necessary to protect certain trades that Mr. Emmanuel Eaton had made through the medium of Messrs. Tigre and Crowe. Additional margins! Emmanuel Eaton opened the prescription desk and removed a sheet of paper covered with figures. Patiently, with a dull pencil, he went over the figures, cursing Messrs. Tigre and Crowe in his heart. He remembered the hesitation with which he had first sent for their "Hints to Investors" and "Daily Market Letter." The bold dash of courage with which he had given them his first order to execute; the caution of second order; the next order; the succeeding ups and downs of his petty speculative enterprises. Not even his wife knew of them; fortune was to be kept concealed as a surprise for her. Again he went methodically up and down the row of figures. And now nothing was left—but her own inheritance. If he borrowed a little, only a fraction of that—it would provide the additional margin. A little look to-morrow, and he could quit even, and be done with stock markets forever. The temptation grew as he

pondered it. Part of his wife's money was in his own bank, in his own name; she had insisted on putting it there; it had been her way of showing her perfect confidence in her husband, and she had said laughingly that there was not enough of it to make it worth while for her to open a separate bank account.

Emmanuel Eaton, Jr., marched his cork stopper brigades solidly across the showcase. He had forgotten the tin trolley car, but now and then, even in the midst of war's alarms, he sighed solemnly. Regiment after regiment departed heavily; Washington, Lincoln, General Grant and Admiral Dewey marched side by side against Cervera and Aguirre. More troops were necessary. The small boy climbed down from the high stool on which he superintended the manoeuvres. He went back to the square drawers that contained the inexhaustible supply of corks.

In this age of drawers one was a different shape from the others. It caught Emmanuel, Jr.'s, attention. Suddenly the memory of the tin trolley car came back to him overwhelmingly; somebody else was sure to see it and buy it; perhaps it was gone already. He glanced toward his father, but the apothecary's head was bent over a small narrow book in which he was writing.

Emmanuel, Jr., opened the drawer that was different. He stood on tiptoe and peeped into it. There were round receptacles in which were dimes, quarters, nickels, pennies; long, narrow receptacles, in which were a few bank notes. Impulsively the small boy reached out a fat thumb and forefinger and removed a bill from the top of the pile—a wonderful piece of paper that would surely be accepted by Mam Pritchett as the equivalent of the tin trolley car. He closed the drawer silently and climbed back on his high stool with a hand full of cork stoppers. Mechanically he began arranging his new battalions, but the game no longer interested him. Suppose somebody should have bought the tin trolley car?

Mam Pritchett (as the school children called her) opened her shop next morning at the usual hour—that is to say, she unlocked the door, and attaining her ear to catch any faint tinkle of

the alarm bell attached to it, returned cheerfully to her breakfast. In such a society as she frequented Mrs. Pritchett was known as a widow woman; the bones of the late Mr. Pritchett slumbered in ocean depths; his "relie," as she was fond of styling herself, had drifted inland, come to anchor in Harwar, and adopted a precarious commerce in awnings, toys and the various articles, such as a spool of cotton or a package of needles, that the best ordered household sometimes needs in a hurry. But the public school just opposite her was her salvation and chief dependence.

Emmanuel Eaton, Jr., glided his nose to the dingy pane through which Mam Pritchett displayed her commercial seductions. It was there—the tin trolley car. One hand doubled up in his trousers' pocket, he pushed vigorously against the door of the shop. The bell rang violently. The small boy looked up and met the grim gaze of Mam Pritchett looking down at him. The dame leaned far over the counter.

"Well, little man?" said Mam Pritchett, sharply. "Speak up and be bright about it." Her aspect terrified Emmanuel. It was the first time he had ever done business with a sailor's wife. But he found his voice after a moment.

"Please, mam," he said, hesitatingly, "do they sell trolley cars for one dollar?"

Mrs. Pritchett might have responded without prevarication that they sold them for less. The sight of the bill, tightly grasped in the chubby, brown hand, aroused her suspicions; but she thrust them behind her bravely.

"They do so, young man," she returned, grimly, stiffening her bent back and lumbering to the window. Emmanuel's eyes followed her as she leaned far over and fished out the trolley car, carefully dusting it with her apron. No dusting, however, could remove the fly specks that spotted it, invisible to the aesthetic eye of the new owner. The trolley car vanished into a brown paper parcel; the dollar bill vanished into Mam Pritchett's capacious pocket. In a small way Emmanuel Eaton, Jr., had become a trust.

Meanwhile Emmanuel Eaton, Sr., had wrestled with his own temptation, and

the temptation had thrown him. A letter addressed in his cramped handwriting to Messrs. Tigre and Crowe, of New York and Boston, lay stamped and ready to seal the mail on the prescription desk. It had not been posted, for Mrs. Pritchett was making her last struggle. But it remained a mere matter of putting on his Panama hat and stepping out to the letter box. After all, repeated Mr. Eaton to himself, things were not so bad as they might have been; the store was intact, and even if the little fortune it had made for him in the past years had become as thin air and vanished, the market must change and then he could put back the cheque he had put down on his wife's account, and nobody would be the wiser. "Nothing venture, nothing have," he muttered in a fine glow of courage, such a feeling he imagined as must sometimes have been felt by that great man, Napoleon. He took down his hat, dropped the letter into his pocket, remarked to his own clerk that he was going out for a moment, and looked about for Emmanuel. Mr. Eaton had wanted something yesterday—what was it? Oh, yes, a tin trolley car that they had seen in the ridiculous toy shop of Mrs. Pritchett. Well, he should have it. The boy was a good boy; in a year or two he must be going to school and then to college.

"Emmanuel," called Mr. Eaton, looking toward the showcase, behind which he had seen his young hopeful disappear a few minutes earlier, "Emmanuel!"

There was no answer. Mr. Eaton went behind the showcase. There was one corner, near the window, where Emmanuel, Jr., had made for himself a "cubby-hole." Mr. Eaton approached it on tiptoe.

Emmanuel, Jr., sat in his cubby-hole. His legs were crossed under him. A crowd of impatient cork stoppers thronged the floor, waiting for the tin trolley car. The two largest cork stoppers in Eaton's Pharmacy guarded its platform, the one as conductor, the other as "motorman." Along the seats sat other cork stoppers, big and little; they regarded each other with the same air of rapt interest as do real passengers in a real trolley car.

The car ran madly across the floor; it stopped opposite Mr. Eaton's feet as he stood looking gravely down at it, like a giant lost in a world of cork stoppers. Emmanuel, Jr., looked slowly up, past the baggy trousers, past the striped neckerchief vest, past the neat bow tie, past the thin beard, and into the blue eyes of his parent. The two stared at each other.

"Emmanuel," said his father, "what is this, my son?"

Emmanuel hesitated.

"It's—it's a trolley car," he said, slowly. All the fun of having a trolley car had vanished; it left a blank, something painful, the sense of that emptiness of life that a child feels after the last moments of the Christmas treat. "It's—it's a trolley car," he repeated, with an unmistakable break in his youthful treble.

"So it appears," said Emmanuel, Sr. "So it appears. Where did you get it?"

"I got it for a one dollar," said Emmanuel, Jr. Suddenly he put his arm around his father's baggy trousers. It seemed impossible to look his father in the face, but the old trousers were comforting. He clutched them tight with his chubby fingers, trying in vain to

hold the grip while his father bent over and loosened it, gently disengaging the hugging figure, and kneeling beside it.

"Was it your money?" he asked, lifting his son's face. "My son, was it your money?"

"No," sobbed the youngster. "I took it. I took it out of the funny drawer. I don't want the trolley car any more, father. Indeed, I don't want the trolley car."

Mr. Eaton caressed him, smoothing his head, wondering what kind of punishment he could invent to meet this situation. His son a thief? He held the boy closer, as if instinctively protecting him from temptation.

"No, my boy," he said, gently. "It is better not to have a trolley car than to get it with somebody else's money." He stopped. On the floor beside him lay the white envelope he had addressed to Tigre and Crowe. He picked it up quickly and put it back in his pocket.

"I think we had better go and lay the matter before your mother," he said, quietly. "Come on, Mr. Boy. We both have something to tell her."

And as he passed the prescription desk he took the white envelope from his pocket and tore it into many pieces.

The Doukhobors of Canada

BY R. L. SMITH IN THE CRAFTSMAN

A community of Siberian exiles which is being brought to great financial prosperity by Peter Verigin, a Russian captain of industry

THE Doukhobors of Canada, as Universal Community of Christian Brotherhood—so their leader, Peter Verigin, while still in Siberia, suggested that they be called—have now forty-four separate villages, with one to two hundred people in a village, and represent a prosperous form of community life. When they came to America they had nothing. To-day they have land, houses, food laid up for emergencies, twenty threshing outfits, six flour mills and five lumber mills. They also have a blacksmith and carpenter shop in every village, and run a large brickyard. Fifteen steam ploughs work up the land quickly. The possession of these labor-saving devices is said by those who know Peter Verigin, to be an example of his adroitness. One of the tenets of the Doukhobors is to cease for animals, and when they suggested it was wrong to work horses in this way, their leaders instantly improved the opportunity by advising the use of steam ploughs. The people are natural tillers of the soil. They like village life, have been for centuries accustomed to agricultural pursuits, and are intelligent workers. Their only holidays are the Sabbath and Christmas. Russian law is not observed. "For Christ to ever be resurrected in every man's heart."

The growth of the Canadian Doukhobors is amazing to anyone who has known their history from the start. Five years ago six thousand of these people came to this country with nothing but strong hearts and willing hands. They were poor, not one in five hundred could speak English; they knew nothing of Canadian customs, and for two centuries had been oppressed; their property had been repeatedly confiscated, their women ill-treated and their leaders condemned to Siberian mines. To-day they are one of the most interesting communities existing in the world. They do business on modern and

approved methods, they issue financial statements, have co-operative stores, buy necessities at wholesale, and are rapidly taking advantage of those usages and customs of civilization which do not conflict with their religious belief.

Without doubt this change of attitude is largely due to Verigin, who is a veritable captain of industry, well calculated to be a leader, and tactful in persuading his people to adopt new labor-saving devices and progressive measures. No one can see Verigin without being impressed by the man's capabilities and the conviction that he is a remarkable character. He is an active manager, a worker as well as director, and though it is impossible outside the sect to discover his tribal or hereditary right to lead, or to understand their belief in his divine origin—which many of his followers affirm—every one who sees Verigin is convinced of his power and influence among the Doukhobors.

Whatever his life may have been in youth, or however he obtained his present position as head of this sect, to-day he is physically and mentally well equipped to be a leader of men. He is fully six feet in height, broad shouldered, deep chested, well built. He has a sweetly complexion, a strong but kind face, wears a mustache and his hair is graying thin. His personal appearance is pleasant, but it is his mentality and ability to guide the ignorant Doukhobors that arouses admiration. He came to Canada when they were in the midst of confusion, with their new life hardly started, their settlements scarcely formed, and disintegration imminent. With triumphant logic and he rallied his army and led it to victory. Verigin reveals in his conversation a bright, keen, active mind, fully competent to deal with the problems of his people. Though he speaks frankly, one is conscious that he speaks with discretion,

Some Things to Learn

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a bedroom.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one wants to know if you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

and keeps in reserve what he may think it unwise to impart. He is well read, masterful without being arrogant, and, most important of all, tactful. After meeting him one does not wonder at his power and influence, nor at his isolation through the years that he was in captivity.

In fact, many of the Doukhobor doctrines are the result of the influence of this young man, who managed to keep in touch with his people while in Siberia. Possessing some education when he was banished, he met followers of Tolstoi early in his prison life, and from them, from reading the philosopher's works, and from direct communication with the Russian sage, he became imbued with Tolstoi's ideas, and the doctrine of non-resistance. As a result he sent messages by Doukhobors who managed to keep in communication with him, and advised his followers not to carry arms, to give up meat, not to use intoxicants or tobacco, and to live a community life. As most of these precepts were in accord with the former teachings of the sect, his suggestions were readily accepted by his devoted people.

Verigin reached Canada after his release from Siberia, at a critical time. It was just after "the pilgrimage" when the Doukhobors had left home, stock, and all belongings behind and started toward Winnipeg. The results of this, to others, crazy movement, are well known. The Canadian Government was obliged to interfere, the mounted police saved the horses and cattle from starvation, and by persuasion and force the deluded people were sent back to their villages. At the time they accounted for the begonia by saying they took the Bible literally, and "did not Christ say take no thought for the morrow and that material things were of no account?" Whatever the cause of this peculiar psyche-religious mania, whether it was sincere, or, as some affirm, an effort to meet Verigin, who they had heard would reach them about that time, the fact remains that since the advent of their leader these Russian peasants have made only one similar attempt at a pilgrimage, and that was promptly stopped by Verigin.

On reaching Canada, Verigin organized the disrupted communities, put them on a paying basis, acting with promptness and decision. The Doukhobors, perhaps from long persecution, are a silent people and reluctant to tell how they are governed; but it is well known that Verigin has an immense power over them, that the expert to do as he suggests, and that they recognize that it is to their interest to follow his advice. There is no doubt but his task is a hard one, and it is fortunate that he has approached it tactfully. Canadian lands are rich, well adapted to agriculture, and the Doukhobors own fine tracts. Since their leader has succeeded in centralizing their labor and holding the men together, their lands have become some of the most productive in the Northwest. That is an enviable of handling the six thousand peasants, many of whom do not read or write, as shown by the fact that in spite of the confusion and waste that greeted him on his arrival in the face of discouragements, such as neglected cattle and the destruction of food and clothing, in one year after assuming the helm he was able to present a report far from discouraging, and systematic in every detail.

When Verigin reached his fanatical countrymen, he persuaded them to choose capable men for a community council, to continue their self-governed, and to select a certain number of men besides himself to be head of affairs. In this way he obtained the advice of those familiar with conditions, and was able to appoint a competent corps of assistants. Each man does his share toward the property getting and even the children earn money by digging roots and herbs, and turn it into the exchequer. Verigin is custodian of the public trust, and by his practical methods, high ideals and understanding of his people's peculiarities, has so far proven himself more than worthy. As there are so many Doukhobors, it is evident they can provide largely for themselves without outside help. They buy at wholesale, grind their own flour, and in every possible way conduct business so that financial returns will come back to them instead of to other par-

ties. In this way, and with a committee attending to the community funds, they have developed the largest experiment in pure communism that has ever been attempted.

Nothing can be more convincing of the present success of this community life than a glance at one of the reports handed in at a general meeting. Two men and one woman delegate are always sent from each village, as well as the men who hold offices in the settlement. The meeting is opened with the Lord's Prayer, and ends with the singing of psalms, but the business questions are discussed thoroughly, and all items of expenditure, from small incidentals up, are accounted for. The reports of these meetings, which are in quaint, archaic English, would make a modern bookkeeper wonder at their accuracy. For instance, at the last general, held in February, 1904, at the village of Nadezhda, the account shows that the Doukhobors purchased over six hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, but by buying at wholesale effected a saving of two hundred thousand dollars. The report then goes on to state that coupons that retailed for one dollar were obtained for sixty cents, twelve-cent prints were bought for eight cents, etc. The cash account is interesting as showing a satisfactory statement for the income of the community for the past year amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and their expenditures to half a million. The sundries account shows modern up-to-date methods, and among other things, the repayment of a loan by the Bank of British North America, amounting to fifty thousand dollars.

The meeting ended with an appeal to the women present to tell the women in the villages, "to be imbued with the sentiment of high duties as mothers of mankind; to commence in future to enable men, as by nature itself women are much softer than men. They, men, in daily life are moving amid rougher surroundings, doing hard work, handling timber, and suffering from winter cold, and there is no wonder that the character of men is much ruder than that of women. It is very desirable that when men will return from their outdoor work

women should give them solace and good comfort in their homes." Thus, after the meaning of community life had been expressed as first, "spiritual fellowship and meekness between men, in which people are understanding great gentleness," and second, "material profit."

Truly an odd business meeting in the year of grace, 1904! And held by a body of people who only a few years ago conducted a "zesty parade," and abandoned all they possessed in a fit of religious frenzy. Nothing shows more plainly the power Verigin has over them. The working day of the Doukhobors is from five in the morning until eight in the evening, but this is divided into three shifts of five hours each. One set of men and horses go to work at five, stopping at ten for five hours' rest, while another shift continues the work. At three in the afternoon the first shift resumes work and continues until eight in the evening. This makes one shift do ten hours' work, while the other does five hours, but the heavy and light shares are taken alternatively every other day.

Many Doukhobors are employed in building railroads, and the recent impetus in railroad construction throughout Canada has afforded favorable opportunities. Every summer they take large railroad contracts and the executive committee provides shovels, wheelbarrows, shovels and other equipment for the purpose. In working on railroads the men live in camps, and are accompanied by enough women to do the sewing and washing. The camps are picked in a convenient spot, and are well equipped with sleeping tents, store tents, kitchens, blacksmith shops and stables. All cooking is done by one or two primitive brick ovens after the fire has been removed. Coke is largely used and is made by burning Balm of Gilead poles in holes dug in the ground. As a matter of fact, the Doukhobors' domestic methods are crude, but they serve the purpose as well as more modern appliances. Their method of community life makes work on the railroads comparatively easy. This was especially true when they first arrived in Canada. They were without means, and it

was necessary that the men should leave their land and earn enough money to purchase the necessities of life. It was difficult for one man to go any distance and leave an unprotected family in an unsettled country. In a large community, a division could be made whereby a thousand men or so could be away on railroad construction and as large a number stay at home to work the land, put in the crops, and build houses. Those who were away earned money for communal supplies and eatables, and the work and profits were thus about equally divided.

The Doukhobors built their own mud or log houses, and the communal stables of which there are one or more in each village for the horses, cattle and hens. Early in their Canadian life they were joined by the wives and children of two hundred men who had been exiled in Siberia. These were taken care of by the community until the men were liberated, when they at once came to Canada. If individualism had been practised, it is difficult to say what might have become of these fugitives. So far, this religious sect has not made much advance in education. Verigin gives as a reason that "the first duty of the Doukhobors when they arrived was not to teach their children to read, but to get food for them." Money has been offered them to assist in this work, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, who have been attracted toward them by many similarities in their beliefs, have several times suggested sending teachers. Such proffers have been refused on the ground that, "It is against our principles to accept charity, and we do not wish to accept a sum for the purpose of building schools, without seeing our way clear to repay it." Quaker nurses have been among these people for some time, and recently Verigin has announced that he thought they were in a financial condition where it would be best to start buildings which could be used either for school or church, and to engage teachers.

Growing out of the religious tenet that they must not eat flesh, is the desire to care well for animals. The houses used in connection with railroad construction are kept in the best of

condition. Their coats are glossy, and one man is constantly employed to chop and prepare their food. One of the topics discussed at a recent business meeting was the care of animals, and it was unanimously decided that as they did not kill animals for food, they should treat them as well as possible. Cows should have light, dry quarters; work horses should not draw heavy loads, and should not be taken out of the stables in winter if it was colder than thirteen degrees Fahrenheit.

Altogether, these Doukhobors are a strange people, a sect dating from the early part of the eighteenth century, and holding religious views which at one time set them in a frenzy, and at another tend to set them apart and make them appear as the most Christ-like people in the world. It is difficult for an outsider to define their religious beliefs, for they are illiterate peasants, have no creed or writings, and their unwritten belief is handed down much like the Sagas. Orest Nevitsky, who made a careful study of their religion, divides it into twelve essential tenets, the purport of which is that they are "led by the Spirit," and "that the kingdom of God is within you." It can be said that without priests they have a religion, with no police they have little crime, without lawyers they settle disputes, and without "frenzied financiers" they have thriven as regards this world's goods.

As the Doukhobors wait until the spirit moves them before they speak in church, the service is usually long, and frequently lasts from four a.m. to eight a.m. The ceremony is very interesting to strangers, and consists largely of recitations given by the men, who are prompted by the women. Before they close, the men bow to the women, kiss each other, and then turn around and bow to the women again. Then the women do the same to each other and bow to the men. It seems an interminable process, this round of kissing and bowing, but that they look upon a kiss as a bond of amity is shown by their kissing each other before meals instead of saying grace. The opinion of the old men in the community is much valued, and after church it is their custom

to congregate to discuss affairs and to read aloud letters from relatives who are exiled in Siberia. The life of the Doukhobors is of the simplest. When they work on the railroad they have no "boss" or section man, and they work so unobtrusively that they resemble a hive of bees. They show great capacity for road building, bridge making, and handling large cuts and grades so that their railroad work is accurate and lasting. This, with the wonderful fertility of the Canadian soil, has enabled them to pay off loans and to get a good start. Some of the sect are separated from the main colony and are living in the Prince Albert district, but Verigin hopes to obtain land so that all the Doukhobors in Canada will be in one section.

One thing is obvious, and that is that they look to a leader, and according to whether that leader is capable or incapable, good or bad, they will flourish. They are fortunate in possessing a head who has so far been able to cope with the problems presented by these erratic people in a strange land. There are those who assert that the Doukhobors are fanatics, that years of persecution have made them deceitful, and that they frequently do what they affirm they will not do. Whether this is so or not, it will be interesting to watch the changes that years in a new country will make. Verigin, during the time he spent in Siberia, where he was thrown in with men of liberal views and education, developed remarkably; yet it is

apparent that many of his Tolstoy views have proved impracticable since he has taken the reins of the community. Again, he shows an inclination to like and accept modern ideas, many of which would conflict with the preconceived notions of his people; but it is an open question if he will allow any changes which will affect his position as leader, and whether he will not insist that they shall always be a people apart. In a recent interview he stated that though a Doukhobor might marry an outsider, he would, in doing so, be virtually giving up his religion, for, according to fundamental principles of the sect, a Doukhobor might not destroy life, and no true Doukhobor could live in a home where meat was cooked or tobacco used.

There is no question but that Verigin has a hard task before him, for in many ways the community religion does not conform to the laws and customs of a country. Take, for instance, the question of marriage and divorce. There is almost no prostitution among them, yet they feel reluctant about registering marriages. When they first came to Canada, they objected to making entry for their homesteads, in accordance with Canadian laws, and protested against registering births and deaths. They are sincere, but ignorant. They have faced complex problems, and are able to come in contact with others, from their peculiar views and attempt at community life.

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live, that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sunshine.

The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out: "This, this alone is to live!"

Canada, England and the States

BY GOLDWIN SMITH IN THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

Dr Goldwin Smith gives a history of Canada showing what it is making from England and United States. He also gives a forecast of Canadian destiny.

LESS than forty years ago there might have been some posted up in

England a proclamation of the Privy Council in which the Province of Ontario was called "that town." After the passing of the Treaty of Washington a speaker at a meeting in one of the most intelligent of English cities congratulated a Canadian on the passing of the treaty, saying that he "hoped, now the Alabama question was settled, there would be nothing to divide England and Canada from each other." At that time educated people in England were still found believing that Canadians were red.

Englishmen know far more about Canada now. The opening of the marvellous Northwest has done much to attract their attention. A British statesman, however, can still tell us that Great Britain has only one military frontier, that of Northern India.

That there is not a single annexationist in Canada Englishmen are constantly being told. It is true in this sense, that nobody either in Canada or the United States is now talking or thinking of that question. Nor does it seem likely that anybody either in Canada or in the United States will be talking or thinking about it for some years to come. No otlogenarian has any practical interest in it. The idea that the people of the United States have any design against Canadian independence may be entirely dismissed. The present writer has for nearly forty years conversed with Americans of all classes and parties without hearing anything of the kind or encountering any appearance of hostility to Canada. The Irish quarrel was embraced by American politicians for the sake of the Irish vote, the importance of which has of late greatly declined, so that little or nothing is heard of it in the mustering of forces for presidential elections.

The great bond and symbol of peace, the neutrality of the lakes, secured by the exclusion of ships of war, has been

faithfully observed on both sides. An alarm of American infraction was raised some years ago, but proved groundless. On that occasion some fervid Canadians proposed to introduce British gunboats into the Lakes. They were thinking only of the lower lakes, as of course was Wellington when he penned his despatch. They forgot Lake Superior, where the Pacific Railway might be easily raised and the Dominion cut in two by an American flotilla issuing from Duluth.

In attempting a forecast, several things must be taken into account. One is the state of American institutions, which shows the truth of Bacon's saying that what man does not change for the better, Time, the great innovator, will change for the worse. In the United States, time has been concentrating power in the Senate, while the Senate, in which the smaller States have equal representation with the greatest, has become a conslave of special interests with no policy but "stand-pat," and incapable of forming or pursuing any great design. Nor can we yet tell what effect the Panama Canal, if it succeeds, or extended relations with Mexico, may have in drawing the United States southwards. The awakening of Japan, probably with China in her train, and her apparent tendency to get a footing on the Pacific Coast, are also to be considered in casting the horoscope of the future.

The movement at present on foot and apparently gaining strength is that of commercial reciprocity only, leaving the question of political relations untouched. Protectionism has never defined its area. The political area is defined by nationality. Nature has defined the commercial area as simply that of profitable exchange.

On the other hand, events march and natural forces show their power. The action of the great forces often is long suspended by that of secondary forces;

but in the end the great forces prevail. It was so in the cases of Italy and Germany. Statesmen renowned for sagacity said, after the failures in each case, that union would never come. It came, with the bow of destiny and with the man. So to all appearances it will be in the case of this northern Continent of America.

To know what Canada really is, the inquirer must use not the political but the physical map. The political map presents her as an unbroken expanse embracing half of the North American Continent, including the North Pole; colored red in the Jubilee stamp, and more than equalling in extent all the rest of the British Empire. In reality the Dominion consists of four different sections of territory forming a broken line across the continent and separated from each other by wide spaces or great barriers of nature, while each of them is closely connected in every way with the country to the south. The railway which links them has to carry wide unpaying tracts as well as the liabilities of a subarctic climate. Apart from the present movement into the newly opened wheat field of the Northwest, there is little interchange of population. There would hardly be any commercial interchange were it not for the tariff. Ontario draws her coal from Pennsylvania, while Nova Scotia sends her coal to New England. An attempt by means of a protective tariff to force Ontario to buy her coal of Nova Scotia failed. It took a thirty-five per cent. tariff in the early days of the Northwest to force the poor settler in Manitoba to buy his reaping machine at a distant factory in Ontario when the works of Minneapolis were at hand. He sometimes bought at Minneapolis in spite of the duty. British Columbia, the Canadian Province of the Pacific, is clasped between the adjacent State of the American Union and the American territory of Alaska.

There is already in a great extent, practical fusion of the people of Canada with the people of the United States. There are 1,200,000 native Canadians on the south of the line. A Canadian boy thinks no more of going to New York or Chicago for a start in life than a Scotch or Yorkshire boy thinks of going

to London, and the Canadian in the American market finds himself at a premium. Of French Canadians there are believed to be 150,000 in Massachusetts alone. There is a counter current of Americans into the Northwest. Churches interchange ministers. Associations and fraternalities of all kinds sprang, some totally ignore the line. The sporting world of the two countries are one. The summer resorts are in common. Canadians read the American magazines. American newspapers have a considerable circulation in Canada. American currency circulates everywhere but in Government offices. New York is the Canadian Stock Exchange. American investments in Canada are rapidly increasing. Inter-marriage is frequent and as Canada, in defence to the Catholics, is without a divorce court, Canadians resort to the divorce courts of the United States. The writer attended the other day a great farmers' picnic, at which not the section of a clan settled, one on the Canadian, the other on the American side of the line. In fact, nothing separates the two portions of the English-speaking people on this continent but the political and fiscal lines. The spirit and largely the form of the national institutions is the same.

The relation of a dependency to the imperial country can hardly fail to cause friction when the dependencies are aspiring to be nations. Again and again the jett of the present writer has been taken up to defend the British Government against the charge of betraying the interest of the Colonies in disputes with the United States and to show that British diplomacy has done all that was in its power, while it would have been absolutely out of the question to ask the people of England to go to war about a boundary question in North America. Considerable peril was faced in the cases of Maine and Oregon. Now Newfoundland is claiming diplomatic Home Rule to be enjoyed and redressed at the risk of Great Britain. There is a difficulty which is daily showing itself, in common with the character of a dependency that of a nation.

On the other hand, Canada is agitated by Englishmen because the facts

to contribute to British armaments. If Canada contributes to Imperial armaments, the Empire undertake the defense of Canada's open frontier of four thousand miles, and of her two sea frontiers, one of them facing the Japanese navy, the other all the navies of Europe? To settle an easy question, let any high military authority give a candid opinion as to the practicability of a combination of England with Canada for the purposes of military defense.

That British sentiment is not all powerful with Canadian politicians seems to be shown by their votes of sympathy with the Irish movement for Home Rule, the real tendency of which they could not fail to know. The first of these votes drew on them an Imperial rebuke. The Legislature of Ontario, under a leader who was afterwards knighted, passed a vote of censure on Lord Salisbury, for renewing the Crimes Act. The other day the Prime Minister of the Dominion, a member of the Imperial Privy Council, welcomed an Irish Nationalist, of distinction, fresh from the Fenian platform of New York, attended his meeting, moved a vote of thanks to him, and subscribed to his land. It is true these demonstrations have been confined to the politicians who alone needed the Irish vote. There has been nothing of the kind among people at large, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier must have evolved out of his own consciousness the assurance that "all true Canadians were in favor of Home Rule."

That there is such a thing as anti-American feeling in Canada is true. It resides chiefly in certain circles, especially those of the descendants of U. E. Loyalists or of the Tories of the Family Compact. Perhaps a certain sense of social superiority also is flattered by looking down upon the Yankees. We have had some efforts of late to stimulate this sentiment, but there were very kind in their range and very meagre in their fruits. Distinct from anti-Americanism, though akin to it, and somewhat of the fiercer, is the worship of the flag, which in the United States has reached an extravagant height and has its evangelists in Canada. It cannot be supposed that sentiments or fancies of this kind will in the end prevail over

the manifest interests of the great body of the people on both sides of the line.

On Imperial Federation it is hardly necessary to speak. It has been preached for a generation without presenting a plan. We have only been exhorted to "think Imperially" and propagate the sentiment. What is the Government of the Imperial Federation to be? How is it to be elected or appointed? What are to be its powers? What are to be the relations of the Federal Government with the British Crown and Foreign Office? What is to be done with India? The answer to all these questions is, "Think Imperially. Propagate the sentiment." Hereafter His Majesty's eastern subjects and allies are excluded as aliens or more than aliens from parts of His Majesty's dominions.

An attempt is now apparently on foot to bring about not Imperial Federation, but colonial subordination or conformity, by periodically conferring with the Prime Ministers of the several colonies in the Colonial Office at Westminster. We shall see whether this can be done without exciting colonial jealousy. It will be at all events a step backwards towards dependence, not forward towards Imperial Federation, which is to be an union of kindred states on an equal footing.

You in England made much of the sentiment. You paid for it yourselves, and if the facts could be known you would very likely find that military adventure was the predominant motive, and that of those who enlisted not a few were unsettled spirits such as in colonies are sure to abound. Sir John Macdonald stated as an ascertained fact that there had been 50,000 Canadian enlistments in the American Army in the course of the War of Secession.

You have taken a serious step towards the dissolution of political connection in withdrawing as a military power from this continent. The Canadian Minister of Militia avows, in effect, that Canada is protected by the immunities of her own continent; in other words, by the Monroe Doctrine, which is upheld by the power of the United States. Unquestionably the United States would repel invasion of this continent, provided

Canada were not drawn by Great Britain into a European war.

You are by this time disillusioned on the subject of the phenomenal tariff. You see that in matters of business the Canadian, though he loves you well, like other thrifty people in business, obeys his head rather than his heart. You see that such Chamberlainism as existed in Canada was general sympathy with protectionism and imperialism, not by any means a disposition to resort to lower duties on British goods. On your part, you have been long neglected in vain to remove the embargo on Canadian cattle.

You know on the other hand what Canada, like the colonies and dependencies generally, has cost you publicly in her defence, setting aside the private loss in the construction of Canada's early railways. But the greatest cost of all is the loss of your insular security. It is strange to see how the idea that you enjoy insular security seems still to haunt the British mind, when, in fact, owing to your scattered possessions, you are the most vulnerable of all nations. Here in Canada alone you have a military frontier open to attack, probably the longest military frontier in the world.

In building on Canadian sentiment it should be borne in mind that Canada has been and now more than ever is undergoing a lossening of the tie of race by foreign immigration. If we exclude the Catholic Irish, who are not British in sentiment, barely half the population is now British.

Political parting from the mother country will not be the putting of the heart. On the contrary, the bond of the heart, which, as things are, is in some danger, will be assumed by it. At present we have seen that there is a good deal of friction between the mother country and the colony; the mother country calling on the colony for military and naval aid which the colony cannot give; the colony claiming that the mother country fails to assert its interest in dealings with foreign Governments, gradually intruding on the Imperial prerogative, and seeking to combine the immunities of a dependency with the character and privileges of

a nation. The answer is being fretted all the time.

The feeling of British Canadians towards the mother country being what it is, the union of Canada with the United States, should it ever come, in place of a precarious, uneasy, and barren armistice, with an insupportable duty of military defence, would give England a strong moral influence in the councils of the western continent.

There was not a little to be said in favor of a two-fold trial of democracy on this continent. A Canadian republic, permanently independent of the United States, might have been possible so long as anything like the unity of territorial basis apparently indispensable to the existence of national unity remained. But when the Dominion was stretched in widely-separated sections across the whole continent, the semblance of territorial unity ceased to exist.

From the mother country the colonies have derived in many ways an inestimable heritage. In one way they have derived a heritage not so clearly blessed. It is that of the party system of Government prolonged when the principle of division is extinct.

While the consequences of the revolution of 1867 were being worked out; while the church was being disestablished, universities were being rid of tests, and those who had suffered by the rebellion were being compensated for their losses, there was still the hawk of principle and party. Tammany-party came to have a faith of principle and became faction. John, afterwards Sir John, Macdonald, a young man with remarkable address in managing his kind, and little encumbered with fixed opinions, arose to perform for Canadian Tories an operation something of the same sort as that which Peel had performed for Tories in England, by dismembering it of Edenism and adapting it to a new era. For thirty years this man practically ruled Canada, corrupting others, but, so far as ever was known, free from corruption himself, and so long as he was allowed to govern freely, liking to govern well. His rival was George Brown, at once leader of the other party and master of the Globe, then the dominant voice, whose

personal use of his journal showed the evils of that composition. Durham had assumed that the French province, yoked with the English province would succumb to its stronger mate, and that the British element would completely prevail. The contrary was the result. The French province, perhaps from very consciousness of its weakness, preserved its solidarity and became the pivot of all the cabal and intrigue which followed, and, at last issuing in a deadlock, forced the leaders of the institutions to seek an escape in Confederation. There has been much dispute about the man to whose memory the credit of Confederation is due. It is due to the memory of dead luck.

The constitution of the Dominion is modelled on the British, formally monarchical, really parliamentary. The Governor-General is constitutional, and scarcely has he or any one of his constitutional vice-regents, the Lieutenant-Governors, ever been called upon to do a political act which might not have been done by a stamp. His part is a social headship. It was played very quietly by Lord Lisgar, a shrewd old man of the world, more ostentatiously by his successors, especially by Dufferin, by whom the character of the office was greatly changed. Ottawa is now a miniature court, with social effects, close observers say, such as miniature courts are apt to produce. The playing for titles is great, forming no inconsiderable link in the chain which binds Ottawa to Windsor. From imperfect knowledge of Canada the selection of subjects for knighthood is sometimes strange. Democracy need not, nor is it desirable that it should, any more than monarchy, go bare, or discard such vestments of state as are really expressive, or such titles as, unlike obsolete titles of feudal chivalry, bespeak public respect and trust. But knighthood surely has had its day.

The House of Commons is elected with almost manhood suffrage, the Senate is nominated by the Prime Minister. Like the British Premier and unlike the American President, the Canadian Premier sits with his colleagues in Parliament and is dependent for his tenure on its vote. The Houses are divided down

the middle for the working of the party system, which is thus distinctly recognized. Nominations to the Senate are claimed by superannuated politicians of the party and, as nobody seems to doubt, by large subscribers to the party fund. In the British House of Lords some room has been found for representatives of great professions and for personal distinction. Not so in the Canadian Senate. By the party row in power, when it was out of power, the Senate was denounced in unmeasured terms as a useless and costly burden on the State, but power having changed hands and death vacancies in the Senate having reversed the balance there, the voice of reform is hushed and the seasonal salaries of Senators are increased.

Parliament is bilingual, English and French; but this is a formal compliment to the French and little more.

In its Federal element, the provinces, the Canadian constitution departs from the British model and approaches that of the United States, making the whole national with a Federal structure. But the Canadian province, while it has special subjects of legislation assigned to it by the North America Act, has no State right. In deciding legal questions between the Dominion and any one of the provinces the part of the judicial committee of the United States is played by the British committee of Privy Council.

The sovereign power is still with the Parliament of Great Britain, which could abrogate or amend in any way it pleased the Canadian constitution. The judicial appeal in the last resort, the supreme military command, and the fountain of honor, are still in the Imperial country. What therefore Canadians speak of their country as being a nation, which they habitually do, they anticipate her coming emancipation.

Ontario and Quebec came into Confederation willingly; at least their political leaders did. New Brunswick hesitated. Nova Scotia was dragged in by the hair of her head, a legislature elected to oppose being by some mysterious influence suddenly induced to consent. Prince Edward Island came in afterwards. To bring in British Columbia,

far away on the Pacific, the Pacific Railway was built. The great Northwest now has been taken in. The framers of the constitution seem hardly to have given a thought to the question whether it was possible to make of territories so far separated from each other, and each of them so strongly drawn in another direction, the seat of a united nation. One speaker, when the example of a bundle of staves increasing their strength by union was cited, had the wit to retort that the example hardly applied to seven stick-ropes tied together by the ends. A parallel instance of a nation so totally wanting in unity of territorial basis it would not be easy to name.

The constitution was never submitted to the people. That the general election which ensued was virtual ratification was pleaded, but the plea was evidently futile.

The whole apparatus, with its Governor-General, his Lieutenants in each province, and all the Legislatures, Dominion and Provincial, is very large and expensive for such a population and has ceased it often to be said that "we are too much governed."

What has followed Confederation has been a display, not the least signal, of the working of the system of party Government. Party having lost its basis of distinctive principle, as, when the fundamental question is settled, it inevitably must, is reduced to organized faction struggling for place. "Orbit" prevails at Ottawa, and extends, as it was sure to do, through the political frame of the whole. We have been having disastrous goings in the records of the Dominion Legislature as well as in the results of "election inquiries and scandalous revelations of other kinds. Last session at Ottawa, opposition to an unconstitutional measure, dictated in effect by the agent of a foreign power, collapsed when it had transpired that the Government would propose an increase in the seasonal salaries of both Houses, a salary for the leader of the Opposition, and a set of pensions. The judgment of independent observers at Ottawa as to the state of things there is not doubtful, and even the editor of the Government organ takes his departure

in disgust. If a high-spirited member holds out alone against the evil, the agents of the two parties combine to deprive him of his seat. This has actually been done and approved in the highest quarters.

A Minister finding his tariff policy losing popularity, determines to dissolve and snap a verdict. The pretext he gives for dissolution is that a negotiation for reciprocity is on foot with the United States, and that he wants to have his hands strengthened by a popular verdict. The American Secretary of State at once publicly denies that any negotiation whatever is on foot between the two countries. Another issue has to be framed. The goods of a pamphlet, by a private expert, taking the American side of the fisheries question, are stolen from a printing office and used by the Prime Minister in a great electrifying speech to fix a charge of disloyalty on his rival, who he knows perfectly well, can have nothing to do with the pamphlet. The thief is rewarded with an appointment in the Department of Justice.

These are not traits of Canadian character; far from it. Nor are they traits specially of the character of Canadian politicians. They are traits of the character of party Government carried on when division of principle there is none, is a country in which the restraints such as have hitherto tempered the party struggle in England do not yet prevail.

The caucus system is in full operation in Canadian Legislatures as well as in those of the United States. The machinery and vocabulary of party generally have been imported from the other side of the line.

The seasonal payment of members is a considerable attraction to public life. A salary has not a class of men like that which has hitherto filled the British House of Commons, serving the nation for itself with the spirit of an honorable ambition. There are few men of independent means and leisure, while the holders of commerce cannot afford to leave their banks and factories for Parliament if they do, it is for objects of their own.

Political corruption is unaverted by

the want of political cohesion, as well as of territorial unity, among the provinces of which the Dominion is composed. There is a lack of common interest and sentiment which constrains the Government to purchase by expenditure of money in public works, or particular inducements of some kind, the votes of the outlying provinces. Newfoundland, if she came formally into the Dominion, would remain a stranger to it, and would have at every election to be treated as an outlying field of corruption. The political press suffers from the same cause. Nowhere, not even in Ontario, which is its widest field, has it a constituency sufficiently strong to sustain its independence and enable an honest journal with impunity to withstand the passion of the hour. Canadian literature suffers likewise from the narrowness and isolation of the field. The field of the writer is not the Dominion but a province, while it is with difficulty that as an alien he can win a position and command attention in the literary world of Great Britain or the United States.

The judiciary, which happily is appointed, not, like that of the United States, elective, has hitherto been sound. It has been the great safeguard of the State. But political influence in appointments grows. To have contested a seat for the party in power is becoming a qualification for the Bench. The other day, for the purpose, it is supposed, of clearing the Government from some internal embarrassment, a Chief Justiceship was conferred on one who for twenty years had not practised law.

The people of the French province, while they are well content to live under British law, retain their separate nationality, and seem even to have become more attached to it of late years. They by the teacher, whose a religious section is now trying to change for the Sacred Heart with fleur-de-lis. That which kept them true to Great Britain in the revolutionary war was the influence of priests, who were opposed as the first case to New England Puritanism, in the second to revolutionary France. The Dean was sung for Trafalgar in the Catholic cathedral at Montreal. The

priesthood in those days and till yesterday was Gallican. But the Jesuit now predominates. By the help of the French Catholic vote he constrained the Dominion Parliament to restore in part his endowment forfeited on the suppression of the Order in 1793. French sentiment is a good deal masked at present by the French Presidency of the Dominion in the person of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which carries with it the patronage. The contingent would never have been voted by Quebec. Much less would Quebec join in a war against France. The sympathies of French Canada in the case of the rising of the French half-breeds in the Northwest were plainly shown. The priesthood, hitherto so passive, is somewhat losing influence. French Canadians go in great numbers to the factories of New England and bring back with them Republican ideas. Mountains the race is exceedingly prolific, their priests encouraging early marriage. They have ousted the British from the trades south of the St. Lawrence, called the Eastern Townships, and they are advancing in Eastern Ontario as well as to the north along the line of the Canadian Pacific. They aspire to extension in the Northwest, but are not likely to make way there. They are a simple, domestic, industrious people, backward in education and hygiene, a variety rather refreshing to the observer amidst the general stress of life. This offshoot of the France of the Bourbons, however, is an iceberg in a tepid sea.

The Northwest, with its boundless wheat fields, has been filling with the most miscellaneous elements, Canadian, British, Icelandic, Gallican, Swedish, Russian Doukhobors, and Mennonites, Jewish. All immigration has been somewhat kindly welcomed by an unselfish desire of an increase of population, which is supposed, whatever may be its elements, to be a sure increase of prosperity. Even if the immigrant is a good farmer, he may not be a good citizen or good material for a free commonwealth. In elections he is said to be apt to negotiate through the head man of his clan. But now there is a great crush of American farmers from adjoining States of the Union. That

these men will be good Canadian citizens and loyal subjects of the British Crown need not be doubted. The institutions and laws of Canada are much the same as their own, and the revolutionary hatred of royalty no longer burns in American breasts. Imperialists they will not be, nor will they let themselves be shut out from trade with the adjoining States for the benefit of British capitalists. At the rate at which the Northwest is filling, and with the expense of cultivable land which it is now known to contain, it must be before long make its predominance felt politically, supposing that the Confed-

eration holds together. This again forms an important element in any forecast of Canadian destiny.

It is here in the New World that the Canadian's destiny is cast and that his part has to be played. Here it is that he has to do what he can to make popular government stable, wise, and beneficent. At present his eye are always being turned towards a state of the Old World which cannot be reproduced in a new world. This is a bad part of the prolongation of the state of dependence, and justified the policy of British statesmen in former days, who generally looked forward to colonial emancipation.

Westinghouse—"The Man Who Works"

BY CLIFFORD SMITH DE MURRAY

The head of many progress, George Westinghouse made the large a sweeping of progress in the world. A man of intense energy, he played in the creation of new mechanical devices.

IT is one thing to be an inventor; it is quite another thing to be the successful organizer of great manufacturing enterprises. The creative brain rarely goes with that executive faculty which dominates and controls the practical currents of business and commerce. The man who thinks out a new machine appeals to another man to produce it. Hence it comes that "the inventor stays poor; his promoter grows rich"—a dictum which is abundantly corroborated by the careers of many brilliant men who are prominently named in the biographical dictionaries.

George Westinghouse, however, has always been the promoter of his own inventions; and thus it happens that to-day he stands alone as a man who has created appliances which have made possible the modern developments of steam and electricity at the same time that he has exercised a practical ability which has placed him at the head of fifty thousand employees. He is president of thirty corporations having a combined capital of two hundred million dollars and he has been able to amass a private fortune of fifty million dollars.

Mr. Westinghouse is usually designated as the inventor of the air-brake. By

conveying the impression that he is a man with only one original achievement to his credit, this view of his career is really ludicrous in its inadequacy. There are probably few men who have struck out as much or as various work in the field of invention as Mr. Westinghouse, and probably none who have registered so small an average of failure. This is so true that among his business associates it has become a commonplace to say, in estimating the chances for success of any new mechanical contrivance, "If it goes with Mr. Westinghouse, it goes with the public." The air-brake, however, undoubtedly ranks among the greatest, as well as the first, of his achievements. In a way it was the touchstone of his genius from which were developed that quick instinct for a real, practical need as the basis for original work, and the keen business sense and perseverance that put such work successfully on the market.

When he conceived the idea of the air-brake, Mr. Westinghouse was a youth of twenty. That was forty years ago, and since then the use of this device has become a matter of course in the running of all railroad trains. There is not a passenger line in the world to-day

which does not count the air-brake an essential in its equipment. In the United States it was made obligatory on all railroads by an act of Congress passed ten years ago.

A unique feature of this remarkable triumph is that the air-brake is still in the hands of the inventor, protected by about fifteen hundred patents, and manufactured exclusively by him in the United States and in Europe. Forty years ago every car of a railroad train had to have its own brakeman, each working independently of the others, and with comparative slowness and uncertainty, at the sound of a far-away engineer's whistle. With the air-brake in use trains stop themselves automatically in case of accident, while an ordinary running train can be brought to a standstill in a very short distance by the movement of a single lever in the engine-cab. The superlative success of an invention so thoroughly practical as this one, and so much in advance of the primitive mechanical methods in vogue during the early days of railroading, seems credible enough. Nevertheless, to gain recognition for his air-brake was probably the most difficult problem Mr. Westinghouse has ever had to solve.

None of the railroad managers of earlier days would listen to the amazing claims made by the enthusiastic young inventor. Although he had served creditably in the engineering corps of the navy during the Civil War and, at the age of fifteen, had perfected a rotary steam engine of his own, as well as a railway "frog,"—the manufacture of which he afterward abandoned because, it is said, he found it would never wear out—Mr. Westinghouse was practically unknown outside of his father's machine shop in Schenectady. With his lack of prestige it took a long time before even an initial test could be secured for the new invention. When a public trial was at last made, however, the success of the air-brake was proved beyond further cavil.

Mr. Westinghouse now showed the shrewd, practical business side of his character. Instead of selling the air-brake outright to the railroads, he organized a company and built a machine

shop for its manufacture in Pittsburgh—the first of the long series of Westinghouse works which have sprung up since then in more than one city in the United States and Europe.

Possibly it was due to the wearying difficulties which he encountered in gaining a hearing for his own first great invention that Mr. Westinghouse in his subsequent career has ever evinced a tendency to give full consideration to the claims of new inventors seeking an advantageous field for their productions. The consequence of this tendency has been that the thirty companies at present representing the Westinghouse interests have become the repository of a greater number and diversity of inventions than have ever before been brought together in one gigantic combination. Approximately fifteen thousand patents are under the control of Mr. Westinghouse to-day. Of course, these patents have varied degrees of productiveness. The writer once asked Mr. Westinghouse if he considered them all valuable.

"No," he answered, "many of them are not worth the paper they are written on. But it is sometimes cheaper to get rid of an invention by buying it."

The capacity for investigating and finding out whatever is good in the original work of other men has made Mr. Westinghouse a leader in the field which is, according to him, more fruitful in inventions to-day than any other. When he first turned his attention to electricity the direct current system—a system meaning a great money outlay and a relatively small return—was alone in use. Recognizing its serious limitations in the transmission of power over long distances, and looking about for a solution of the problem he had set himself, he chanced to meet Gaulard and Gibbs in Paris, twenty years ago. These two men were the discoverers of the alternating current. Mr. Westinghouse investigated their discovery, found that it was what he wanted, and purchased the patents controlling it.

The introduction of the new system, which Mr. Westinghouse has since applied, with the help of numerous inventions of his own, to every field of elec-

trical industry, was met with prolonged opposition in the United States. There was endless litigation in the courts, and newspapers were not lacking in indignant criticism. The new current was declared to be in the highest degree dangerous to human life, and all the resources of its indefatigable promoter were needed to counteract the prejudices thus aroused.

The first great triumph of the new electric system came through its successful employment at Chicago. The contract to light the World's Fair of 1893 was accepted by Mr. Westinghouse at a price one million dollars lower than the lowest rival bid, and was carried out so satisfactorily as to establish the excellence of the new system on a firm basis of popular approval. Now, of course, the alternating electric current is in wide use. The question of the technical advantages of the alternating current over the direct current is still a subject of widespread controversy among electrical engineers. But Mr. Westinghouse has, at least, made the alternating current a prominent factor in electrical service. The revolutionary discovery in electricity has become the most important of the Westinghouse interests.

In the complex personality of Mr. Westinghouse it would be difficult to determine the predominant quality—optimism or sheer industry and executive ability. "The man who works" is the designation applied by those who know him best, and for downright, all-round, daily doing of things with head as well as hand, it is doubtful whether he has often been equalled, even in this age of stirring human activity. His own inventions cover almost every phase of railroad development having to do with the safeguarding of life and property, and extend, besides, over a range of subjects far too diverse to enumerate. Of the fifteen thousand patents controlled by him, more than three hundred represent those inventions of his own which he has carried to a successful completion. Now, at the age of sixty, and in the multiplicity of large and urgent interests demanding his constant, personal supervision, he still finds time to plan and bring out new inventions—

and this branch of his ceaseless activity he calls his play.

Among the Westinghouse factories and offices in Pittsburgh, there is one small building known as "Mr. Westinghouse's machine shop." This is run as his own private department. It is not connected with any of the Westinghouse companies—although, in a way, it is the nucleus, a sort of clearing-house, of them all. Whenever he is in Pittsburgh, Mr. Westinghouse spends a part of each day there, working with his own hands over some new contrivance which the exigencies of the manufacturing world have suggested.

This private shop maintains a corps of thirty or forty mechanics and draftsmen whose sole business is to develop his ideas down to their minutest detail. Mr. Westinghouse is himself an expert draftsman. It is his custom, when he is away from Pittsburgh, to make a sketch of any new idea for a machine or mechanical device which occurs to him. This sketch he sends to the manager of his private shop, with instructions by telephone, if possible, as to how the new idea shall be developed and put into concrete form for his inspection on his next arrival in Pittsburgh.

With outsiders Mr. Westinghouse is extremely reticent in regard to his inventions. He never divulges any of the schemes over which he and his co-workers are working until he has won them through the last test that can be applied in the privacy of his own machine shop. Having passed this ordeal, his inventions are ready for the factories of the Westinghouse companies—which boast that, on account of this careful preliminary method, none of their patents have ever been awarded.

By those who know him intimately Mr. Westinghouse has been described as "a concentrated personification of business." With his bareheaded frame, hands hardened and seared by constant contact with tools and machinery, keen eyes, and face expressive of a mind accustomed to act quickly and to form precise and accurate estimates of the multitude of men with whom he has daily dealings, one easily recognizes in him a man with an almost boundless capacity for work of all kinds.

Nevertheless, on account of the extreme diversity of his interests, Mr. Westinghouse is a man without a fixed routine. He maintains a firm grip on the detailed operations of his many factories and companies, but as the latter are scattered throughout this country and Europe, he is compelled to travel continually in order to keep in personal touch with them. His head office is in New York, where the managers of his thirty companies meet and confer with him, reporting the progress that has been made in the many enterprises which, in their general features, he has previously outlined.

There is no lost time in a day with Mr. Westinghouse. He directs the work of his thousands of employees even while he is traveling with his secretary from factory to factory in his private car—a palatial house on wheels, unique in the perfection and comfort of its appointments and in its adaptability to the daily needs of one of the world's busiest men. So much of his time is passed in this private car that it might almost be counted as one of his homes. Mr. Westinghouse, however, calls Pittsburgh his home. He and his wife usually spend the summer months at their country seat in Lenox, Massachusetts, and divide their winter between their

residence in the Elaine mansion in Washington and their apartments at the St. Regis, in New York.

Mr. Westinghouse is easily accessible to his workmen, with whom, it is said, he has never had a labor disagreement, and with whose personal affairs he is more or less familiar. He has little time, however, for social enjoyments usual to men of his wealth and position. From the inquisitiveness of those who are not connected with him he has kept systematically aloof. He hates publicity and speaks with indignant feeling of the unjust treatment, as he terms it, that has been accorded, in this respect,

to such men as Mr. Rockefeller by the press of the country. Thus, in shunning possible notoriety, although Mr. Westinghouse gives a great deal of money during the year to all kinds of charitable organizations applying to him, his name does not appear with his donations, for the stipulation is always made that his contributions must be anonymous. Many a struggling inventor, however, remembers that it was Mr. Westinghouse who opened for him the path to success.

Of the thousands who have come in contact with his robust, intense personality, few forget the stirring impression made by this "Man Who Works."

Keeping in Tune

BY GERRIT SWETT MARSH IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

The relation of keeping in tune to the value of work in terms of efficiency of work. Working under any other condition means a waste of energy.

NOTHING could induce Ole Bull to play in public until his violin was in perfect tune. It did not make any difference how long it took him or how uneasy his audience became, if a string stretched the least bit during a performance, even if the discord was not noticed by anyone but himself, the instrument had to be put in harmony before he went on. A poorer musician would not be so particular. He would say to himself, "I will run through this piece no matter if one string is down a bit. No one may detect it but myself."

Great music teachers say that nothing will ruin the sensitiveness of the ear and lower the musical perception and standard so quickly as using an instrument out of tune or singing with others who cannot appreciate fine tone distinctions. The mind after awhile ceases to distinguish delicate shadings of tone. The voice quickly imitates and follows the musical instrument accompanying it. The ear is deceived, and, very soon, the singer forms the habit of singing off key.

It does not matter what particular instrument you may be using in the great life orchestra, whether it be the violin, the piano, the voice, or your mind expressing itself in literature, law, medicine, or any other vocation, you cannot afford to start your concert, with the great human race for your audience, without getting it in tune.

Whatever else you may do, do not play out of tune, sing out of tune, or work out of tune. Do not let your discordant instrument spoil your ear or your mental appreciation. Familiarity with discord will wreck your senses' perceptions. Not even Paderewski could win exquisite harmonies from a piano out of tune.

Mental discord is fatal to quality in work. The destructive emotions—worry, anxiety, hatred, jealousy, anger, greed, selfishness, are all deadly ene-

mies of efficiency. A man can do more do his best work when possessed by any of these emotions than a watch can keep good time when there is friction in the bearings of its delicate mechanism. Every wheel, every cog, every bearing, every jewel must be mechanically perfect, for any defect, any trouble, any friction anywhere will make absolutely correct time impossible. The human machinery is infinitely more delicate than the mechanism of the finest chronometer and it needs regulating, needs to be put in perfect tune, adjusted to a steady every morning before it starts the day's run, just as a violin needs tuning before the concert begins.

It is strange that men, who are very skilful in other matters, should be so shortsighted, so ignorant, so utterly foolish in regard to the importance of keeping their marvelous, intricate and delicate mental machinery every day in tune; for harmony means efficiency, power. Many a business man drags himself wearily through a discordant day and finds himself completely exhausted at night, who would have accomplished a great deal more, with infinitely less effort, and have gone home at night in a much better condition if he had taken time to put himself in tune before going to his office in the morning.

The man who goes to work in the morning feeling out of sorts with everybody, in an antagonistic attitude of mind toward life, especially toward those with whom he has to deal, is in no condition to bring the maximum of his power to his task. A large percentage of his mental forces will not be available.

When will we learn that it is not the number of hours we work but the efficiency of the work done that counts? Many of us would accomplish much more in two or three hours of vigorous, effective work, when the mind is fresh

For one who cannot thoroughly respect himself the high and abiding confidence of others is impossible.

Success of any degree in any occupation comes from belief in yourself and a determined will.

Happiness comes from the disposition of the individual.

If it is selfish and unworthy, the lower forces will aid it, but will lead it to destruction in the end, as only good can live permanently.

and resourceful, then we could accomplish in an entire day with the whole system out of tune. It is the worst possible kind of economy to try to force good work out of a discordant instrument—tired nerves, a pained or worried brain.

Peering the brain to work when it is out of tune is a very shortsighted policy. It takes too much out of the human instrument. Multitudes commit suicide on many years of their lives by not keeping themselves in harmony.

One reason why the lives of so many men are thin, lean, and ineffective is because they do not live above the thousand and one things that enter their minds, that irritate them, that annoy and worry and produce discord.

Many of these failures, or people who do only mediocre things, really have a great deal of ability, but they are so sensitive to friction that they cannot do effective work when it is present. If they only had someone to steer them, to plan for them, to keep discord away from them, and to help them to keep in harmony, they could do remarkable things. But the men who do great things are obliged to acquire this "art of arts," the ability to keep in tune, in harmony themselves. No one can acquire it or exercise it for them, and no one can accomplish anything very great in this world unless he is able to do this—unless he can get out of his way, or rise superior to the thousand and one things that would irritate and disturb his attention.

A great many people who are disagreeable and irritable when they are tired are very amiable and harmonious when they are rested. This ought to show them that the cause of their irritability and inharmonious is nerve and brain exhaustion.

How often we see men who have become absolutely unbearable, after a year of hard work, completely revolutionized when they return from a trip abroad or a few weeks' vacation in the country! They do not seem like the same men that they were before they went away. The trifles which would throw them into a fit of passion before their vacation do not affect them at all after their return.

I know a man who is so irritable and disagreeable that an employee will not think of going to him about anything unless absolutely compelled to, because he is likely to get a storm of abuse, not because he deserves it, but because his employer always vents his bitterness on someone, usually the first man who goes near him.

I have seen this man go through his place of business in a perfect rage, abusing everybody in it. For years he has been the victim of his nerves. He is a slave to detail and works so hard that his pained brain and nerve cells make him so irritable that a great deal of the time he is unable to control himself, and flies into a passion at the slightest provocation. This in spite of the fact that he is naturally a well-meaning man.

A few months of travel or a good, long vacation in the country, would make a new man of him; but he thinks he cannot take time to put himself in tune, so he goes on forcing very poor work out of a very good machine, simply because it is out of harmony.

The mechanism of the mind is extremely delicate, and any of the arduous passions let loose in the mental realm creates fearful havoc in a very short time.

Many of us commit suicide on precious years of our lives by all sorts of indiscretions, irregular, unscientific living, vicious habits; and many of us tear ourselves to pieces at a fearful rate with our discordant thoughts. Others again are out of tune a large part of the time because of worry—a great corrosive power which grinds the life away at a fearful rate. Anxiety wears, tears, wrenches the mental processes, and ages one rapidly.

How many men have failed of the great success which their ability promised because of the irritable habit, the "touchy" habit, the seething, fretting, nagging habit!

A hot temper has eat months—yes, years, from many a precious life.

Somewhere in my travels I have seen what appeared to be a great stone face carved out of the side of a huge cliff, a face scarred and scratched by the sharp edge of gravel and sand hurled against

it during the tremendous and stormy of the desert. Everywhere we see human faces scratched and scarred by tempests of passion, of envy, by chafing and fretting until the divine image is almost erased, and all power of accomplishing effective work has been destroyed.

How little do we realize the tremendous power there is in harmony! How little we appreciate the fact that it makes all the difference in the world in our life-work whether we are balanced and serene, or are continually wrought up, full of discords and errors, and harassed with all sorts of perplexing, vicious things!

If we could only learn the art of keeping ourselves in harmony we could multiply our effectiveness many times and add many years to our lives. A man feels like a giant when his mind is perfectly poised, when his mental processes are running smoothly and nothing is troubling him. On the other hand, gravel in the shoe would make a Webster a fourth-rate orator.

The efficiency of the great majority of business and professional men is seriously marred by the little irritating annoyances. The first thing, then, to do in order to make your life-work effective, is to get your instrument in tune and to keep it in tune. The moment it is out of tune stop playing, tune your instrument.

You will not lose half as much time if you do it promptly as if you put it off, to say nothing of the great injury caused the instrument by playing out of tune, and the suffering inflicted on yourself and those about you by the inharmonious, the corroding, discord.

People who have never tried it cannot begin to realize the tremendous advantage of putting one's self in tune in the morning before starting on the day's work.

A New York business man recently told me that he never allows himself to go to his office in the morning until he has put his mind into perfect harmony with the world. If he has the slightest feeling of envy or jealousy, if he feels that he is selfish or unfair—if he has not the right attitude toward his partner or any of his employees, he simply will not go to work until his instrument is

in tune, until his mind is clear of any form of discord. He says that he has discovered that if he starts out in the morning with a right attitude of mind toward everybody, he gets infinitely more out of the day than he otherwise would; that whenever he allowed himself to go to work in the past in a discordant condition he did not get nearly as good results. He made those about him unhappy, to say nothing of the increased wear and tear upon himself.

This man's example ought to be very encouraging to those who think they cannot keep themselves in harmony, because, a few years ago, his business and his home life was full of discord, but by mind training, by forming a habit of holding the right mental attitude toward the world and toward his business, he has achieved a marvelous victory over himself, a victory which has wonderfully improved his health, his business, and his happiness.

The next time you are in a discordant mood, when you feel cross and crabbed, when little things irritate you, and you cannot get along with your office boy or stenographer, when you seem to antagonize those about you, when your brain is confused and you feel that you cannot control yourself, just try this experiment. Stop work. Jump right up from your desk, leave whatever you are doing, and go out of doors. Walk a few blocks, or, if possible, slip out into the country and determine that you will drive out of your mind everything that fights against harmony and mental balance. Think of beautiful, harmonious things, pleasant things. Resolve that, whatever comes, you will be cheerful and well poised, that you will not let little nagging things make a fool of you, that you will keep your mental instrument in tune.

In other words, resolve that you are going to be a man, that you are going to rise above trifles. Just say to yourself, "What a ridiculous thing for a great, strong man, made to dominate the forces of the universe, to be completely upset, thrown off his base by trivial, foolish, insignificant things!" Resolve that you will go back to your work a well-poised, self-poised, self-respecting man, and that you will put it

through with power, that you will allow nothing to throw you off your base.

The idea of a man capable of running a business going all to pieces over some little mistake of an employe, or some trifling, foolish thing which should not upset a fifteen-year-old boy!

Did you ever think that the people about you will not respect you if you have not more self-control? If you make a fool of yourself and fly into a rage or go to pieces over any little trifle, you will not only lessen their respect for you, but you will also lose your influence over them. You cannot control others unless you can control yourself.

Reason this way for a few minutes, in the open air if possible. Take in full, deep breaths of fresh air, and you will return to your task a new man.

You will be surprised to find how well it will pay you to take time to get yourself in tune. No matter when you get out of tune, stop working, refuse to do another thing until you are yourself. Until you are back on the throne of your mental kingdom.

No storm can disturb the calm of the poised soul.

As the inexhaustible sun is behind every ray of light, so the inexhaustible power of omnipotence is behind every human expression of the divine harmony.

Shadows cannot come over the body while the sun shines in the mind. It is as easy to protect the mind from its enemies as our homes from thieves. Learn to recognize these thieves of happiness, burglars of joy and peace and comfort, and banish them out of every entrance of the mind. Just learn to think happiness and hold the mind firmly upon those things which produce peace, joy, and gladness. Then discord and darkness cannot enter.

If we can preserve the integrity of the mind and protect it from its enemies—evil and vicious thoughts and imaginations—we have solved the problem of

scientific living. A well-trained mind is always able to furnish the harmonious note in any condition.

Every man builds his world, makes his atmosphere. He can fill it with difficulties, fears, doubts, and despair and gloom, so that the whole life will be influenced to gloom and disaster; or he can keep the atmosphere clear and transparent by dispelling every gloomy, evil, malicious thought.

Hold the enduring, the immortal thought in the mind and you will be surprised to see how all discord will disappear. When the mind is held in the creative attitude, all that is minus, all that is negative, all the shadows, all the discords will flee. Darkness cannot live in the presence of sunlight; discord cannot dwell with harmony. If you hold harmony persistently in the mind, discord cannot enter; if you cling to the truth, error will flee; if you cling to beauty, ugliness must vanish.

There is everything in holding the mind in a positive creative attitude, for this is a builder; the opposite is a destroyer.

We must learn to cultivate, to nerve every element in us which makes for beauty, for harmony against discord, for truth against error—everything which creates—or we must inevitably fall victim to the opposite: the destructive, the tearing down, the deepening process.

The time will come when pupils in the schools will be taught to treat their thought enemies as they would a thief. They will be taught that every bad thought, every discordant, false thought that they entertain weakens and defiles their characters, that they can not afford to harbor, even for an instant, one of these life enemies, these unseen enemies, these happiness enemies. They will learn to recognize them just as quickly as they would an enemy who was trying to do harm to their person or property. The millennium will be in sight.

Good Eyesight in Relation to Good Health

BY DR. LUTHER H. CULLEN IN WORKING WORLD

Dr. Cullen shows that eye strain is responsible for other disorders, besides headache. He urges the importance of proper exercises for the eye and of preventing it from over strain.

ONE of my friends, a professor in an eastern university, has for thirty years suffered from almost constant headaches. These vary in intensity from day to day, from week to week, but they are rarely absent. He goes to sleep readily but generally awakes in the middle of the night, and is prone to lie sleepless thereafter. He has had constant difficulty with his stomach, and periods of nervous exhaustion when he could do very little work have been frequent. As a result of this constant pain and the nervous exhaustion, his own personal reaction to life is much of the time sad. His philosophy is deliberately optimistic, but during a great part of his life it has to yield to the state of his feelings.

My friend tried many remedies. For a year he was under the care of a physician who put him on an exclusively meat diet. With this there seemed to result an improvement, but it was not permanent. He tried long periods of outdoor rest and exercise, and he found that mountain climbing and the like would always help him. But the improvement was generally of short duration, and upon returning to work his old pains and disabilities would reappear promptly.

He next fell into the hands of a specialist, who operated on him for vision. This specialist said that all his other symptoms of ill health were merely reflexes from this trouble. But the results, so far as general health and feeling were concerned, were negative. For a period he was given mechanical massage by means of electric machines, and his general health was slightly bettered; but no profound change, no cure of the headaches resulted. Our physician put him on tonics, such as iron and strychnine, but without achieving any generally good effect.

At the age of thirty-seven my friend had a partial sunstroke. One physician

thought that his constant headaches might be due to permanent dilatation of the capillaries of the brain, induced at that time, but an examination made by a specialist in nervous diseases contradicted this opinion. Applications of cold to the head and to the back of the neck failed to reduce the symptoms. Hence, dilatation of the cerebral capillaries was manifestly not the cause of his ill health.

Lastly his eyes were thoroughly examined (they had been superficially examined before) and glasses were prescribed. There was no immediate change and it seemed as though the search for health were again to result in failure. But then slowly an improvement began, and in the course of a few weeks it was very real. Presently, however, his general condition again began to deteriorate. Then it was observed that on one of his eyelids there was a minute growth, which pressed upon the eye and changed its shape about one three-hundredth of an inch. The removal of this growth acted like a magic wand. For a short time he seemed perfectly well. He enjoyed life, his work was a pleasure in itself, which had not been the case for years. His digestion was good, and he slept well. But he soon began to go back. Repeated examinations have shown that his eyes are undergoing a rather rapid change in shape, and until this is completed constant readjustment of glasses will be necessary.

I have given this picture somewhat in detail because, with many variations in particulars, it represents the experience of uncounted thousands. Probably one-fourth of all the educated people in America suffer from various kinds of disturbances which are more or less due to eye strain.

This eye strain in a large number of cases creates an extraordinary general condition of the body. Dr. George M.

Gould, of Philadelphia, one of our most brilliant physicians and writers, has in five volumes called attention to these general effects of eye strain with such force as to receive the assent of most thoughtful medical men, by showing that the serious disturbances of life in such men as Carlyle, Huxley, Wagner, and a score of others, were considered by strained eyes.

It frequently happens that persons suffering not only from headaches, but also backaches, sometimes indigestion, and even hysteria, are cured of these troubles through the use of simple spectacles. Professor Schöen, of Leipzig, reports the case of a girl with epileptic seizures which were due to eye strain. He says that the constant effort on the part of the girl to bring the true eyes into normal working condition, in the course of time brought about nervous disturbances of an intermittent character, and finally resulted in permanent disturbances of the brain. At first thought, all this appears to savor of quackery. It sounds as though these were impossible associations, but they have been proven facts.

How is it possible that strain upon muscles so small as those of the eyes can produce such tremendous disturbances of the whole organism? If I should venuously overlook one of the small muscles of my forearm—for example, the one that moves one of the fingers—it would become lame and sore, but it would be difficult for me by means of such overwork to produce constant headache, backache, nervous exhaustion, and indigestion. And yet these symptoms are constantly associated with eye strain. It is true that by persistent overwork of the muscles of the hand, people do get into disordered conditions—for instance, typewriter cramp and telegrapher's palsy, but these disorders do not seem to involve anything like the upsetting of the whole system that complete nervous exhaustion, which is the result of eye strain.

The reason for this tremendous result of eye strain appears to be at least partly this: The effect produced is not due so much to the size of the muscles involved as to the relation which these muscles bear to the vital parts of the

human machine. The pictures that are made in our eyes, and that are always being translated into nerve currents and reported to the brain, form the foundation for our thinking. They constitute a far larger factor of the brain than the mere use of the muscles involved would indicate. That is, vision is a fundamental activity, and by interfering with it, many of the other organisms are disturbed. Constant exhaustion and strain of these visual centres will frequently cause disturbances of the most extensive character.

We might imagine a case in which those muscles that move the fingers would play nearly as important a role—from the standpoint of mental operations involved—as the muscles of the eyes. Take the case of a blind man who does much reading with his fingers and who is engaged in work that requires the constant detection of small differences by means of his fingers. Under such conditions, we should expect that a derangement of the muscular apparatus of the fingers would have a far more serious result upon a man's general health than would be effected in those of us who do not use the fingers in a way that is so directly related to intelligence.

The strain of civilization rests heavier upon the eyes than upon any of the other bodily organs. This is not because vision is more important to civilized man than is in any other sense, but because man's eyes in a civilized community are used differently from their use in savage life. No other part of the body has had the emphasis upon its work changed so greatly as has the eye. The savage had to look at near things and far things, at large things and small things, equally—while modern man reads.

The capacity for seeing type belongs to the normal eye, and it is only because we have tasked this capacity to a tremendous degree and for considerable periods every day, in order to distinguish the small differences in those black marks on white paper, that there exists this strain which is producing deterioration of the civilized eye. People with good eyesight among us have as good vision as the savages possess.

This has been repeatedly demonstrated. But the percentage among us of those suffering from astigmatism, shortsightedness, and long-sightedness is indefinitely greater than it is among them.

There is another difference between the civilized and the savage use of the eye. The civilized man will look for long periods at things which are at close range. Even when he is not reading, he will not see anything farther removed than the wall of the room, which is but a few feet away. The savage, living most of the time out-of-doors, has usually a long focus and he only occasionally uses the short focus. The house-living man most of the time uses the short focus, much of the time the exceedingly short focus of fifteen to eighteen inches, and only occasionally the long focus of the open.

It is found that deformities of the eye increase from year to year during school life, thus showing that they are acquired and that the school is largely responsible for making them. Approximately one-third of all the children in the upper grades of the elementary schools have eyes that rather seriously need correction by means of spectacles.

In view of the fact that the most serious results of eye deformity and eye strain are not indicated by eye pains, how may one tell whether or not it is the eyes that need treatment? There is only one way to do it. Whenever there are headaches or backaches, interferences with digestion, and nervous exhaustion—which symptoms are not clearly traceable to and curable by other definite measures—the eyes should be examined. They are peculiarly vulnerable and they must be suspected when there exist symptoms of the kind that I have mentioned which cannot be traced wholly to other sources.

What about reading on the cars? I think this question must be viewed in a commonsense way. For example—I, personally, read on the cars most of the time, because it is practically the only time that I have for reading, and reading is of such importance to me that I am willing to incur the danger of overworking the eyes in order to get the reading done. But we can safeguard our

reading on street cars and trains in two ways.

(1) We can select for reading that book or magazine which has clear type, good margins, and lines sufficiently short and far apart so that when the eye travels from the end of one line to the beginning of the next, it will not be apt to fall on the wrong place. By giving attention to these points, we are able to read with but a fraction of the strain which otherwise such reading would involve. The strain of reading in a subway, by artificial light, or on a train at night, when paper, type, lines, and setting are good, is not nearly as severe as when opposite conditions obtain.

(2) There is another thing that we can do, and that is to select for reading on the cars those books that necessitate more study than they do reading. Some articles and books we skim over and race through; we digest them faster than we can read them. Other books require slow reading; one must repeatedly study and think over what has been read, or follow out side-lines of suggested thought. This is the type of book for reading on trains—the book that requires study and thinking.

A little scheme which has been of great service to me is that of putting my books which I want to read, so that they may be carried in the pocket, one part at a time. The type of the modern newspaper and its subject matter are not such that I want to spend all my time on the cars in reading literature of this kind. But by the plan of taking books and putting them into parts, the total amount of good literature read by me in the course of a month has been about doubled. I confess, the first time that I stuck my knife into the back of a well-bound volume, I felt as though I were committing sacrilege, for I love and reverence books; but in view of the great profit that I have derived from this method of conducting my reading, I now do not hesitate to employ it. A practical thing when reading is to look up and off for a moment every little while. This relaxes the strain under which the eyes are working when they are focused at short range.

Sometimes I see women on the cars reading through their veils. They should give up either the reading or the veils.

Another point to be kept in mind is that while our eyes are adjusted to outdoor light, they are always reflected light. A direct light injures them. Our eyes can bear the brilliant light of sunshine, but they are hurt by having even a sixteen-candle-power electric light shine into them directly. It is these irritating streams of light that do harm, rather than the general flood of light. This is because the pupil of the eye adjusts itself so as to admit light in proportion to the general illumination, and one irritating stream of light will not serve to contract the pupil adequately. Hence it is particularly important for us to avoid reading or doing anything else in a position where a bright light shines directly into the eyes.

The only good method of lighting a room artificially is to use reflected light. That is, the electric bulbs should be so arranged that the light is thrown upon the ceiling, in which case the bril-

liant carbons are not directly visible to persons in the room. This requires more light, but it saves the eyes. Light is never pleasant nor safe for the eyes when one can directly see its source.

When the eyes are fatigued from long use, a cold bath to the face—and particularly a cold washing of the eyes—is useful. But the main thing is to use the eyes reasonably, to procure glasses that will stop the strain or abnormal action of the eyes, and also to see that they do not become disordered.

Disorders of the eyes not merely affect the rest of the body, but the eyes themselves in many cases act as a sensitive barometer with reference to the conditions of the rest of the body. People with weak eyes will be far more apt to have eye pain when they are suffering from indigestion or overwork, than when normal conditions of health obtain. In the case spoken of at the beginning of this article, the eye trouble was always an indication of the general health. Therefore it is most important that people who experience difficulties with their eyes should keep themselves in good general health.

Courage That Captivates

"For sheer, downright pluck," said an observant man of the world, "give me the man who can smile and keep his composure in the face of misfortune."

"I remember once at a social gathering meeting a well-known city merchant. He was always a man of great geniality and charm of manner, and when I met and spoke to him he showed all his usual pleasantness and courtesy. Yet at that very time he was a ruined man and knew it—he had been brought down by the failure of a large business that very day."

"When I thought of it afterwards, it seemed to me that this man was a hero, and I envied the cold, calm courage that could keep on smiling in face of disaster. I connected it with the fact that this gentleman afterwards regained his position in the world. Many men can adopt a grim composure when danger threatens; but the man who can retain his usual demeanor in such circumstances has a quality of courage that will carry him through anything. It is a courage that captivates and wins confidence."

My Baseball Debut

BY L. COSTANTIN IN MCCLELLAND

The writer gives an interesting account of a game of baseball in which he participated. In spite of his determination to wear good leg felt before the experience of the capture and his first experience with the old one-eyed work place.

WHY is it that an urbanite who invades a rural district for the express purpose of obtaining rest immediately sets himself to the task of discovering excitement, I know not. Nor do I know why, to one under such circumstances of enforced observation, the vivacity and buoyancy of youth appeal with so much power. I simply know that it was a conjunction of these two cogent factors that incited me, after several days of restication in the little village of Trent, to follow the sound of boyish voices that reached me in loud altercation. Mounting the raised roadway, I came into full view of the seat of trouble—a smooth, level stretch of ground, upon which a crowd of boys were noisily engaged in a game of baseball.

Their bang and bluster acted like a tonic on my quiescent nerves; and, subtly, as the moth to the flame, I was drawn toward this source of life effervescent.

As an entity, my position was unique. I was the only person not an active participant in the proceedings. But I was not long to hold this distinction.

During one of the many arguments that arose as regularly as a batter was declared "out," in which arguments the merits of the case were discussed with much vehemence between the batter and the other players, there came a small, insistent cry of: "Let's choose up sides! Choose up!" and the cry was picked up, echoed, and re-echoed lustily, as each boy scrambled for the possession of a bat.

Each insisted upon being one of the choosers, but might makes right in the child world, and the two largest boys, heedless of the angry glances and disflattering mutterings of the discontented rabble, promptly arrogated the much-coveted privilege. "Tommy the Twister," a sobriquet, I afterward learned, born from the ability of the gentleman to

make a ball defy all the known laws of projection and trajectory, was one of the two; the other, a lad named "Billy." Billy bore no titular honors, but subsequent events proved him worthy of the command he had assumed.

A bat, after a bloodless but fierce struggle, was wrested from one of the former aspirants for premiership, and this Tommy pitched to Billy, who cleverly caught it midway. Above Billy's head Tommy now eluded him, and above that came Billy's other hand, and so on, they alternated as they climbed quickly toward the top. Both claimed victory, Tommy by right of grasp, and Billy by right of foul, the latter protesting loudly that his opponent's hand was a "foot"—to translate him literally—above the top of the bat.

"Where's a stone? Gimme a brick!" was the general demand, and I expected to see the two dictators slain forthwith but in this I was unlearned. Justice was to be invoked, the principle thereof being that, if the stone pounded on the top of the bat did not harm the upper hand, it was prima facie evidence that such hand was within fair bounds.

A dozen judges surrounded the belligerents, each with the official requisite of office, in the shape of a stone or a brick, in his hand, and each putting forth loud argument to convince that certain qualities of his stone or brick made it superior to all others for the purpose at issue.

The trial was a triumph for Tommy, but only a temporary one, for Billy immediately filed a second demurrer, claiming a miscarriage of justice; and in support of this claim he cleverly pointed out that the stone, being round, did not cover the entire top of the bat on a flat plane.

This esoteric argument was greeted with mingled cries of approval and disapproval from partisans in the crowd, but Billy was obdurate. With Rhada-

manlike severity he demanded a knife, contending that if the blade, held flat on the bat, should pass over the hand of the other, then the proof would be positive. Again "the Twister" was triumphant, and Billy now bowed to the result, though by divers remarks still insinuating unfairness—that the knife blade in all probability had not been held down fairly, and that his opponent had "sneaked."

"The Twister," however, paid small heed to these aspersions upon his honor, exercising immediately his right to first choice by picking out a scraggly-looking, red-haired nondescript,



"Something."

whom he familiarly designated as "Scrag-top." Billy, evidently not intending to be overmatched by capillary characteristics, promptly chose "Towhead" Quigley, an appellation that pointed the bearer without need of further distinction. And so they chose, alternately, the last choice, which fell on the smallest boy in the crowd, being reluctantly made by Tommy.

And now a serious obstacle to further procedure presented itself—there was no one to complete Billy's quota of base-ballists. This discovery led to a debate which was fast approaching a dead-

lock, when Billy hit upon a happy solution.

"Hey, mister! Want uh play?" he inquired, raising his hand in an upward wave to supplement the direction of his query.

Although my knowledge of the game was very rudimentary, the spirit of sport had been running riot in my veins from the moment I had seen the boys at play—I longed to rear and bear around as I saw them doing—so I nodded an assent.

The nod of Jove never created greater consternation. "Aw get out—you're a man!" "What d'ye take us fer—he's got whiskers!" and like protests were hurled at me and the reckless one who had taken the initiative.

How my "whiskers"—in the shape of a moustache only, by the way—gave any indication as to my ability baseballically, was beyond my comprehension. However, "Scrag-top" and "Towhead" had been the first chosen, so I sagely held silence. Hair probably had more to do with the matter than a layman might suspect. Billy, however, rose easily to the occasion—he would drop me as soon as some "other kid" came. This compromise being acceptable to the other side, friendly relations were again established.

The next preliminary was the tossing of a coin for position.

A careful inventory failing to locate the requisite coin among my seventeen fellow-players, Billy graciously condescended to use the quarter which I professed. This event we won, and immediately chose "outs."

In the election of this victory, Billy absent-mindedly confiscated my quarter; but, as the tenure of my position was very doubtful, and its continuance rested entirely with him, I discreetly overlooked the little incident.

In the placing of his men I, being an unknown quantity, was naturally a source of great perplexity to my captain; but a hasty consultation with a couple of self-constituted aides soon decided my position as second base, the information being volunteered that I was put there on account of my superior height, this minimizing the possibility of the catcher's "gittin' 'em over"

the second baseman's head in "throwin' 'em down." As Billy designated my position by a wave of the hand, I was, fortunately, not forced to figure as to its location, a procedure that would, I am certain, in the light of subsequently-acquired knowledge, have meant my instant release from service. I took my place where I had seen the boys stand while I was watching the former play, and the game started.

For some minutes everything ran smoothly, and I was enjoying to the fullest extent the exhilaration of my first game of baseball. With two out and a man only on first base, there was no question as to the advantage of our

by me on the way to second base. The catcher, with arm drawn back, had clutched tightly for a throw, stood non-plussed. For a moment there was a painful silence—the calm that precedes a storm—then outcries of disapproval came from every quarter, not loud, but ominous.

"What's the matter—ya nailed there?" inquired my superior, in disgust.

I stammered pitifully and tried to excuse my misplay, or rather non-play, by explaining that I had forgotten there was a "man" on first base, but the attempt, under the gaze of those scowling eyes, was a poor one; and I saw clearly that I had sowed the first seed of



"What d'ye take us fer—he's got whiskers!"

position, if the opinion of our leader, who was playing "first," could be relied upon.

"There's nothin' to it!" he assured loudly.

"Git 'em down to second now. Yu can't git 'em too high!" he admonished and coached the catcher, and then winked knowingly at me—as yet which I, not comprehending its full import, returned in kind. The next instant I was in a whirlwind of excitement.

As the ball shot from pitcher to catcher, there was a loud cry of, "Watch 'em there, mister!" from Billy, and then a confused mass of arms and legs flashed

directly in the heart of my "doughty captain."

A "foul out" relieved the situation somewhat, my mistake being partly condoned for by the fact that the runner had not been able to score.

It was now our "ins," and what we were going to do was "a plenty," as Billy succinctly put it.

In the interim, while our catcher and pitcher batted, Billy patronizingly vouchsafed to me, for my future welfare, information as to the wonderful "in" and "out" curves of the terrible "Twister," as well as of the up-shoots and "down-drops" that he "worked"

now and then for variety. All of which was evidently intended to allay any misgivings I might have entertained as to facing the terrible Tommy. But so fraught with fearful eyes and awful nods was the description that it had quite the opposite effect; and by the time it came my turn to bat, the former brown-headed little lad had assumed proportions monstrous.

Faithfully I advanced to the plate as the cry of "It's the man's bat," smote upon my ears. Our catcher and short-stop had made out—the pitcher and Billy were on base, the fastest on third, the latter on first.

"Line 'er out, old man!" was Billy's enthusiastic injunction; but his ardent quickly cooled as I struck wildly at the first two balls pitched.

"Git a board!" he now advised, sarcastically, while the man on third suggested a "shovel" as probably more effective; but the advice came too late, as I had already used the bat in a futile attempt to hit the third pitch.

The jibes this unfortunate event elicited from my companions discouraged me so visibly, that even the unresponsive heart of my captain was touched by pity, for he tried hard to smile—the attempt could scarcely have been considered a success—as we took our positions, and offered as consolation a cheer—"That's all right, old man,—ya ain't got yer eye yit."

The next few innings, however, left little time for brooding, as they were full of action; two things of great import to me happening—our, a hit for two bases which I made, calling forth many exclamations from the lips of my astute manager and raising me to the highest pinnacle I attained in my brief baseball career; the other—truth demands that I chronicle it—dragging me from that great eminence and terminating in my being publicly disgraced.

"Tommy the Twister" had reached first. I determined not to repeat my former mistake, waited close to my base, in order to be there when the runner arrived. I had not long to wait. Almost immediately Tommy and the ball were coming toward me from different angles, at about the same rate of speed. Soon it became a serious

question in my mind as to which would arrive first. Oh came "the Twister," as if endowed with wings, while the ball seemed to pause and hover in mid-air between the catcher and myself.

Dear reader, you must imagine, I cannot describe, the perplexities of that awful moment. What eye could judge, what mind decide, the outcome of such a race?

Add to these perplexities the fear that at the crucial moment you might not properly perform your duty, and to all separated a deep consciousness of being on trial before eight solid-headed critics who would measure your performance without due regard to mitigating circumstances, and you may realize faintly, in proportion as the contemplative is ever less vivid than the active mind, the terrible strain under which I labored. Is it to be wondered at that under such circumstances my nerves trembled, twisted, and utterly collapsed; and that in the excitement I put out my foot, instead of my hand, to catch the ball? I think not! No! No one but a man blinded by a passion for victory could think otherwise. Unfortunately, my superior was such a man.

As the ball careened off my ankle, far out into the field, he, regardless of the suffering I exhibited by hopping wildly about on one foot while I clasped the other tightly between my hands, strode out before me in a fury. A run had been scored; that was sufficient. To him victory was everything; the loss of a limb, or a life, nothing.

"Cut out dat miszyet!" he ordered. I complied.

"What ah ya take dis fer?" he now demanded, referring to my recent exploit. "A football game?"

I tried to plead my case, but he would have none of it. "Hey, Spider!" he cut in abruptly, addressing himself to the lad on third base, "play second so!" let de old man play third—they won't so many git 'round fer him there."

Ye gods! the cruelty of this last cut! As it already, the punishment did not far outstretch the crime!

But if the conduct of my superior was heartless, that of my associates was doubly so. Without a care as to how

deeply this degradation would sink into such a high-strung, sensitive soul as mine, they hooted and scoffed unscrupulously as I hoped to my new position.

That time in its flight works wonderful changes, and when, next inning, I again faced "the Twister," all former animosities, in the face of a common foe, were forgotten, and my brother players were showing loud encouragements to me.

The game now stood twelve to fifteen against us.

"Watch 'er!" admonished Billy, who was perched on first base. "Don't let 'im fool you with a drop, old man!" Billy had familiarly dubbed me "the old



"What's the matter with dat chap?" inquired my superior in a dozen.

man." "Yah! Yah! Watch out-watch out!"

This supplementary outburst was brought forth by the unpartisan conduct of "the Twister," in delivering the ball while I was attending the remarks of my superior. I swung desperately, but too late. However, I evaded on the next pitch by striking too soon; but Billy, with the eyes of a ball player only, naturally saw none of the beauties of this mathematical evasion. To him the only problem was, how to get me to first base. A quick summing up evidently convinced him that there was but one way.

"Let him hit ya!" he finally decided.

My blood rose at the heartless suggestion. As if measure and repent were not hard enough to bear! My teeth clenched in rebellion. Never! I—the same moment I was bending and twisting into every conceivable shape in a frenzied effort to dodge the oncoming messages of retribution. My mental unsuitability was bringing quick rebuke. Finally, in a last paroxysm of hope, I threw myself flat upon my face. But why wrestle with fate? Better for me had I met the inevitable calmly, standing. The ball then would probably have struck me on the foot. As it was, it crashed into my ribs, and with a force that made me writhe in agony.

However, when I struggled dizzily to my feet, I was the recipient of hearty congratulations from my team-mates, who deemed the incident a most rare bit of good luck for me.

But the other side denounced the affair unqualifiedly. "He jumped right into it!" "He tried to git hit!" they charged Billy, and "the Twister" unhesitatingly stamped the occurrence as "the baby act."

As soon as I could breathe without heaving double and pounding myself on the back, the reason of all this clamor was made clear to me. For having been hit by the pitcher or rather by the ball he had pitched, I was privileged to go to first base.

This I should have considered a small recompense, indeed, for my sufferings, had it not been that there I learned the true cause of the catastrophe. Fate had nothing to do with it. "The Twister's" remark to the first baseman explained it all upon purely natural grounds. I had simply "run into" one of his "ya shoots."

As the inning ended with the score eighteen to fifteen in our favor, we were highly jubilant; but our joy was momentary, as soon again our opponents were forging slowly to the front.

It was at this critical juncture of the game, when all might be won or lost by a single play, that the ball was hit swiftly past me, and the batter started on a wild cruise of bases, followed by cries of "haul ball!" from our side and counter cries of "fair ball!" from the

other side. I remained neutral, the situation being too intricate for my comprehension.

As usual, Tommy, Billy, and the umpire gravitated to the centre of the diamond for the customary bout of polemics. The display this time, however, was particularly bold, fate being shaken more vigorously and threats of bodily harm indulged in more frequently than heretofore. I was congratulating myself upon not being involved in this especially bitter controversy, when the umpire, probably driven to accepting discretion as the better part of valor, decided to inaugurate a court of inquiry.

"We'll leave it to the old man—he saw it!" I heard him declare; and the next moment the mighty triumvirate were headed my way.

The move sent a shiver of apprehension through me, as my ignorance of the fine points of the game made it impossible for me to show any partiality for my captain.

A capitalist may hold that none should have been shown, but such a one never served under such a leader as Billy. For my part I was, and shall continue to be, ready to lie, cheat, or steal, if by so doing I can escape the caustic rebukes of such a man.

"Where'd that ball go?" demanded the terrible "Twister" gloweringly, and then, without waiting for me, supplying the answer himself. "It hit right there!" he asserted, indicating, with a savage flick, a spot several feet inside the base-line.

"Aw haw—you're crazy!" stoutly retorted our champion. "It didn't either!"

This prelude gave me a vague idea of the situation in general although the particular point at issue was still obscure. However, it was plain "the Twister" wished to make it appear that the ball had gone far inside the base-line. With this realization came confidence, and with confidence came the noble impulse to help my captain establish his claim.

"No, it didn't go there!" I boldly asserted against "the Twister," pointing to the spot he had indicated.

"There, I told you so!" interrupted

Billy triumphantly—"An' the old man wouldn't lie about it," he added, giving me a radiant smile of approbation.

If "the Twister" believed my veracity above reproach, his looks certainly belied his belief. However, I cared little as to that. The sweet of approval from my superior tasted far better than anything the cooney might offer, so I determined upon a coup d'état that I felt sure would carry me in peace, and maybe in glory, through the remainder of the game.

"No!" I retorted, while Billy smiled approvingly, as one who sees his position doubly fortified. "It didn't go there. It hit right here!"

My first inclination had been to make the mark far beyond the base-line, but a nature subtly cunning had taught me that to lend the color of truth to a statement, one should appear somewhat conservative, so I indicated a point midway between "the Twister's" mark and the base-line.

A mighty shout rent the air, but—horrible!—it came from Tommy and his followers. I turned to Billy anxiously. The sight froze me. There he stood, motionless, speechless—spellbound with wrath; and I prayed that he might ever remain so, but he didn't. With a spatter that clearly indicated the fire raging within, he recovered his voice, and then and there pronounced an anathema upon me that, had it been potent, would have consumed me on the spot. Thanks to the divine grace, however, that makes a man's power weaker than his will, beyond a slight curling of the hair and a parched throat, the blast left me unharmed.

Wherein I had erred, I knew not, nor was I able at the moment to ascertain, for immediately all social relations between myself and my comrades were severed. Later I learned that to have upheld our contention I should have marked the ball as having gone entirely outside the base-line. Good intentions went for naught. I had failed in the deed and was condemned forthwith, thanks to the narrow wisdom of youth.

From now on until the end of the game my relations were those of a pariah—neither noticing nor being noticed. Not until Dame Fortune actual-

ly bestowed the game upon us by a score of twenty-eight to twenty-three did my fellow-players relent and take me again into their good graces. No doubt, the fact that I could no longer jeopardize their chances of winning had much to do with this.

But withal, outside of a few what Billy designated "yellow" plays—and his glance in my direction spoke eloquently—the game, according to his estimate, was a good one. The low score and its closeness attested to that.

On our way back to town Billy grew somewhat remorseful, and he assured me that if I could "catch" and "hit" good, and could "run" a little faster, I would be all right. All of which ran-

ed my spirits a great deal, particularly as he invited me back to play again. "Come down agin," he said cordially. "You kin play with the other side next time."

This magnanimity I repaid by purchasing, from a passing countryman, a couple of watermelons, which I begged them to accept with my compliments, and thus having cemented the ties of reconciliation, I laid them good-by, the total of my worth, in their estimation, being fully summed up in a terse expression of Billy's that, unfeignedly, was waited for by my ears as I departed. "The old man's all right," said he, "but he can't play ball."



"Lost 'er out, old man!"

Municipal Ownership of Electric Light Plants

BY JAMES H. GRAYSON IN WORLD TODAY

This is a new timely article on municipal or by the western editor of "The Electrical World." This problem is continuing all interest in the city as it is not an article on it, the advantages and disadvantages of municipal ownership should be kept in mind.

DOES it pay a city to go into the electric light business? Should it own its street lighting plant or should it let the contract to a private company? These are questions which have perplexed the voters in many towns. The average citizen who pays the taxes needs only to have the evidence on both sides laid fully before him to decide and vote in the way most favorable to his pocketbook. His difficulty usually is to get the evidence. On the one hand, if the most radical advocates of municipal ownership are to be believed, the electric lighting companies of the country are earning enormous profits, which under municipal ownership would stay with the taxpayers and consumers. On the other hand, according to some of those opposed to municipal ownership, such ownership has a record of dismal failures, mismanagement and graft. The majority of thoughtful citizens who belong to neither of these two radical classes are looking for the truth, which (as usual in such arguments) lies somewhere between the two extremes. I will aim to present in an unprejudiced way some of the essential facts on both sides, as observed during many years' work and familiarity with the electric light and power industry of the country, both as carried on by cities and by private corporations.

In the case of a large number of the electric light plants owned by municipalities in the United States, the question of city versus private ownership was never an issue, for the reason that the towns are so small and the profits so uncertain that if the city did not build the plant no one else would. These we most evidently leave out of account in our discussion. What, then, are the objects sought by a city which establishes its own electric light plant if private capital has embarked, or is willing to embark in the enterprise? Evidently

to save money for the taxpayers or to get better service.

The common argument, of course, for the establishment of a municipal plant is that the city will gain the profits which ordinarily go to a private company undertaking a street lighting contract. But what are the profits actually earned by electric light and power companies through the country?

Whether an electric light plant is built by the city or by a company, interest should be paid on the investment. If we assume that a large part of the cost of construction is paid by issuing bonds, it is undoubtedly true as claimed by municipal ownership advocates that a city can sell bonds bearing a lower rate of interest than could a private corporation doing the same business. It will be evident, however, that a difference of one or two per cent. in bond interest on a plant may easily be counterbalanced by other factors, such as the rate of wages paid and the efficiency of the management.

It is of first importance to determine in this connection the actual profits being made by electric light and power companies over and above the common rates of interest paid on municipal bonds. If such profits or dividends are considerably above interest rates on municipal bonds, we have at once a strong incentive for municipalities to enter into electric lighting business themselves. Otherwise one great argument for municipalization disappears.

Unfortunately there are no figures available on the financial condition of electric lighting companies the country over, and we must fall back upon our general knowledge of the business and the statistics of a few localities. The State of Massachusetts for twenty years past has had an excellent system of regulating electric light companies and municipal plants and safeguarding the interests of both stockholders and public.

Yearly reports are made to a board of gas and electric light commissioners, both by private companies and municipal plants. We have therefore from Massachusetts more complete information as to the state of the industry than from any other state or locality. We can place more confidence in the reports of this commission than in most of the other statistics cited in connection with municipal ownership controversies, for the reason that the methods of checking accounts and making reports as well as the issuance of stock and bonds are controlled by the commission according to certain uniform regulations, and have been for many years. Companies and municipalities not required to report according to such fixed rules, if they issue reports of their financial conditions at all, issue them in such various shapes that no one but an expert can analyze them in a way to afford a true comparison, and frequently even an expert cannot make such comparisons without actual further examination of the books.

In Massachusetts, according to the 1905 report of the commissioners, of the fifty-six purely electric light and power companies in the state, twenty-four paid no dividends; one paid a dividend of two per cent.; one a dividend of four per cent.; one a dividend of 4.5 per cent.; four a dividend of five per cent.; eleven a dividend of six per cent.; three a dividend of seven per cent.; eight a dividend of eight per cent.; one a dividend of nine per cent., and two paid dividends of ten per cent. In some states with some kinds of corporations these statistics on dividends would give little indication of the per cent. of earnings on the actual investment, because of the common practice of issuing watered stock for which but a small per cent. of the face value has been paid.

In Massachusetts, however, where securities for many years past have been issued only upon approval of the commission, to pay for actual improvements in a plant, these figures can safely be accepted as indicating very nearly the true state of affairs. This statement as to dividends, of course, does not show what earnings may be put back into the property in the shape of

new construction and extensions. In this latter connection it is of interest to note that the combined balance sheets of the Massachusetts companies show a surplus of 10.76 per cent. on the entire capital stock, in the 1905 report, but this is less than the surplus showed the year previous.

These figures simply demonstrate what is known to every well-posted man in the business; namely, that electric light companies, when well managed and if in sufficiently large towns, can be reasonably expected to pay the usual prevailing rates of interest on investment, and in some cases a little more than that, but that there are plenty of companies which, either for the lack of good management or for some local reason, are earning practically nothing. There is certainly nothing in these figures to indicate that enormous profits are to be pocketed by taxpayers as a result of a municipal electric light plant.

Let us see the street lighting rates in the Massachusetts cities served by private companies the same as those where there are municipally-owned plants? Consulting the Massachusetts report further to determine this point, we find that the rates per year for arc lamps commonly rated at 1,200 c.p. are from \$164, the highest rate to \$54.00, the lowest. In municipal plants the cost of such lamps is given as from \$133, the highest, to \$53.34, the lowest. In the Massachusetts figures, of course, interest on the investment is included, as it should be in all such reports. Taken altogether, the cost of street lighting by municipal plants in Massachusetts is not strikingly different from that in cities supplied by private companies, although the highest municipal figures are considerably above the highest contract figures.

The reason that these Massachusetts figures on costs of municipal lights do not correspond with some which we see quoted by radical municipal ownership advocates on plants in other states is that in Massachusetts the law requires that an allowance of five per cent. of the cost of the plant shall be made yearly for depreciation. This allowance is certainly some too much, and in some cases is too little, but it is frequently

left out of account altogether in figuring the cost of municipal lighting on a plant owned by a city.

Another set of statistics which throw some light on the amount of profit in electric lighting business in general is obtainable from a report made by the secretary of the Iowa Electrical Association to that body in 1906. The secretary obtained reports from seventy-seven electric light companies in that state. The average dividend was 2.95 per cent.

New York State also has had for a short time a gas and electric light commission under laws similar to those in Massachusetts. The returns made indicate in general a very similar condition of affairs to that in Massachusetts. On the whole, from my knowledge of the business the country over, I think the Massachusetts figures would correspond closely to those in the majority of other states, were the figures known, except that a very limited number of companies may temporarily earn a little better than ten per cent.

I have so far considered this question of financial returns only in a general way, without taking up any specific examples. For those who wish to study such specific examples the published reports of the Massachusetts and New York commissions are open. As the former reports are made on uniform systems of accounting, comparisons can fairly be made between the different companies and municipalities reporting. Specific examples from other states have been cited many times in municipal ownership controversies, but because of the great differences in methods of accounting, as before explained, they are likely to be almost worthless for purposes of comparison unless scrutinized closely by experts.

One of the most prominent examples of a municipally-owned electric light plant is that of Chicago, about which there has been considerable controversy. Chicago's municipal electric light plant, unlike many others, was not built by the sale of bonds, but has been paid for a little at a time out of the general tax levy as the plant has been gradually enlarged. According to the last published report of the city electrician, in which

interest on the money was figured in both cases, there has been a saving to the city of something like ten per cent. In the total cost of street lighting for the entire period of eighteen years the city plant has been in operation. This statement, however, assumes that the cost per lamp under a private contract would have been the same as the city has been paying a company for a few scattered lamps in widely scattered outlying districts where the city could not operate as cheaply. As to whether Chicago would have had to pay for a large number of electric street lamps as much as it has been paying for a comparatively small number of scattered lamps on short and uncertain contracts, is, of course, problematical.

According to Hawkins & Sells, expert accountants, who went through the Chicago lighting accounts about six years ago, the operating cost of a municipal 450-watt arc lamp in the city of Chicago in the year 1900 was \$93.59; and the total cost, including water, insurance, taxes, depreciation and interest charges was \$95.03. Allowing for certain items, over which there may be controversy, it is safe to say that the cost per lamp was over \$90, including fixed charges, which is not far from the average paid in other great cities. The rate paid for similar lamps in New York City is \$100, but coal and distribution investments are higher in New York.

Chicago has what might be rated as one of the relatively successful municipal plants. Among the decidedly unsuccessful ones, a conspicuous example was that at Muncie, Indiana. This city had a municipal street lighting plant which cost \$35,000. In eleven years, under council committee management (for lack of it), the operating cost per lamp yearly doubled. The superintendent, in his annual report, made before the final demise of the enterprise, recommended that if the city could not find the money with which to improve the plant, it had better sell to private parties, or buy current from some private company. The matter was brought to a head by the bursting of a fly-wheel in the municipal plant and the wrecking of the station. A ten-year contract was then

made with the electric light company to supply street lamps at a cost far below the operating cost shown by the yearly reports of the municipal plant. The municipal plant, upon which \$35,000 had been expended in construction, was valued by a board of appraisers at \$25,000, or a depreciation of \$21,000, with no fund to provide for it.

I might go on and cite numerous cases of disastrous municipal electric light plant ventures and I might also cite some cases of well managed and successful municipal plants.

If a proper depreciation account is not kept and a municipal plant is not insured for its actual value, it is the whole body of taxpayers who suffer when the plant is destroyed by accident. When a company gives poor service or charges high rates, the public at large will be much more benefited by taking measures to secure adequate control of the offending company than they will by trying to take over the business of the company, the difficulty of whose operation is not known.

In the case of both private and municipal plants, the margin of profit is small enough for good or bad management to throw the balance one way or the other. But with this difference: If the private plant is mismanaged it is an concern of the taxpayer; it concerns only stockholders. Under a contract with a private company for street lighting at a reasonably low rate, the taxpayer takes no risk save a possibility of paying a small percentage more for given services than he would pay if the city ran the plant. If the city owns the plant, he may get his street lighting for a little less than he would pay the private company, but with the tolerable certainty that if there is grafting or incompetency in the management of the plant, he will pay a good deal more. In fact, it is a kind of one-sided speculation except, of course, where reasonable rates cannot be obtained from a private company. The taxpayer of a city usually, therefore, should think several times before embarking in such enterprises.

As the management of municipal electric light plants is such an important factor in determining whether it is a

losing proposition or not, let us inquire into the possibilities for good or bad management in connection with it. I am not one of those who believe that municipal management is necessarily and invariably incompetent. This is disproved by a number of cases where municipal enterprises were well managed. But there are certain things in American municipal affairs to which we can not shut our eyes, however we may hope to change them within the next twenty-five years. The war against graft in municipal politics has been making considerable headway the past ten years, and we may hope to see it make even better headway the coming ten years; nevertheless graft is a factor to be considered.

The fact is that, at the present time it is as a rule difficult to get the best class of men for the management of municipal enterprises. Why? In the first place, a man of ability and ambition will usually prefer to work for a private corporation, where opportunities for advancement and appreciation of ability are better than in municipal service, and where he is more certain of his position. The man working for a municipality is altogether uncertain as to his future or as to the competency or incompetency of the council committees to which he may be responsible. As he is working for the public, he is subject to all sorts of criticisms to which an officer in a private corporation is not subject, and may even be suspected of grafting because he is a city employee and for no other reason. These things, no doubt, account for the fact that comparatively few men of promise in the electric lighting industry of the country are to be found in municipal plants. In my personal experience on the editorial staff of a paper devoted to the electric lighting industry and in traveling among such plants, I almost invariably find that the up-to-date, progressive and aggressive management which contributes to the general progress of the art is to be found in private rather than municipal plants.

The advocates of municipal ownership have laid considerable stress on the possibility for corruption of city coun-

sile and other officers in connection with the letting of the street lighting contracts or franchises to private companies. That there are such possibilities, especially in the larger cities, no one will deny. On the other hand, it is not likely that a city government composed of rascals would find even more opportunity for robbing the taxpayer under municipal ownership? In the case of a private contract the amount is definitely known to everyone at the time the contract is made, and if there is anything unreasonable about the proposition, public sentiment will enforce reasonable terms before the contract is signed. When the public utility is municipally owned, it is a difficult matter to locate and prevent graft both large and small.

Space is not available here to cite specific examples of successful and unsuccessful municipal plants at any length, but I may mention a few of the extremes. One of the most successful municipal plants I know of is that at Marquette, Michigan, where the city developed a water power. The property is managed much like that of a private company. Considerable power load is carried. So enterprising has been the management that the gross earnings from the operation, according to the annual reports, are as high as \$6.20 per capita of population. Most private companies are not doing as well as to gross earnings. The lighting department of the city is kept separate from all others, just as if it were a company, and it is paid \$15 per year for a 2,000-c.p. arc lamp. For the balance of the revenue the management of the plant is dependent on its own enterprise. Chicago's plant is mentioned elsewhere. Detroit's municipal plant may also be rated among the more successful. While lamp costs in Chicago and Detroit are nowhere near so low as advertised by municipal ownership advocates in years

past, they are not far from prevailing contract rates.

Among recent municipal ownership failures may be enumerated Muskegon, Indiana, mentioned elsewhere, plant abandoned, and bonds not paid; La Grange, Illinois, plant sold to a company; Elgin, Illinois, municipal costs so high that contract was let to a company; Jonesboro, Indiana, plant turned over to bondholders; Alexandria, Virginia, plant leased to a company for thirty years; Ashabula, Ohio, \$88,000 plant depreciated \$50,000 in fourteen years, advertised for sale; Brunswick, Missouri, plant sold for thirty-five cents on the dollar, city taking pay in light and water; Casselton, North Dakota, plant sold for two-fifths cost, \$30,000 Springs, Arkansas, \$30,000 plant leased for \$600 per year; Peru, Indiana, council investigating committee found arc lamps cost \$207 per year and advised that the city abandon the business and sell the plant; Linton, Indiana, plant leased for five years; Hamilton, Ohio, gas plant shut down and state examiner reported deplorable financial conditions and abnormal costs due to faulty construction in electric light plant; Bloomington, Illinois, increase from \$58 to \$95 in yearly cost of arc lamps in ten years, although cost should have been less; Easton, Pennsylvania, mayor favors letting of private contract if city cannot maintain better service, and business men petition for such a contract; Lakewood, Ohio, expert accountant found cost of arc lamps about double the price offered by a private company.

What conditions will be twenty-five years from now, I do not know, but I hope and believe that they will be more favorable for municipal enterprises. In the meantime I am willing to let the private corporations take the risks and the profits wherever they can and will give reasonable rates and good service.

The Restoration of the Transvaal

BY W. T. STREAN IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The result of British aggression in the Transvaal was far from that predicted by the Boers. The Boers are again in control of their state and have become British subjects.

WHEN I was in Johannesburg three years ago I told the Boers that I would return in five years to find them "the most prosperous, the most contented, and the most loyal of all the subjects of King Edward." It seemed a bold prophecy at the time, but I knew my countrymen, and I knew my Boers. To-day no one doubts that I was right. The advent of General Botha's ministry is a confirmation to all the world that the Transvaal has been given back to the Boers; that, so far as is possible, the criminal work of the war has been undone and Milnerian expelled root and branch from South Africa.

The British flag, it is true, waves over the Transvaal. The Boers are subjects of the British King, but to be a subject of a British King is no strain upon anyone's loyalty. For the loyalty of British subjects is only claimed by an ideal sovereign who can do no wrong. If any of those who wield his authority act in his name do anything that is wrong or unjust, then the first duty which a loyal subject owes to his ideal sovereign is energetically to rid his actual monarch of these evil advisers. All or nearly all the trouble in South Africa arose from ignoring the difference between loyalty to the King and obedience to his satraps. The satrap always tries to make out that loyalty to the sovereign entails obedience to his ministers. Hence the Boers were taught that loyalty to the Queen involved submission to Lord Milner, to Mr. Chamberlain, and to Dr. Jameson. As a matter of fact, the more loyal a British subject is to his sovereign, the more violently must he revolt against the evil advisers of that sovereign who are doing wickedness in his name. In fact, disloyalty to an unjust or oppressive high commissioner or colonial secretary is the necessary corollary of true loyalty

to the ideal monarch, who by the law and the constitution is incapable of doing wrong.

It may be objected that the sacred right of insurrection may shelter itself under the guise of loyalty. The objection is sound. The fact is true. Loyalty lingers in Great Britain as a moral political force because the Puritans discovered the secret of making war on the King in the name of the King. When once the Boers realized that fundamental truth is modern politics they had no longer any objection to profess loyalty to the King in the abstract, knowing that they thereby acquired a chartered right to oppose to the uttermost everything done in his name of which they disapproved.

Neither do they object to the British flag. That they love it no one pretends. For years it was the symbol of the most barbarous acts of devastation and the most ruthless policy of desecration that have disgraced the annals of modern war. It was under the shadow of that flag that 20,000 children and 5,000 women whose homes had been given to the flames were sent to death in the concentration camps. For three long years that flag meant arson, burglary, highway robbery, and murder. No wonder they hated it, that Boer woman would avoid the sight of it as a pestilence, and that many Boers refused to enter a building over which it was flying. But although it will be years before they forget the odious associations of the flag of the invaders, the Boers are far too shrewd and practical politicians to allow their sentimental preferences for their old Vierkleur to stand in the way of the restoration of their right to govern their country which they reclaimed from the wilderness. They accept the flag as the outward and visible sign of their readiness to form one of the congeries of independent republics which make up the British colonial em-

ture. It does them no harm. In their internal politics there will be, as Sir Richard Solomon declared, "no flag-wagging," but neither will there be any attempt to pull down the flag.

When we ask how it comes that the Boers who but four years ago were fighting against the British Government, are now accepting office as the King's ministers in the Transvaal colony, the answer is that this blessed transformation has been brought about by the political evolution which took place in Great Britain at the beginning of last year. General Botha, the Boer commander-in-chief, is now Prime Minister of the King in Pretoria, formerly Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the pro-British one, resigned. British "methods of barbarism," as Prime Minister of the King in Downing Street.

It is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand the extraordinary complacency and suddenness of the change in the position of British political parties that took place at the last general election. Never before has any political party which exposed itself to the charge of treasonous sympathy with the enemy been placed in office at the very first opportunity, in order to make amends to that enemy. The pro-British were denounced as false to their country, as traitors to their conscience, as the friends and allies of the men whose the King's soldiers were fighting in the field. They were mobbed, their meetings were broken up, and but for police protection it would have fared ill with their lives. But the present Parliament was dissolved, these much-maligned, much-maligned pro-British were installed in office at the head of the largest majority returned for seventy years. The men who made the war were swept from the field, and the men who hated it, who had denounced it and opposed it from the first, took their places. Hence it was that as pro-British with sovereign at Westminster, the Boers have taken office as King's ministers at Pretoria.

At first the Boers were suspicious. They feared that the influence of Lord Rosebery's three Vice-presidents, Sir E. Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Asquith, might persuade the pro-British sympathies of the Liberal leader, Pre-

sident Steyn was frankly distrustful. "I don't see any signs," he said, to my daughter, in 1904, "of your father's Englishmen coming into power." "Wait," I replied, "till we get the chance." The chance came, and they Englishmen, Liberal Englishmen, faithful to the principles upon which the British colonial empire has been built up, came into office on a great tide of national enthusiasm.

Mr. F. G. Smuts, a young and determined republican, who was state attorney of the South African Republic and assistant commandant-general during the war, came to England twelve months ago, to take soundings. He saw most of the new ministers and met many members of the new majority. He was much more satisfied. He was amazed and delighted. He told me just before he started for South Africa that he had never expected to return with a heart so full of confidence. "Some of your ministers," he added, "are more pro-British than I am myself." Certainly the hatred and loathing with which the majority of English Liberals, in and out of office, regarded the South African War is quite as intense as anything I have ever heard expressed by the South African Boers. After Mr. Smuts came Dr. Engelbrecht, editor of the Volksstem, formerly President Kruger's organ. He also went home delighted. "I never dreamed," he said, "that so soon after a long war a British Government could be so sympathetic with the men they had been fighting. You have only to stick to your present line and you will have no trouble from the Boers." "Indeed," he added, "if you should have trouble from the other fellows you may confidently appeal to us for help in case of need."

When these emissaries returned to South Africa the Milnerites were furious. The British Government dispatched a small commission of four to South Africa to examine and report as to the best way in which the republic could be restored to the Boers. That was not the precise terms of their instructions—they had "to prepare a scheme of responsible self-government for the new colony." This they did. Their scheme was submitted to the Cabinet.

After a good deal of discussion the Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, one who was and is the bitterest enemy of Milnerism in the Government, drafted a new constitution for the Transvaal.

While they were framing it the Milnerites dispatched two of their number, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick and Mr. A. B. Bailey, to England to set forth how serious would be the consequences of giving responsible government to the colony. They did their best to make the British jingoes' flesh creep. But it was all in vain. The ministry proclaimed the new constitution, which gave the government of the country back to its inhabitants. They refused female suffrage, for which the Boers had asked, for it was felt that if the women had votes the calibrate misers of the Rand would not even have a sporting chance of success. But adult white male suffrage was established. A representative house of sixty-nine members was to be elected for five years, and, as a balance weight, there was added an upper house of fifteen members nominated by the crown. This arrangement was tentative. At the end of four years the constitution can be revised in the light of experience in accordance with the wishes of the representatives of the people. If at any time differences of opinion should arise between the two houses, they were to sit together and the vote of the majority was to prevail.

With three important exceptions, the constitution gave the Boers all the rights and privileges of an independent republic. These three reserved points related (1) to the natives, (2) to the Chinese, and (3) to the British who had settled in the colony after the war. The last is of no importance, the British settler on the land being usually more of a Boer than his neighbor. The native question is not immediately urgent. The restriction placed upon the introduction of further supplies of Chinese labor was inevitable in view of the pledges of the Home Government to the British electorates.

When the electoral battle began it was not anticipated that the Boers would carry all before them. They did not expect it themselves. All that they hoped for was that they would be able to

gether with the Nationalists, to form a majority over the Progressives. A word here may not be out of place as to the political nomenclature of the parties in the Transvaal: The Boers form a solid homogeneous party known as Het Volk, "the People." Opposed to them are the Progressives, so-called. They are the men whose political ideal is the ascendancy of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines. They are Milnerites, jingoes, advocates of the racial ascendancy of the British over the Dutch. Their leader is Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who played a most mischievous part in 1899 in precipitating the war, and with them are nearly all the great capitalists of the Rand, with the exception of J. B. Robinson. Between these two chief opposing forces come the Nationalists, the next largest group. The Nationalists are chiefly British electors who resent the domination of the Chamber of Mines, and who are willing to co-operate with the Boers. Their chief, who at one time was regarded as the certain first Premier of the colony, is Sir Richard Ross. Sir Richard Ross lost no time in worshipping the rising star. In his election address he declared "his policy was based on trusting the Dutch, reconciliation, co-operation, true imperialism, no flag-wagging, and no placing of political power in the hands of the financial houses." In addition to the Nationalists there were a certain number of Independents and Labor candidates.

The electoral battle was waged with much spirit. The Milnerites appealed almost entirely to the mining community, although, taking advantage of the split in the ranks of the Boers and Nationalists, the Progressive leader captured the seat for South Central Pretoria. They predicted the certain ruin of the mining industry if the Boers were returned to power. They declared it was their mission to defend the policy of Lord Milner. On the other hand, the Boers proclaimed with thoroughgoing emphasis their desire for co-operation with the British. "As Verengering," said General Botha in a message to the British at home, "I signed the treaty of peace: I then solemnly accepted what

is so dear to you, your King and your flag." Mr Smuts declared that "they had had enough of 'ructions'; he was on the side of the Imperial Government, as against Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who was talking of eliminating Downing Street from South Africa. Mr. Kratoch who had spent a long time in English prisons on a political charge, declared that "the British lion's paw was strong enough to crush anything that was going to oppose it, but if their assistance was wanted it would willingly be given." As to the alleged danger to the mines, General Botha was no less emphatic. He said:

"We simply object to the men who run the mines also running the country. As I protested the mines during the war so I shall see that they are not ignored now. The talk of wholesale Chinese repatriation regardless of consequences is nonsense. I say emphatically that nothing shall be done to embarrass the mines so far as unskilled labor is concerned."

Party feeling ran very high, and down almost to the opening of the ballot boxes the Progressives professed that they were confident of victory. They were destined for a cruel disillusion. It was masked for a moment by their unexpected success in South Central Pretoria, where they were defeated by Sir R. Solomon. Ten seats went to the Boers without a contest. When the polls were declared in the other sixty it was discovered that the Boers were strong enough to form a ministry without the aid of any of the Nationalists.

The result was decisive. The Boers had come to their own again. General Botha was sent for to form a ministry. He chose General Smuts as his right hand man. The old commandant-general, the nucleus of the new Government, which has among its supporters General Delarey, General Beyers, and Mr. Schalk-Burger. It is the old headquarters staff of the republic installed in office as ministers of the King.

In the midst of the rejoicing that followed some little annoyance was caused by the publication of a list of the names of those persons who had been nominat-

ed by the crown as members of the upper house. There are fifteen of them. They are for the most part nonentities. The Progressives are in the majority. General Botha and Mr. Solomon promptly published a protest against the nominations and called upon the crown to revise the list.

In reply to the protest of General Botha and Mr. Edward Solomon, Lord Selborne takes upon himself the responsibility for the selection of the members of the Legislative Council, a selection which has given almost universal dissatisfaction. He declares that the members will deal with all questions in a spirit of strict impartiality, with an eye single to the welfare of the Transvaal and of South Africa, irrespective of race or party, from which it would seem that Lord Selborne has discovered not men but angles. This is merely a case of special pleading by a High Commissioner, who has to justify himself as best he can. From many points of view it was deplorable that Lord Selborne should have been allowed to remain in South Africa. He was a member of the Government who made the war, and it cannot be expected that he would be very enthusiastic in undoing the work of his own hands. From a practical point of view the composition of the Legislative Council is a matter of very little importance. The British ascendancy party has not got a majority of more than five votes in the council, and, therefore, can easily be outvoted when the two chambers vote together.

What has been done in the Transvaal will a month or two later be accomplished not less thoroughly in the Orange Free State. In the Transvaal the Milnerites thought that they had at least a fighting chance. In the Orange Free State, which Lord Milner christened the Orange River Colony—as if a British colony could not be a free state—the Boer majority is admittedly overwhelming. The programme of the Orangia Unie party is a return of the Education Law, compulsory knowledge of English and Dutch in all Government offices, the reduction of the constabulary, the abolition of the Inter-Colonial Council, and the division of the South

African railway pool. President Steyn has resolved not to re-enter public life, but he will for years to come be the power behind the throne, whoever is Prime Minister. It is probable that the Orange Free State Cabinet will be presided over either by Mr. Abraham Fischer or by General Hertzog, both good men and true.

Thus out of the smoke and flame of a wicked and wanton war there have come peace, loyalty and contentment. It is a magnificent illustration of the advantage of a party system. The Boers would never have treated the Anglo party that made the war, but when the pro-Boers came into office, nothing was more natural than that they should co-operate with their old allies to settle the country and efface the traces of Milnerism.

Before concluding this article I would refer to one element not political, which will probably do as much as anything to secure the tranquillity and prosperity of the Transvaal. This is the extraordinary profit to the state which results from the successful development of the Premier Diamond Mine. This mine was discovered five years ago in the neighborhood of Pretoria, when a

company was formed to work it, with a capital of \$50,000, which was afterward increased to \$400,000. The development of the mine was so rapid that it has in the last four years earned a net profit of \$10,000,000. Half of this has been spent in opening up the property, the shareholders have received \$2,000,000, or five times the amount of their original investment, and the Transvaal has received as its share of the profits over \$3,000,000. By the new mining law, which is probably the only valuable contribution which Lord Milner made to the welfare of South Africa, the Government is entitled to 40 per cent. of the profits. Last year from this one source alone the Transvaal Government received the sum of \$1,800,000, and it is probable that its annual income from this single diamond mine will amount to \$2,000,000 a year. There is probably no other state which claims so large an amount of the profits of the minerals found on its soil. There are other mineral deposits in the Transvaal which have as yet hardly been exploited. The brilliant success of the Premier Diamond Mine does much to justify the confidence of the Boers in the prosperity of their country, even after Chinese labor has been dispensed with.

Be Enthusiastic

It is like feeling a breeze on a warm, dusty day to meet anyone who is enthusiastic. You immediately revive from your apathy, your eyes glister, your pulse beats faster, and all interest in life is renewed.

This strong mental activity, combined with optimism, sends out so much of its vital force to you that the effect sometimes lasts for days, and you are amazed at the amount of work that you have accomplished during that time.

If one mind has the power to create that atmosphere, every mind has the power to do so.

It is a peculiar thing that the majority of people think, because characteristic qualities are mental, that we have no need to trouble about the seemingly defective ones; in fact, some will argue, "We are made that way, and it does not lie in our power to alter such circumstances," yet if they have any physical defect they will go to untold trouble, discomfort, and suffering to remedy it.

Imperial Federation

THE GAELIC MESSAGE

Some objections to the English conception of Imperial Federation

IT cannot be said that in the past the cause of Imperial Federation has made progress at all proportionate to its intrinsic merits. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to approach the subject from the English party point of view, and whenever this happens misunderstandings and recriminations invariably arise, causing men not obsessed by the spirit of that stupendous and raucous hypocrisy to throw up their hands in despair, if not positively to blaspheme against the careless vagaries of the predominant partner.

The Radical politician looks askance at Imperial Federation, partly because he thinks he detects in it some subtle and sinister "move" in the direction of preserving and perpetuating the feudal strain in English politics, and partly because his rival in bombing approves it, or pretends to do so, the Conservative, on the other hand, talks a deal about it and does nothing, partly because his political role is to do nothing (or at all events as little as bare necessity demands), and he must needs go up to the hustings as fully justified as possible, and partly because, in his heart of hearts, he does not like it at all. The Conservative has not lived down that venerable contempt for "colonies" which, in the years that have gone, cost his country its American plantations. He has a mind to do his political bear-leader's bidding, and "think Imperially," but, generally speaking, his "Imperialism" is but a parliamentary metaphor for English ascendancy. He has no idea of allowing mere "Colonials" however eminent and "Imperialistic" in tone, to "boss" the Imperial show. He is prepared to condescend to use the colonies much as our modern Chathams are prepared—even eager—to exploit the "martial qualities" of the Gael. Such people, no doubt, are a very present help in time of trouble; but, whilst being suitably encouraged, they must be kept in their

places. Both make excellent hewers of wood and drawers of water in their respective places. "Loyal" and "patriotic" demonstrations on the part of both will be gratefully, even enthusiastically, received whenever the enemy presumptuously threatens, or audaciously sets up his horn on high; but as to admitting either the one or the other to a share in the Imperial councils—the thing is plainly absurd. Conservative "principles" and "national" exigencies are equally hostile to the idea.

For our own parts, however, free Imperial Federation is certainly not without merit or attraction. To the vapors of Tory and Whig on the subject we are, of course, as little inclined as we are supremely indifferent. If we thought that Imperial Federation would have the disgusting effect of confining, consolidating and extending English ascendancy throughout the world, we would, of course, fly from it as we should from the most dangerous and destructive of all possible plagues. The "British" Empire as an English "going concern" is nothing to us; and whether German ships or British ride in Portsmouth Harbor, though it may be fair matter of hysteria to a sensational novelist or a dull ex-commander-in-chief, is no thorn in the flesh, only boredom to us. We willingly concede England's right, just as we would do that of any other country, to endeavor the best she can for herself; but we see no reason why our bowels of invention should be strenuously exercised on that account. After all, the Horatian saying of "devil take the hindmost" is a sound pagan maxim, and, bring what she is, England may safely be trusted to make the most of it.

A recent interesting speech by Dr. Douglas Hyde on the subject of Imperial Federation would appear to have escaped the attention of the English press, which, ever more intent on external than internal, seems, like the

Levite of old, to have passed it by on the other side, blinded and blindfolded. Needless to say, in that speech the accomplished and sagacious president of the Gaelic League eloquently anticipated these our objections to the English conception of Imperial Federation. He said that no self-respecting Gael could have anything to do with it so long as it should mean, as undoubtedly it now means, English ascendancy; and to that same view we very cordially subscribe. Dr. Hyde, however, went on to declare that to the idea of a confederation of self-governing states, each one independent of the other, but united by a common tie to resist aggression, he could, speaking for himself, see no valid or reasonable objection; and to this view, too, we very cordially subscribe. The idea of a vast confederacy of friendly states, combining and uniting not for purposes of oppression, exploitation and plunder, but to enable one another, as well as foreign states, to exist in peace and comfort, and to extend the blessings of their respective civilizations by Christian means, is surely no contemptible one. We go further, and say that it is a grand idea, and one well worthy the endeavor.

Men talk of the stars in their courses fighting for them (a sort of pagan presumption to which all flesh seems bent) whenever armies entirely outside their party control take a turn which seems calculated to bring them little deserved success and prosperity. Without going so far as to say that the heavens and their occupants are now engaged in performing this particular manoeuvre in favor of Imperial Federation, we do make bold to affirm that political events are shaping themselves in a manner that must ultimately prove favorable to it. The disastrous war between Russia and Japan has come and gone, leaving as all thinking persons anticipated, an army of occupation, in the shape of a host of difficult problems, in its wake. Some of these problems concern Europe alone, some Europe and Asia, some (a few) Asia alone, and others involve the future prosperity and happiness of the whole world. Amongst these problems is the expansion, in unforeseen and unanticipated directions, of victorious Ja-

pan. Before the war, a Times correspondent would scarcely have ventured to make the columns of that unimaginative organ the vehicle for a prophecy respecting the probable fate of Australia, at the hands of the redoubtable invasions of its vista and the bland and oblique propensities of the land of the roving sun. Nevertheless, fated and quiescent as to his part by the "laws" of the late war, this is precisely what the Times correspondent in Australia has recently done. Without aid of luncheon, he professes to be able to discern the shadow of Japan lying athwart the southern seas; and the curious thing is that New Zealand has joined in the hue and cry raised against the late malevolent *visu*. Something odd, too, with this agitation, there comes from these two countries—Australia and New Zealand, to wit—a temporary demand for the strengthening of the English fleet in those seas, coupled with the suggestion that the colonial contribution towards the upkeep of the Imperial forces should be considerably increased. It may be merely a coincidence, of course, but the apparent discredit into which the Australian policy known as "fast-the-palate" has suddenly fallen is, at all events, highly suggestive in the circumstances. We are not saying a word, of course, against these two colonies' doubtless their best know their own affairs, and how their interest is likely to run and to be served. These alarm at Japan, whether well or ill grounded, is however almost painfully real and their desire to set it at rest in the shelter of English arms is natural, "ancient business."

And, turn as we will, what do we find? A vast country, unspoiled, rich, but as yet very sparsely populated, fast to foot with another which is infinitely more powerful and threatening that most insidious of all forms of conquest, namely, "persecution." The somewhat flamboyant "Imperialism" of a party in the new Canada is thus easily explained. Like a man who, in the presence of some powerful enemy, sees him not, yet is all too conscious of his proximity, Canada is nervous, and her nervousness likewise takes the form of requests for armaments and efforts to

contribute handsomely and increasingly towards the cost of the same. Moreover, increased and ever-increasing facilities for inter-communication are beginning to tell their inevitable tale in the shape of growing interest on the part of these plantations in the purely domestic affairs of the mother countries. Emigration, too, especially from Scotland and Ireland, tends to promote the same thing, stimulating the patriotism of the new exiles, and leaving old ties and affections in those who have gone before. Thus everywhere we see a drawing together of mothers and daughters, as it were, as much by reason of considerations of mutual protection, as in obedience to the inviolable law of Almighty God. This movement, too, derives considerable impetus from the remembrance of the coming struggle for the supremacy of the Southern Seas. The rival interests of the United States and Japan in the Far East must, of course, yet be accommodated; and though humanity may grieve for such a desirable understanding, yet we fear that the lessons of history run counter to the prospect of a pacific settlement. In any event, the question is a most serious one, and tends to foster that drawing together of mothers and daughters to which we have already referred; for, in the event of a struggle between Japan and America, neither Australia nor New Zealand can be expected to relish the prospect of having that Homeric contest waged just above their heads, as it were. In either case too, success would mean crippling, if not commercial death in life, for the non-belligerents in the Far East, unless the defenses of these countries are timely strengthened and developed. A Japanese victory would but aggravate the Japanese bogey in American eyes, whereas would paralyze Canada, whatever

other effect it might have on Australia and New Zealand.

So, in the nature of things, it would seem that Imperial Federation is no impracticable chimera, but on the contrary, is a consummation whose realization is always perceptibly approaching, and on the sound principle that there should be no taxation or subsidy without representation, we prophesy that, sooner or later, the colonies will be called into the councils of the Empire. No doubt such participation will be strictly limited on paper to what are called "Imperial affairs;" but the moral effect of representatives of colonies, enjoying all the manifold blessings and advantages of practical independence, participating in these councils will be, so far as the cause of the Gael is concerned, simply incalculable. The Parliaments of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, being self-governing concerns, are necessarily pledged to what is here called "Home Rule." And even supposing that the warmth of their sentiments on that head were powerless to melt the stony heart of the predominant partner, which we do not believe, it would always be possible to see what a little wholesome persuasion would do. By a device whose precise character it would perhaps be impolitic to disclose at this juncture, but of whose feasibility we are pleasantly assured, the state of Ireland and Scotland could easily be raised to an "Imperial question," demanding and necessitating the active intervention of the Federal powers. On these grounds, therefore, if on no others, we have pleasure in announcing ourselves hearty supporters of the Federal idea. We confidently call on all good Gaels to join us in going even one better than the Missionary of Birmingham: to think Federally, as well as Imperially.

A County Thirty-One Years in Rebellion

BY FRANK WICKHAM OF CENTURY MAGAZINE

The story of a rural community in Missouri wherein a public office is a private calamity

WHEN a candidate for a county judgeship in St. Clair County, Missouri, makes the race for office, he does so with the understanding that, unless he would spend some time in jail, he must put in his term of office skulking in the brush, a fugitive from justice. This is because he will be in contempt of the United States court. For thirty years the Federal tribunal has been trying to compel St. Clair County to pay interest on bonds issued in 1878 to assist in the building of a railroad. The road was never built, and the county declines to obey the court's mandate, not believing in paying for goods which were not delivered. For almost a third of a century the county has been in open and successful rebellion against the Federal authorities.

The position in which St. Clair County finds itself is the sequel of a State law passed just before the war, the purpose of which was to encourage the building of railroads. Under this law a county court was privileged to subsidize a railroad project, without submitting the proposition to a vote of the people. During the first decade after the close of the war the courts of one hundred and seven counties in Missouri availed themselves of this new prerogative. Of these counties all save three—Knox, Dallas, and St. Clair—long since cancelled their obligations. Many of them were windmills by the promoters, but, the bonds being in the hands of "innocent purchasers," they paid because the Federal court compelled them to pay. Knox County, it is understood, is willing to compromise with the bondholders as soon as certain pending litigation is closed. As to Dallas, the debt it owes the bondholders exceeds by several thousand dollars the total valuation of all property, personal and real, in the county, and the creditors long ago dropped all negotiations looking to a settlement.

There was a time when St. Clair

County was by way of being a mining community. Silver was discovered, and it was known that the hills contained deposits of some of the baser ores; but, as a step preliminary to the development of these resources, it was necessary to secure railroads.

Railroad-building throughout the State was then almost a craze—the reaction from the stagnation of war times. Besides, river traffic was on the wane. Osceola, the county seat, once at the head of navigation on the Osage River, with fleets of steamers from St. Louis and Kansas City at its ports, and with a great tributary region in Arkansas for which it was the natural trading-point, felt that its commercial importance was declining, and a master-stroke was required to re-establish its connection with the outside world. The time was ripe for the leading citizens to listen to the voices of the temple, and his visit was not long deferred. He came in the spring of 1879, and his scheme was to build a railroad from Clifton, a short distance north-west of Osceola, to Memphis, Tennessee, which would put Osceola on a direct line of road between Kansas City and Memphis.

It sounds almost like travesty to say that the court selected April 1, All Fools' day, as the date for entering its memorable order directing the county treasurer to take stock in the venture; but it is the solemn truth. By the court's ruling the county was bonded in the sum of \$250,000, and the treasurer was instructed to deliver the bonds to the promoters of the Tebo & Newsha Railroad Company "when the contract is let."

The contract was let a few months later, and the promoters received their bonds. There were some preliminary surveys, and a gang of laborers went to work in the northern part of the county, piling up earth for a "fill." The bonds were sold to "innocent pur-

chaurs." Taxes were levied to pay the first year's interest; then one day the construction train pulled out with a gang of laborers, and was never seen there again. A relic or so of all, with some rotten ties and rusted rails, now remains as a monument to the short-sightedness of the county judges who wrote, "to be delivered when the contract is let," instead of "when the work is done."

During the years following the transaction the feeling against the railroad windfalls grew daily more bitter, and the determination to resist payment became more deeply rooted. But the "innocent purchasers" were clamoring for their dues, and July 14, 1875, they secured a judgment in the Federal court. The succeeding step followed in quick succession. The county court was ordered to make a levy to pay the claim, it declined to comply. The Federal court issued a mandamus; it was ignored. The county court was cited for contempt; it disregarded the summons, and United States marshals were sent to arrest the recalcitrants.

To evade the United States deputy marshals, the county judges had to place themselves in some extraordinary predicaments, not all of them consistent with judicial dignity. "Hiding out" was the regular order of business. Judge Thomas Scott, shorn of his long white beard, remained under cover for a year, thurly winning the sobriquet of the "Swamp Fox." Every stranger was a suspected sleuth, and every loyal citizen a "stool-pigeon," his duty being to inform the fugitives of the stranger's movements. So the judges spent most of their time in the brush.

Belated farmer lads, groping through the woods at night in quest of strayed cattle, have chanced upon the court in session on a fallen tree. With an arsenal of small arms as their square and compass, without light save such as was reflected from the masked lantern by which the clerk wrote the minutes, the judges have performed the humble rites of their office, being always alert to adjourn and scuttle into the brush should a twig break or the foliage of a bush stir suspiciously.

Again, when the wind caused trouble with the clerk's papers and lantern, or when it was feared that deputies prowling in the neighborhood might be attracted by the light, these farmer lads have seen four shadowy figures—three judges and a clerk—straggle through a tangle of shrubbery and disappear in the mouth of a cave. In such cases the approaches were invariably guarded by volunteer sentinels.

Nevertheless, the marshals were quite as resourceful in the expedient as were the judges, and showed themselves willing to take extraordinary pains. Take for example the case of Joseph H. Graham, a deputy marshal of St. Joseph, and his co-worker, Henry W. Fyatt of Joplin. Being newly-appointed officers, and unknown in the region, they were assigned to work on the St. Clair County case. This was in May, 1881. They met in Kansas City and agreed upon a plan of campaign.

Fyatt's case was made easy by the fact that he had a married sister living in Osceola. Through the influence of his brother-in-law, he secured a position as helper at the Frisco depot, and at once took up his residence at the home of his sister. Graham had to work out a more elaborate plan. Deciding finally to palm himself off as a commercial traveler, he secured the necessary trucks and cases, and laid in a line of grocery samples. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about the grocery business, and realizing that his ignorance would be detected by the first retail dealer that he approached, he set out resolutely to take a primary course in the theory, practice, and technique of commerce. He haunted the wholesale houses of Kansas City to acquire the language and manner of the trade; he fraternized with druggists, studied price lists, schooled himself in the late novelties of the grocery market, and finally took a graduate course of one week on the road with a veteran drummer as master, all at his own expense.

Fyatt in the interim had kept him posted as to conditions in Osceola. "On the 8th of May," he had written, "the judges will hold court openly in the court-house, relying for safety on the

fact that they are known to no one save the natives. This will be our chance."

Graham arrived a day in advance, put up at the Commercial Hotel, and began canvassing the local grocery stores. It must be that the schooling stood him in good stead, for it is not of record that his impertinence was detected. During the evening he had an opportunity to consult with Fyatt. The latter had gathered some information as to the personal appearance of the two judges in contempt, Sam. C. Peñon and James M. Nevitt (David Walker, the third judge, not having then fallen under the ban of the Federal court), and the details of the attack were arranged.

By nine o'clock next morning farm wagons began to arrive from every point of the compass, and by ten Court-house Square was jammed about with a compact rank of them. Farmers, stockmen, county officials, and townspeople stood about in knots, engaged in conversation; and in one of these groups, the deputies knew, were the men they sought, but to pick them out by applying the loose verbal description Fyatt had received was no easy task. Peñon had been designated as "tall, lank, and swivel-jointed, with a drooping blond mustache;" but half the men in the crowd seemed to answer to this. And the description of Nevitt as a man "not quite so tall as Peñon, but heavier and with a stoop to his shoulders," was not less indefinite.

Graham and Fyatt stood in the entrance of a dry goods store, selected as a point of reconnoiter because the clerks were too busy waiting on a crowd of women to notice them. It was agreed that they should stay there until court opened, when the judges, they thought, would disclose their official identity by taking their positions on the bench. They would then swoop down, each entering by a different door, and arrest all three. Later they would ascertain which was Walker, and release him.

At the sheriff's "Hear ye! Hear ye!" the groups converged upon the picturesque ruin used as a courthouse. Graham, meanwhile, acting on a happy impulse, had caused a report to be circulated among the women in the store that a marriage was to be solemnized.

He had seen the bride, and she was beautifully dressed. In the next five minutes not less than twenty women, remembering that they had conspired to speak with their husbands or fathers, scattered with stifled leisure across the street, all their faculties alert to catch a glimpse of white organdy and satin veiling.

Carefully measuring their speed, to give the women time to reach the courtroom and no more, the deputies followed. It was as they had expected. St. Clair County being essentially southern in sympathies and gallantry, there was a mighty moving of chairs and shuffling of feet as the masculine wing of the assembly hastened to find seats for the late arrivals, and the confusion served to mask their own appearance.

At the end of the room furthest from the doors thirty or forty men stood closely massed about a table. Realizing that now was the time and this the place to strike, the deputies charged for the crowd. Instantly a diabolic voice broke the whispers of civility and the drone of business and a pair of brawny arms seized Fyatt about the waist from behind, pinning his arms to his sides. Someone else essayed the same form of attack upon Graham, but he broke away. "The deputies!" screamed the voice. Pistols flashed into sight, and there was a rattle of shots as the women whisked out into the corridor.

Meanwhile Graham had succeeded in drawing his own weapon, and, with a revolver in each hand, he plunged into the crowd about the table. Behind that human rampart, he believed, sat the judges, and it was his business to arrest them before they had time to mix with the rabble.

He was surprised at the ease with which he accomplished it. The crowd separated before him like the Red Sea under the rod of Moses; the clock on the wall had ticked less than five times since the alarm was given, and there, serenely occupying the chairs which stand for the "county bench," sat his quarry.

"Gentlemen, you are my prisoners!" he cried. "Throw up your hands!" And then to the crowd: "Men, move

back and give us room! Stand back!"

But there was no occasion for the latter part of the command, for through the entrance into the corridor and through the windows opening upon the veranda the crowd was melting as if by magic. There was something ominous about the facility with which the programme had been carried out; it was not exactly in keeping with the community's reputation, this display of the white feather without even a show of resistance, and when Graham looked into the faces of his prisoners it was with a sinking sensation that he realized he had been duped. Two were farmer lads, mere striplings scarcely out of their teens, and the third was a malcontent.

A few of the late audience looked back over their shoulders in departing to mock him with derisive laughter and sallies of banal wit. Only two remained; these stood looking out upon the street. Fryatt had disappeared. Graham glared at the nondescript trio before him, weighing the question as to whether he should take them into custody for aiding Federal prisoners to escape; but an instant later the sound of pistol-shots in the yard below helped him to decide. There was, perhaps, bigger game afoot. The pair at the window became suddenly perturbed at what they saw, and bolted for the stairs. Graham followed.

Having reached the lawn, he saw, just outside of the inclosure, a crowd of excited farmers and stockmen about a lumber wagon. On the spring seat in front sat two men and a boy; standing in the rear of the wagon, his pistols trained upon the other occupants, was Fryatt. The crowd about was suddenly demonstrative and rapidly growing. Graham, his weapon still in hand, charged them, firing a wild shot or two as he ran, by way of moral effect.

The incidents of the next few seconds followed each other so swiftly that no two moments arose. Some blows were struck with clubbed weapons; one or two knives were flashed; a revolver was discharged; there was a chorus of shouts, a tangle of legs and arms, and then two things happened: Graham, having fought his way to the front wheel of the wagon, popped his pistol

into the face of the nearest occupant. In the same breath the other adult occupant leaped to the ground and ran, Fryatt after him, while the boy, too terrified to move, sat dumbly holding the reins.

Again Graham repeated the standard formula of the arresting officer: "Judge Nevitt, you are my prisoner!"

This was the critical moment of the scene. A shrewd tug from behind must have tilted Graham off the wheel and given the prisoner at least a chance for his liberty, but the rabble let it pass unimproved, and the next instant sufficed the humiliation of seeing the desperadoes clucked upon the wrists of the presiding judge. A groan, a hiss, some smothered imprecations and muttered threats, and the incident was closed.

"I was sitting on the piazza of the Commercial Hotel about five minutes later, Judge Nevitt by my side," said Graham, in telling the story, "when Fryatt came sauntering up from the field with Judge Sam Foden in tow. Both were splashed with mud, and had about them other evidences of a hot burst of speed. The judge's 'swivel-joints' had not discomfited him for the sprinter class. It seems that one of the features of the chase had been the leaping of a six-rail snake fence, an obstacle which both had cleared at a bound. As they approached the piazza I overheard their conversation; they were talking about other bundif-races they had known."

"How did you get on to their judge-ships?" I asked Fryatt, aside.

"Why," said he, "when that fellow grabbed me in the courtroom, I dallied with him awhile until I had him where I wanted him, and then sprang a wrestling trick on him. It worked, and I wriggled loose. About this time every one was bolting for the doors. I tried to get back where you were, but three or four hungry chaps got me in front of 'em and hustled me out. When I reached the foot of the stairs, I saw quite a crowd around a lumber wagon. They were boosting two men and a boy up into the spring seat, and while one man untied the team, two or three were hooking the tugs. They were all laughing—seemed to be tickled half to death about something.

"Of course I supposed all this time that you had nabbed the judges in the courtroom, as I saw you had the drop on the three fellows in the chairs; but when I saw those two men on the spring seat reach down to shake hands with someone in the crowd, I got a hunch that you had barbed up the wrong tree, so I fired a few shots in the air and swooped down on 'em. Well, you know the rest. Gee! but that fellow Foden is a sprinter!"

After the first six months, Foden attempted to secure his freedom by resigning his office as county judge, but the ruse was only partly successful. He was kept in jail until within a few weeks of the expiration of his term. Judge Nevitt served out his time without a murmur and upon his return to Oneonta was given an ovation.

The wealthier and more substantial citizens profess to believe that, in elect-

ing the present judges, the county took a step which is the beginning of the end. They maintain that the present incumbents of the county bench represent a higher order of intelligence and business sagacity than their predecessors; that there will be no more skulking in the bush, no more citations for contempt, and no further dashing of authority; but that the court with beaming good-natures will submit to the people a proposition to compromise with the bondholders on a basis of \$231,000, the face of the original bonds, minus \$19,000, which has been paid, the interest to be eliminated. The county judges admit that they have some such plan in view. However, it is thought in some circles that this project is "loaded," that in its essence it is like the stock "sale" of the '70's; and that as no one would bid then, no one will vote now. But of course that would not be the fault of the judges.

The Cash Values of Ideas

Perhaps never before have men been so willing to pay for ideas. A lawyer is asked a question, which he instantly answers, and his bill for a large sum is cheerfully paid.

It took only a moment, but the value of an idea cannot be measured by the time it takes to express it.

It has taken a long time to convince moneyed men of this point, and some of them have not been convinced. But those who are wise enough to see it are availing themselves of great opportunities for the betterment of their business.

The man in charge of a department is given credit for what he knows as well as for what he does. He is given credit for what he leaves undone—what he sees it were wise not to do.

The tendency is to encourage real thinking throughout the organization, where formerly only blind work was expected, according to the plan then in use.

Confessions of a Speculator

BY BEN THAYER IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE

In which he tells of the experience of two men in the recent panic and of how he can play the game successfully only when away from Wall Street.

ACCORDING to Addison every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance. He remarks, in one of his essays, that he had seen an eye cure for half an hour together, and an eyebrow call a man a second. Speculation is conducive to the permanent activity of both eye and eyebrow in exactly the same way, and the speculative person finds a clear reflection in the elimination of sympathy, and the subordination of every good feeling to the base, devilish desire to beat the market, to rub elbows with chance and game, to escape the infection of gambling, to disregard the inevitable result in the hope of proving the absurdity of the economic theory that labor is essential to the creation of wealth.

There are a dozen ways to look at the speculative game, but there is only one logical way. It is a game of chance with the odds heavily against you, a game that few can hope to beat, but possessing a dangerous fascination, a game that cannot but be productive of mental deterioration. This seems to be a trifle far-fetched, yet it is unfortunately accurate. You may point out that many men of eminent and actual respectability are engaged in it, that the stock market is necessary and essential to our growth as a nation, that trading in stocks should possess no more malign influence than dealing in real estate. So far, so good, but the point at issue is not mere respectability nor national development, but speculation with loaded dice, with the certainty of overplaying by the average outsider, who risks what he should not, and calls his purchase of non-dividend paying stocks, on a ten point margin in a 15 per cent money market, investment. It is to the man who risks his competence in the hope of being affluent, to the man who neglects legitimate business to dabble in stocks, to the type who is toying with his hundred or two hundred

shares that I speak—the others know the game and can suspect when they do not know.

My experience leads me to believe that, given a situation where a man has been introduced to the game, the chief danger thereafter lies in overplaying. That term is plain enough and exact enough, and such a condition is dangerous in the extreme. The orthodox margin is ten points, but the wise man does not buy stocks to the limit of his margin. He reserves part of his resources either for the emergency of a sudden call for margin in a quick break, or for the purchase of stocks that seem cheap in a period of reaction. Let me illustrate by two instances, two actual happenings in the violent panic of last month.

Two men were customers in the same office, and each averaged about \$30,000 margin balances. During the violent break of March 13, both were out of stocks, and both agreed that it was time to buy. One bought 500 shares of Union Pacific which gave him about 60 points margin, and the other bought 1,500 shares which left him with about 25 points margin. Now neither of these men might be regarded as conservative, but mark what happened the following day. Union Pacific broke 25 points. The man with 1,500 shares had to put up \$30,000 additional margin, the other man with the 500 shares had plenty of margin and he had, besides, a buying power, whereby he secured really cheap stock. Thus the man with the 1,500 shares was able to put up his margin promptly, but even with \$50,000 margin up, he had no reserve of buying power, and if he had not been able to get margin promptly, he would have been compelled to sell out. Why? Because, in proportion to his capital, he had actually overtraded, although he thought himself conservative. What happened to the little speculative craft chose halted

on ten point margin that day? Swamped!

This incident is a repetition of what happened to myself, when I suffered from exaggerated ego in a speculative sense. I pyramided, as they call it in the financial vernacular, and my pyramid tumbled about my ears. There is a fascination about a brokerage office that literally compels speculation. The atmosphere is encharged with a sort of anarchy, a desire to be in the game, a feeling of resentment grows when the stories of big winnings are circulated, and a latent jealousy is aroused when you hear an order given and see, subsequently, profits realized without obvious effort. Your mind is in a fever, you could make money if you were only active in the game; you reproach yourself for your timidity, and ridicule the old sayings of conservatism. Your state of mind is anything. You feel that the only chance to make a killing that you will ever have is passing, and you do not think that the stocks are there year in and year out, with plenty of chances every day. The result is obvious enough, and the finale is not difficult to picture.

It is difficult to imagine a touch of eastern mysticism in the hurly burly of the speculative district, but there are many who believe that, by following the advice of certain men, the return of their speculative dream Mahdi will be conjured and the millennium inaugurated. They would make excellent devotees of Babylon, but undoubtedly they would receive a compensation an insult. I speak of that speculative class that follows second-hand information from revered sources, believing that certain men hold the stock market in the hollow of their hand, and that their oracles speak truth and ought else when they open their lips to give expression to any opinion. The speculator of the average type gets this from a second-hand source, often from men "who"—to use Carlyle's phrase—"rather know not clearly their own meaning, or at least cannot put it forth in formulas of thought, whereby others, with whatever difficulty, may apprehend it." Gossip, rumors, irresponsible advice, tips, inside information, all conspire to neutralize common

sense. You cease to think when you haunt a broker's office, you are away here and there, you sacrifice your own opinion for the unreasoning "guff" that you hear.

I cleared up a small profit on the long side of the market once and went to California for a good rest. I kept in casual touch with the market just through the newspaper reports and for two months watched prices climb to a point that seemed very high to me. On my way east, I wired my broker's office to sell 500 shares of stock short. I got the report by wire, with a mild suggestion, polite but obvious, that I was an idiot. My progress east was marked with similar consolatory wires, and I began to feel, even at a distance, that there was a bull lower in the Wall Street air. Yet I could not see how prices could go much higher and I ignored the messages. I got to Washington and found there a message telling me that the market was very strong, and giving the prevailing feeling, which was rampantly bullish. I began to feel that I was wrong, but I was far enough away to have common sense sufficient to maintain a position based on what seemed to me logic. I was stricken suddenly with a severe attack of pneumonia poisoning, which sent me to bed for two weeks and made me utterly oblivious of market conditions, gossip or anything else. When I was able to sit up, I got the papers, found that there had been a smash in the market, and that I was about 11 points on my short sale. If I had been in the financial district I could not have made that play.

Here is another incident that I recall readily, and it illustrates both the advantage and disadvantage of inside information. I was told by a banker allied with certain interests, that a certain stock was a purchase for at least 25 points profit. He was positive, qualifying his advice only by the statement that he could not tell how long it might take to reach the high point—it might be three weeks, and it might be three months. He was positive that it was a sure winner if played for a long pull. I bought 600 shares. The stock did not fluctuate more than three points in four weeks but it showed no

loss. I had not seen him for some time when one Friday I met him, and casually asked about the money situation. He told me, quite impressively, that in his opinion the bank statement on the following day would be very bad, that he believed that the surplus reserves would be wiped out and a deficit established. This took me by surprise, particularly as the general impression was that the statement would be a good one. I tried to reason it out, and finally reached the conclusion to wait for the bank statement, and if it did turn out poorly to close out my stock at once. The market on that Saturday

morning was nervous, and sure enough the bank statement showed a deficit in reserves. My order to sell was in before the tape finished the recording of the statement. The market reacted about a point, steadied and closed dull. It was strong on Monday and lost no ground during the following week. I was afraid to buy my stock back, and before the three months had expired that stock was selling at 110. I had bought it at 78 originally but too much information prevented me from making a dollar. These are not isolated cases, they are typical.

A Medical Conundrum and Answer

BY ROBERT ELLI, M.D., IN THE GRAND MAGAZINE

A paper which all who wish to secure some knowledge of how disease originates will do well to read carefully.

IT would be interesting to ascertain if the following question has not often suggested itself, not only to the man in the street, but to the medical man in his routine, the clergyman in his ministerial work, the business man, and the man of independent means, not to speak of those of the weaker sex, upon whose devotion both in health and sickness we rely so much, and upon whose love and care we are ever dependent; viz., how does it happen that one or more members of a family are prone to disease while the remainder continue in the possession of a healthy constitution?

Again, what are the influences at work which, during the prevalence of epidemics, and when the environment and other conditions seem identical, permit some to escape while others are prostrated by the disease prevailing at the time? How does it happen, too, that, out of several passengers coming off a long railway journey, where they have been pent up for hours in a vitiated and disease-laden atmosphere, only one or two, perhaps, upon their arrival at home will be laid up with pneumonia or some other acute disease, while the others have escaped? In short, to what

are we to attribute the susceptibility to disease on the one hand and immunity on the other, all things being equal, or rather apparently equal? The elucidation of such a problem cannot fail to be of interest to everyone. I will endeavor to shed some light, at all events upon the subject.

We must first assume, and we have very good ground for doing so, that the body, with its functions in full vital vigor, is impervious to disease. That such is the case is demonstrated every day of our lives. And that we are not at all times impervious to disease is, in the majority of instances, our own fault or the fault of others, more frequently than we are inclined to admit. The human frame was never intended to be a receptacle of disease or to be transformed into a soil for the implanting of disease germs, and the propagation of their species. If it had been there would not be a soul on earth at the present moment. Are we not enveloped by microbes, bacilli and bacteria? Yet we do not all fall prone before them, nor is there really any necessity that anyone should do so. If one is able to escape from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," there

is no reason why all should not be able to defy it. You may depend upon it, when anybody is prostrated by disease, it is not because ample provision has not been made to guard against such a contingency, but because the means provided have been either wilfully or ignorantly neglected or ignored.

Laws have been enacted for our guidance, and, though we are constantly being reminded of their existence, how few take the trouble to study and obey them. It would appear to be of much more importance to educate our children in every department of science except in that of hygiene, and so they grow up without any knowledge of that which should control them most and occupy the first place in their education. To a certain extent, a false modesty is accountable for such a state of matters, but this can afford no excuse for perpetuating the ignorance, which at present prevails, of the laws which, when obeyed, contribute to the preservation of health and a happy and long life.

The rule would appear to be to court disease instead of endeavoring to avoid it. The sensual enjoyment of the moment, though it is usually followed by much more than an equivalent of misery, would seem to be preferable to a constantly happy state of mind, which is invariably the lot of the abstemious and those who conform to the laws nature has laid down for our guidance.

Let us glance at a few of what may be designated the more common ailments to which our mode of life renders us susceptible.

Will any person, who knows what he is talking about, maintain that tuberculosis would be as prevalent as it unfortunately is, were those fallacious notions regarding the dangers arising from a superabundance of fresh air circulating in the bedroom and nursery non-existent? Did exposure to the influence of a constantly changing atmosphere ever set injuriously even upon a newborn infant or any other person? Certainly not. But, keep an infant in a vitiated atmosphere, whereby its vitality is depressed, and its lungs filled with impurities derived from this, and then, in its infelicitous condition, permit

a draught to play upon the little one; what is the result? The little creature's blood, not being properly oxygenated, is rendered incapable of further resistance, and so the increased prostration, consequent upon a chill being super-added to that due to the impure air with which the small frame is already saturated, in every way facilitates the conditions which enable the germs of disease to give tangible proof of their presence and activity.

It is sheer nonsense to suppose newborn babies are unable to tolerate a free circulation of air, provided they be well clad, and, from my point of view, they are, as a rule, dressed in far too much clothing. But to keep them cooped up in a badly-ventilated room, in my opinion, is criminal. Let them have plenty of fresh air from their birth, suitable clothing, and a rational diet, and we will soon perceive that tuberculosis as well as other maladies will speedily drop out of the list of diseases. Of course, we must always bear in mind the danger that arises from contagion conveyed by diseased animals, but there would be no such thing as tuberculosis in cattle were the animals permitted to live a natural life, and not over-crowded in badly-ventilated byres. There is no evidence whatever to show that, in the wild state, animals are affected by this disease.

The prevention of disease is much more desirable than cure. While diet exercises a powerful influence in attaining this object, yet, without an abundance of fresh air, which is always available, diabetes will prove of little service. Moreover, the neglect of any other hygienic law must also be condemned, especially that which relates to the sanitary condition of the intestinal canal. Let us turn our attention, for a moment, to a fever which at one time carried off its victims by the thousand. I refer to typhus, now extinct in localities where at one time, and that not so very long ago, it was rampant. To what is due this gratifying state of things? It is not because the germs of this fatal disease are not still present in our midst, but because they have been deprived of their opportunity by putting an end to over-crowding and

badly-ventilated dwellings. In other words, a pure atmosphere has been substituted for one that was vitiated. A similarly happy result might likewise be attained with regard to tuberculosis.

No doubt, the proclivity to tuberculosis may be inherited to a large extent, but that it is hereditary I am inclined to dispute. When a disease is hereditary, we usually have evidence of this at the time of birth; yet a tubercular mother frequently gives birth to a child which has all the appearance of robust health, and my observations have led me to believe that the child being brought up in a badly-ventilated dwelling, the atmosphere of which is laden with the emanations of the parent, has a great deal more to do with the so-called heredity than we are inclined to admit. My view is, that the disease is contracted, not inherited.

How slight is the prospect of any child escaping infection when it is sleeping, eating, and living from day to day in such an environment?

Again, how are we to account for the fact that consumption comparatively easily attacks a subject while the vital functions are in full sway, and cell proliferation in full activity, as is the case in the development and growth of the individual? It would appear that it is only when this cell activity has been modified by nature being established that the tendency to the disease manifests itself. Yet it does not, as a rule, attack every member of the family. Some may and some escape, and the proportion is greater now than it was some years ago. Now, there must be a reason for this, just as there is a reason for the immunity from other diseases which obtain in what we imagine to be similar circumstances.

Let us first acknowledge the fact, and

fact it is, that the lungs require as their vivifying agent an abundance of pure air, as opposed to a vitiated air, just as much as the stomach requires a supply of wholesome nourishment, or a steam engine regular stocking with good fuel. A failure to supply these in quantity or quality will inevitably result in loss of energy. Now pure air can be had for the taking of it, and wholesome food is much easier to obtain than that which, in ignorance, people would seem to long for, and deem essential to their well-being. Custom has led us seriously astray in the matter of diet, but what is to be expected when it is founded on ignorance?

What would we think of a commander who would decline to use every possible effort to thwart the enemy's design to enter his fortress, but would rest quietly until the foe was within the gate, and then, but not till then, feel compelled to battle himself, when the probability of success would be seriously reduced? Would he not be much more worthy of his command if, on the contrary, he had searched for and strengthened every weak point?

Now this applies equally to the fortress of the human body. The prevention of disease is much more easily accomplished than its cure, and if parents would take the trouble to master and obey the fundamental rules of hygiene, they would not only save themselves a great amount of anxiety and sorrow, but no inconsiderable expense as well.

As a rule every child is born into the world with an unimpaired constitution, and there is no reason whatever that this condition should not continue, if those in charge of it would be guided by reason instead of being led astray by fallacies which are in reality more hereditary than disease is.

The Art of Catching the Manatee

BY A. W. KIMBLE IN CENTURY MAGAZINE

An astounding account of the capture of the manatee, a species of sea-cow which was once thought to be nearly extinct, but which is now appearing to be increasing. The object of this animal is to capture any dolphin.

FOR about twenty years I had been on the lookout for a manatee, or sea-cow, in the waters on the west coast of Southern Florida. At last I captured one, and with two quarter-inch lines anchored him in a sea-cow pasture of a few acres, where I left him for a week, to get lumber for a tank and to arrange for his shipment to the Aquarium in New York. But he did not wait for me. Of gentle disposition, helpless in appearance, and voiceless, the manatee has enormous strength, and can easily break lines binding him, or smash a skiff with a blow of his tail.

A few years ago the manatee was thought to be near extinction; now it is often seen, and is increasing. I am personally acquainted with about fifty specimens, a fair proportion of which are calves. Their shyness protects them from the rifle of the tourist. A heavy penalty for the wanton destruction of the manatee deters some, and just a germ of public sentiment on the coast restrains others from making to kill them.

In efforts to capture one we exhausted our ingenuity, and used up our materials. We stretched nets between the banks of rivers, but sophisticated manatees turned back, and travelled by some other route. We built a platform on a skiff to hold a long net of large mesh, amply provided with corks and sinkers, and towed it behind a launch over the bays containing the richest areas of manatee pasture; but whenever we tried a specimen, he would always back out, and seek until he found an avenue of escape.

Leaving the boy with the skiff to take in the net, we again followed the manatee, sometimes throwing over his head a cast-net, only to see it slide harmless down his back; sometimes throwing a lasso weighted with lead over his head and getting in return a blow of his tail upon the bow of the launch that nearly swamped it and always knocked some-

body overboard, while his handy flipper pushed the canoe over his nose.

Finally we prepared a tiny harpoon with a single barb, which would penetrate only the skin, and attached to it several hundred feet of line an eighth of an inch thick. With this we struck a big manatee in the middle of her broad tail. After her first rush was over, I held the skiff as near as possible, and as she came to the surface to breathe, the canoe-man placed a noosed rope over her nose. After we had hauled the canoe-man back on board and had baled out the nearly swamped skiff, he insisted on trying again. Next time he stayed under water longer, and came up on the other side of the boat just as I was getting anxious, looking for him on the side where he went down. He then commented that the manatee should be played a little before an attempt was made at tying. For hours the manatee towed us in an unknown region, through a labyrinth of waterways to a bit of a bay which we were able to identify as the mangrove centre of the earth.

After midnight we were towed east, west, north, and south, through lagoons, bays, creeks, and rivers, in darkness that could be felt, knowing nothing of where we were, steering always as the line to the manatee led.

As we entered the bay at the head of Broad River, a most welcome dawn revealed the situation. Even the possession of the sail-boat slid from him. The manatee became placid and even friendly, swimming slowly just in advance of us, and coming up at regular intervals for long, slow breaths. Once, as he lifted her nose above the surface, our hunter-boy dropped a noose of half-inch rope over her head and quickly drew it taut. A tremendous blow from the tail of the manatee nearly swamped the launch and knocked overboard the boy, who came to the surface with the line he had made fast to the sea-cow

twisted about his own neck. She slipped the noose from her neck in less time than it took to unwind him. We drew the noose over the creature's head many times, until she was almost halter-broken, and so accustomed to the rope that she played with it and us. When it tightened about her, she slid her flippers under it and deftly pushed the noose over her nose. If we slid it back farther than her flippers could reach, a flit of her tail freed her. Once it caught on her soft nose and held long enough for us to make a rope fast to a flipper. With this we coaxed and worried her into a little cove, after twenty-four hours' incessant struggle over forty miles of river and bay. We then tied her with every string we could find in the launch and skiff. A cable fastened her tail to the yielding top of a sweet-haw tree; half-inch-ropes led from her flippers to branches of myrtle that swayed but held, and poles several inches in diameter and fourteen feet long were lashed to her body by hundreds of feet of harpoon line.

As our cruising boat was then thirty miles from us by the nearest navigable channels, we went to fetch her to the scene, leaving our captive for twenty-six hours. On returning, we found that the manatee had broken a harness of rope, fitted to hold the cable in place on her tail, had shaken the cable free, and had parried every string that bound her, excepting the one attached to her flippers. There seemed small hope of saving her, but for the moment she was quiet, and we brought our big four-foot-wide skiff beside her, and sunk it in the five feet of water where the creature lay. By pushing the submerged skiff on which we stood, and hauling up on head, tail, and flippers of the unresisting manatee, we got her in the skiff, the gangways of which she overtopped by a foot, and then wound and tied ropes around boat and animal until confidence came to us, and I took the first long breath I had drawn for two days. But as we stood about the creature, in water nearly to our necks, the manatee, suddenly reaching her back till head and tail almost met, snapped the ropes that bound her, then throwing up her immense tail deluging us with great vol-

umes of water, she brought it down upon the stern of the skiff with a pile-driver blow that converted the craft into kindling wood. Crash followed crash, and when her mighty struggles ended, and we had all escaped from the mast-steam, it was relief enough to discover that there were still four of us, all unharmed.

After smothering the skiff, the manatee again became quiet, and allowed us to wind heavy ropes about her and make them fast, until escape seemed impossible. When we provided material for a tank to hold a possible manatee, we did not contemplate the leviathan now on our hands. More lumber must be had and more help. Both could be found at Everglade, forty-five miles away. Our hunter-boy volunteered to be there by daylight if the launch's motor would work. Little of my lost sleep was made up that night, because of thoughts of that boy driving up the coast alone in that little craft, through a sea made by a southwest gale now only half abated, and because of the frequent thrashing of the monster lying near. From daylight I kept watch over the manatee, piling wet grass upon her back as a falling tide left it exposed to the vertical rays of a tropical sun.

Early that evening we welcomed the chattering of the launch, bringing help, lumber and tackle. Working through the darkness and light, it was noon before the big tank was built, caulked, and ready for its occupant. One end, which was left open, was brought close to the animal, and the box was lashed to trees preparatory to hacking the creature in. I walked to the head of the manatee and laid my hand upon it, as I had done a hundred times before. She was quiet now, but I knew she was all right. She had been struggling tremendously a few minutes before, and was now resting. I talked to her, and told her that her troubles were over—no more ropes, just a few days in a nice box, with fresh water every day and bunches of sweet manatee grass, and then a big tank in a beautiful building, plenty to eat, and a million children to talk to her and pet her and hold out timid little hands for her to nuzzle with her soft nose. She was very quiet. I

wondered if she found it hard to breathe—sometimes I did, too—but her flippers would move when I laid my hand on them. No? The others stopped work and gathered round. The eyes did not open, the lips did not move, she would not breathe. When I turned away I could not speak. That afternoon they prepared her for a museum instead of an aquarium.

A month later we were again in those waters. We had put a motor in the cruising boat to help her out of tight places and taken a little skiff with a tiny engine for the shallow waters. The big tank was still anchored where we had left it, and we hoped to find an occupant for it. We saw and followed many manatees without trying to capture them. Sometimes they were only calves, and sometimes so far from our cruising boat and the tank that we were shy of facing the transportation problem, and were determined never to tie another until we could carry a tank to him.

One opportunity came as the sun was setting, but I could not ask the boys to face with me a night of mosquitoes in an open skiff. The manatee, instead of being driven from their homes by our noisy presence, actually grew tame, and we saw them swimming quietly and unafraid along the bottom of a river directly under our whirling propeller.

When we finally struck one with the harpoon from the skiff, we captured him in an hour. I held the skiff near him, while the boys towed ours over his nose whenever his head came to the surface. The camera-man stroked round us in the power skiff, picking up the floating ears and tossed them back to our skiff. When the animal's breathing was largely in arrears, and he was compelled to hold his head well above water for several seconds, I placed a snap-net over his head. We had made this net of quarter-inch rope, with a two-foot mesh, about six feet long, held open by two steel rings four feet in diameter, and with packing-string of half-inch manila. We held him tangled in this net until we could slide over him another twelve feet in length, in which we towed our captive to and into the big tank, which we lashed beside our cruising boat.

This tank was so much too large for him that he spent his time in getting jammed, breaking joint, and scratching the skin of his nose in his struggles to turn around. A tank hardly more than a tilted the size of the big one was required, also a lighter in which to tow the creature to Miami. There was an eight night journey to Everglade, both of the boys going on this trip, while the camera-man and I nursed the captive, held his flippers, traced ourselves, and pushed his nose away from our bare feet when his head got caught. When the new tank was finished and the manatee transferred to it, he proceeded to knock the top of his new quarters. Press by piece, with the roach of his back and the slam of his tail, while we spiked on new planks and just till he quieted down. We bored holes in the lighter, sunk it under the tank, plugged the holes, held the lighter out, and towed it behind the frame. The transfer company needed five hours to load the tank with the manatee upon a car, and to that and the railway company obligingly held the train for an hour. As it started, bearing my manatee tagged to the New York Aquarium, I could think without chagrin, for the first time in twelve months, of my offer by telegraph of a manatee that belonged to himself instead of to me.

The manatee measured ten feet four inches in length when he left us. His voyage of one week so agreed with him that when he arrived at the Aquarium his average length, as certified to by the journals of New York, was eighteen feet. Three weeks later a telegram told me of his death by blood-poisoning from an old gunshot wound, and I rashly wired the promise of another. One afternoon we found ourselves once more in the manatee country with tank and lighter. On the third day of our search, as we rounded a point, we saw two manatees, a cow and a calf. Losing sight of the mother, we followed the child, which led us on merry dances. The camera-man and the captain in the power boat, and the hunter-boy and I in the skiff, chased him back and forth for two hours. We could have harpooned him easily enough had it not been necessary to hit him in the tail, which

was small and elusive. When this had been accomplished, we soon got a net over him and, having torn out the seats, tied him in the skiff, which we half filled with water. The baby manatee weighed about two hundred pounds, and our task called for one of a thousand pounds, so we saved the tank in two, hoisted one half on board, finished it up, put the young manatee in it, and three days later delivered it to the railway at Miami.

It is a strain on one's nerves and sympathies to be with wild creatures during the early days of their captivity. I have often left my bed in the night to make more comfortable a recently captured alligator, crocodile, wildcat, or other, but when a manatee beats about his tank, rolling over and over and making a fuzzy little squeak like a mouse calling its mamma, I generally get up and hold his flipper and talk to him till he feels better. The baby manatee rejected my overtures, and thrust out the manatee grass and other good things that I placed in his mouth. But he sucked my fingers till I fancied he was a nursing, and my first purchase in Miami was a five-gallon demijohn, a section of hose pipe, and a supply of milk suitable for a six-foot baby. As I was extemporizing a nursing-bottle, I detected the infant eating chunks of raw cabbage and wisps of manatee grass as fast as he could flop them into his mouth with his flippers. When I gave him a plantain he tried to sit up in his tank to eat it, and as his train was about to start, he lay on his back with his mouth full of cabbage and a pensive expression in his eye.

Even the successful shipment of Baby Manatee failed to cheer the cameraman, who complained that his department had been ignored; for instead of posing for him, each of the captives had knocked him overboard. He had sat up

nights with the creatures, been eaten by mosquitoes, and whenever he had produced his camera, had been asked to hold a net or pull on a rope. We soothed him with the promise of a manatee-chase of his own, with no net to bother. The captain and I agreed to go overboard with the first manatee around which we could get a line, and we started forthwith for the manatee country.

Five days later, after exploring a hundred miles of the channels and bays most frequented by the creatures, I succeeded in throwing over the head of our lasso that chanced to hold. The next instant the bow of the skiff went up in the air and the cameraman shouted: "Bully for you! Do so some more!"

We did so some more, till we were drenched and the skiff had been nearly swamped many times, when the insatiable cameraman, whose plates were running low, called out: "More action! Why don't you go overboard, as you promised?"

"Here goes," said the captain, as he landed astrodie of the manatee, which just then came up beside the skiff to blow. He was promptly rolled off by a roach of the creature's back and a slap of his tail, but caught him by one flipper, while I tumbled overboard and grabbed the other flipper, just as the rope slipped over the manatee's nose. Thereafter we three swam round together in a friendly way, while the cameraman circled about us in the power boat, changing slides in his camera. When the plates were all used, we measured the manatee with an oar, finding his length eight feet, and his weight by estimate five hundred pounds. Then, losing my hold on his flipper, I swam beside him for a few yards until the quickening stroke of his big propeller left me behind.

Income-Tax Dodges

BY A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT IN GRAND MAGAZINE

Some of the most approved methods as explained by the striking possession of a very successful impost who has agreed by an expert for the benefit of this association and the amusement of the joys

WE are approaching that round season of the year when, having reluctantly paid our income-tax for the past twelve months, we shall find awaiting us on our office desks plentiful yellow papers asking us to declare our incomes for the year ending April 5th, 1909. Perhaps we have come up to town full of high thoughts for the improvement of mankind in general, and ourselves in particular; perhaps our New Year's resolutions have not yet worn to vanishing point.

Suddenly we are confronted by this miserable temptation. We are actually asked to impose upon ourselves a fine which may be large or small, according to elasticity of conscience. The snare is alluring in its apparent cloak of secrecy. No one will be the wiser whether we assess our incomes at £400 or £4,000 a year. "The Inland Revenue authorities," we think to ourselves, "are not omniscient; they will never find out if we omit our little dividends from 'other sources of income.' Who will gain if we assess ourselves correctly, or who will lose if we 'stretch a point' in our favor?" What wonder that so many good people succumb to the subtle temptation and strive to appear as poverty-stricken as possible? What wonder that the income-tax officials fall into the habit of mistrusting returns and often make an assessment too high on the off-chance that they are being cheated.

It is an extraordinary thing that men who are "the soul of honor" in their ordinary business relations think it by no means dishonorable—and, in fact, quite a praiseworthy thing—to cheat the inland revenue. Just as the ancient Spartans taught their boys that theft was a fine and manly accomplishment, if undetected, so I have heard greybeards tell their sons that it is quite right to defraud the Government by making false returns, so long as it is not found out. "Do the income-tax sur-

vveyor, or he'll do you!" is the approved prompt.

Of course, the transaction is not stated so baldly as this. "Why should I disclose the whole of my income?" a wealthy merchant once asked me. "Money is hard enough to make without throwing it away in this fashion." He promptly set down his income at just one-half of the correct sum. When I ventured to remonstrate with him, he rejoined, "Why, the difference would work out at about a thousandth part of a penny per head."

The greater part—nearly four-fifths—of the incomes under the schedule which covers business, professions, etc., is obtained "at the source," that is, it is paid by municipal corporations, limited companies, etc., direct, the amount of the tax being deducted from the interest or dividends paid to the investors—when, if their incomes come under the scale of exemptions and abatements, are entitled to claim its return from the inland revenue. But all private firms, professional men, shopkeepers, others have either to make their own returns or be assessed by the inland revenue surrogates. Here comes in the opportunity for fraud. The surveyor or has a very dim idea of what a man's income really is. He has to guess at it. He may find out what the rest of his house is, in what style he is living, how many servants he keeps, he then "takes a shot," and fixes his income at a figure which he thinks likely to be rather more than less. The surveyor's object is to make a man declare his true income and produce accounts. If an appeal against an assessment is made, accounts must be produced. There are, however, many men who habitually declare their incomes at much less than the actual figure and succeed in getting their returns accepted without producing accounts.

A canny old Scotch client of mine once told me that he had been "done!"

by the income-tax people twelve years previously (he had had a bad year, and they had refused to accept his figures, but insisted on assessing him higher), so he made up his mind to "get even with them." Accordingly he had understated the profits for every following year. He had included six hundred a year for himself as "wages;" he had written off amounts for depreciation until his valuable plant and machinery stood at considerably less than nothing. He had paid for his wine, his cigars, and his holidays out of "trade expenses," in fact he had "cooked" his accounts for income-tax purposes so successfully that they showed scarcely any profit at all. The tax on this small profit he paid cheerfully year by year. Now and again he would visit the surveyor, pull a long face, and say, "Eh, mon, times are just awful!" He had three banking accounts, one in his own name, one in his wife's, and one in Scotland. I was the only person in the secret. When he showed me his yearly assessment and his actual profits, holding the two sets of figures side by side, his face was a perfect study. "I've got 'em wi' 'em," he would say, with a shrill.

"What if they make you produce accounts?" I asked. "What will you do then?"

"That," he replied, in his dry, Scotch way. Opening his private safe, he took out a private ledger, in which were copies of all his profit and loss accounts and balance-sheets (correctly stated), and made a pretense as though to throw it into the fire. "They can see the other books," he said. "I've taken care that they'll tell no tales."

A writer in a morning paper some time ago put the case thus:

"Income-tax payer and income-tax collector are surrounded by an atmosphere of the thieves' kitchen. The big dodgers pay little or nothing. Only the honest men pay all, and they are few and far between. The fact is that the income-tax makes story-tellers and cheats of many of us. One must either be a story-teller, a cheat, or a dope. Which shall one be? The income-tax is really collected by a junior criminal investigation department, a minor Scotland

Yard. The surveyors are thief-catchers, or they have that air; they estimate frankly that we are a nation of persons whose principal occupation is that of making fraudulent returns."

Although there is some exaggeration in the foregoing extract, it contains a solid substratum of truth. The honest men are not as scarce as an outsider would imagine. There is a great army of men who have their accounts kept in apple-pie order, duly audited, and render exact statements of their profits every year to the income-tax surveyors. There is, on the other hand, a great army of men who think their share of the burden by every possible means. At the recent inquiry by the Select Committee on Income Tax an inland revenue official stated that about 550,000 assessments were made under "Schedule D" are revised annually, of which only two-thirds are returned; of the assessments returned only about one-half are accepted. He admitted that in his own case, rather than disclose his income, he preferred not to claim statement. We see that even inland revenue officials are men of like stature to us.

Several witnesses before the Select Committee testified to the difficulty of estimating anyone's income from his home or appearance or habits of life. One of the committee stated that he had known a senior partner in a large firm, who made £21,500 a year, live in a £90 house; another man with an income of £25,000 was living in a £75 house. A surveyor of taxes stated that a man had lived for years next door to him in a small house, whom he had supposed to be but moderately well off, and had assessed accordingly. When he died his will was proved at £220,000. Appearances are proverbially deceptive. Mr. Gage, the famous American miser, would have been taken for a broken-down "old clo' man" by anyone who did not know him. The young professional man has to dress well and keep up a smart appearance for the sake of business; it is only the very wealthy and the very poor who can afford to dress shabbily and live as they like.

The employees of limited companies and of large firms have often an excellent chance of "doing the inland revenue."

us." The surveyors of taxes send a blue form to the secretary of each limited company, asking him to furnish a list of persons employed by the firm, with their respective incomes, but he is not compelled to comply with the request. In firms which are known not to furnish lists, an employee may, with perfect impunity, return his salary at £200 instead of £2000, and no one can guess him. This is regularly done in many firms, the heads of which will not be bothered to have long lists written out to assist the inland revenue.

Amongst the "dodges" which are frequently practiced are the following:—underrating stock, so that the annual profit appears to be much less than it really is; including a portion of partner's profits under the head of "commission" (which should really include only commission on sales paid to servants of the firm as part remuneration); entering private expenses, such as railway contracts or dinners, under the head of "traveling expenses" or "office expenses."

I know a prosperous merchant in whose firm are four younger brothers, who, under normal conditions, would be getting from £150 to £300 a year in salary. He gives them from £500 to £2,000 a year each (on paper only, for they never handle the money); he thus avoids the payment of about £100 a year in income-tax.

It is not generally known that one of the main causes of the formation of so large a number of private limited companies in the last decade is the desire to escape income-tax. Is a private firm a partner: has to pay tax on his "drawings"; in a limited company he takes his "drawings" as salary and escapes the tax. I know a large manufacturing firm which used to make a regular profit of £3,000 a year, which was divided between three partners. This £3,000 is now included under the head of "salaries," and the firm regularly makes a small loss or an infinitesimal profit. This, of course, is quite legitimate. I have, however, on more than one occasion been asked by respectable firms to "cook" accounts for income-tax purposes in ways that no self-respect-

ing professional man would stoop to. I once lost a good audit through my refusal to prepare and sign a "faked" profit and loss account of this kind, and I heard afterwards that some less scrupulous accountant had done what was asked of me.

In my childhood's days I remember writing out the copy-book maxim, "One lie leads to another." A client of mine, who had lately come over from the Continent, thought it would be an easy matter to outwit the simple income-tax surveyor, and made a return which bore but a slight resemblance to the truth. The surveyor was suspicious and asked him to come and see him. My client made excuses of illness and pressure of business, but at length had to go. He told me that at the interview he had "like a trooper;" amongst other things I found afterwards that he had said he had made no profits and had kept no accounts. The surveyor, like Peter Trellick, "sold muffs," but he sent in an assessment which made my friend leap about his office and use unprintable language in several foreign tongues. The surveyor had guessed his income to a pound. I advised him to make a strong protest and to pay. He did so, shuddering as he wrote out the cheque. The next year the surveyor assessed him at a still higher figure—far higher than the profits warranted. My client swore by all his gods that he would not pay; he would sue the surveyor and the inland revenue in a very warm place first. "I was told that England was a free country," he exclaimed to me, well-nigh tearing his hair; "it is more unjust than Russia!" I suggested that he should send in an account showing that his profits were considerably less than the amount of the assessment (as they really were). I prepared the account for him and sent it up to the surveyor. Immediately three came a polite letter saying that my client had solemnly protested that he had no accounts, for which false statement a fine of £20 would be imposed. From that time my client found it best to send up correct returns of his income.

The inland revenue authorities have power to impose fines for neglect to

make returns, but they seldom enforce them. If anyone makes flagrant misstatements and furnishes false returns, knowing them to be false, he may be fined £20 and, in addition, be made to pay treble duty. The surrogates of taxes are supposed only to go back two years to recover amounts underpaid, but they sometimes go back five and six years, or even more. An old surveyor told me recently that in one very bad case he had gone back twenty years and had obtained payment from the exchequer. I myself know of a firm which had to pay over £1,000 in extra duty for incorrect returns made in past years.

There is also a Nemesis waiting round the corner for the artful dodger who prides himself on his cleverness in evading the tax. A merchant who for some years had been successfully dodging the surrogates once came to me and asked me to turn his business into a limited company. The prospects were favorable, and I expected the flotation to be very successful. When I came to examine his books I found that he had been systematically "cooking" his accounts to evade income-tax and could show no profits. He could produce nothing to satisfy strangers that the large profits he talked about had been actually earned, and the scheme dropped through.

I have heard it argued that the less wealthy income-tax payer would not so persistently "dodge" the surrogates if the wealthier taxpayer bore a fairer share of the burden. Before the recent select committee, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., speaking for the Labour Party, proposed to put an extra tax of sixpence in the pound on "exalted" incomes between £5,000 and £30,000, and a shilling in the pound on "near-exalted incomes" from salaries, rents, etc., the tax to increase progressively up to £50,000. All incomes above this figure to be treated as "unexalted" incomes and taxed at six shillings in the pound. Mr. Harold Cox, M.P., suggested that precarious incomes might be entitled to larger abatements. Various schemes of graduated taxation have been mooted, and it is worth noting that in Australia and New Zealand scales of graduation have been in force for some years. It is only

fair that the rich man, who lives on "gilt-edged" securities without working, should pay more in proportion than the struggling professional man or small shop-keeper, who has only his brains and good health between himself and the workhouse.

The proposal to make bachelors pay a heavier income-tax and entirely exempt the fathers of large families has also much to commend it, particularly in view of the declining birth-rate and the bogey of "race suicide." This has been tried in France and Germany with fair success. In Prussia a deduction of £2 10s. for each child under fourteen is made from incomes under £150, and deductions are also made for illness and special misfortune. In the early days of the Pacific colonies of New England bachelors over a certain age were hailed before the courts and required to give reasons why they shirked their duty to the State. It is recorded that, in spite of repentance and extra taxation, many "stiff-necked rogues" remained single. If much-married men were allowed special exemption from income-tax, it would be difficult for anyone to "dodge" the surrogates by pretending to have his quiver fuller than was actually the case, though possibly even this feat would be attempted.

The recent select committee on income-tax, besides recommending graduation and differentiation between "earned and unearned" incomes, proposed a compulsory declaration of total net income by every individual. This, according to the report, "would do much to prevent the evasion and avoidance of income-tax which at present prevail." On the contrary, it would simply lead to more downright lying. If the screw is turned any tighter, we may expect soon to find the "dodging" of income-tax as publicly applauded as passive resistance is to-day or as smuggling was at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In theory the income-tax is one of the finest ways of raising revenue; in practice it is one of the most annoying of the minor ills of life, and the occasion of more bad grunting, bad temper, and double-dealing than any invention of the human brain.

Gen'l Grant and Aunt Polly

BY H. E. WRIGHT IN METROPOLITAN

An amusing story of a speaking bird found wounded by a colored cook who used to be in domestic service. It was interested in the story and after spending the summer in the woods of grateful old nature so he returns to being wild.

THE General Grant I am speaking of was born and raised in Georgia. Aunt Polly, colored cook to the Williams family, had found him under the mulberry tree in the back yard—a poor, deserted, one-week-old little mocking bird, who on the approach of Aunt Polly flattered his wings and opened his mouth by way of saying he was hungry, and please would the kind colored lady give him something to eat. Aunt Polly's motherly instincts immediately asserted themselves, and she then and there accepted the responsibilities of the General's future welfare and the duties of foster mother. She nursed him conscientiously and scientifically through the vicissitudes of childhood and gradually conceived a great affection for her charge.

As time went on and his cage became too cramped for him, the General was allowed the liberty of the kitchen and the opportunity to observe from all points of vantage the mysteries of Aunt Polly's cooking. He would hop over the door, on the table, and knew just where everything was kept that appealed to his palate, and of which he did not hesitate to partake if he got a chance. Aunt Polly would call to him, "Yo' da, Gen'l Grant, get out ob dem biscuits, stop messin' in de doin' w'ay from da, ain't yo' got no manners? Helpin' yo' self widout permishun. 'Clar to goodness, yo' is a misbehavin' bird."

Then there were times when Aunt Polly received a great deal of comfort from the companionship of the bird. She had always had the habit of talking to herself, and now she had the advantage of a conservative and sympathetic listener in the General.

"Hyar, yo' bird, doan' yo' look at me lak dat or I'll hat yo' over de haid; what I says is de goshel trent, I ain't talkin' no lies," and she would throw an indignant glance at her audience.

And so this companionship went on

through the summer and winter, and by that time the General had become big and strong. So far he had been perfectly satisfied with his life, for he had known no other. Aunt Polly was his only friend, and the narrow precincts of the kitchen his only world.

His tastes, however, had received no cultivation—there was no opportunity nor inspiration—his environment was not such as to stimulate nor inspire song. A few disconnected and unimpassioned chirpings by which he expressed his feelings were the only sounds he indulged in. Aunt Polly did not like this; it worried her. He ought to sing, she thought to herself.

"Ain't yo' never gwine to sing?" she said to the bird. "What's de matter, honey, ain't yo' happy." And the bird would cock his head on one side and answer in his own language, which, of course, Aunt Polly could not understand. But she understood when the spring came. When the first leaves began to sprout, and the dewdrops had begun to bloom, and the birds had changed their winter notes to those of spring-time and love, then Aunt Polly noticed that the General had something on his mind, he was restless, uncomable, and evidently dissatisfied.

"I know what he want," said Aunt Polly to herself. "He want to learn how to sing; he want to mate. How can he expect to be all 'lone wid a ole old oved woman. No!" she said to the General, in a shaking voice, "I ain't de one to spile yo' happiness, honey. If yo' wants to go, den go. Yo' bebe dis ole woman all 'lone, but I can't expect yo' to do nothin' else. Come hark, honey, when yo' is ready, de ole woman will be waitin' fo' yo'!"

As for the General, he did not exactly know what it was he wanted. He knew that something was lacking in his present life, that he had a destiny to fulfill. It was true he loved Aunt Polly and his

home. But something was calling, he knew not what—it came on the fresh spring breeze that blew through the kitchen window. It was the first spring he had known since he was a baby, and its odors filled him with subtle and distinct longings. He had often sat on the window sill and looked at the outside world, but heretofore it had presented no such attractions to him as the kitchen and Aunt Polly. But now things were different. Everything was different. The atmosphere, sweet with the odors of spring, the indescribable something which it suggested—surely there was something beyond the four narrow walls of the kitchen—and hark! He listened, his whole little bird soul shaken with emotion—it was the song of a mocking bird.

Unconsciously his throat trembled in sympathy, and he found himself echoing in a soft but melodious whisper the notes of this master of songsters.

And so it was that Aunt Polly, with tears streaming down her cheeks, took him out in the backyard and put him on the fence.

"Good-bye, honey," she said to him, softly. "Fly away to where you're born. You're he's a good bird, and I hope you'll be happy." With that she started for the house. But General Grant was afraid to be left alone, and when Aunt Polly entered the kitchen he was on her shoulder.

"What's dis?" she said. "Yo' don't want to lobe de ole nigger? Blease yo' heart. But yo' nuss' go, honey; yo'll be no happier and de ole nigger can git along by herself till yo' can besk." And she took him out again. Suddenly, just as the General was about to swoon after the retreating figure of Aunt Polly, there burst upon his ear a flow of melody so sweet that it held him spellbound. Gradually, as he listened, knowledge began to dawn on him. He instinctively felt that in that music was the solution of all things. Passing a moment to steady himself for so long a flight, he flew straight to the place where the singer was concealed and, not being as yet an expert in the use of his wings, almost knocked the bird off the limb as he plunged down beside it.

The first occupant, thinking the Gen-

eral bad "come in war," was immediately on the defensive, and it took the General some time to convince the disturbed songster that all he desired was sociability.

When she—*for, oh, the luck of the General, she was a lady bird*—became convinced of this, her manners became all that could be desired. She even made eyes at the General, as birds do, and she gave him every reason to understand that she rather liked him; this, because in the first place—*oh, the luck of the General!*—she was without a mate; and secondly, the General was a remarkably fine-looking bird.

As for the General, he was in ecstasy; here was the philosophy of life completely solved for him, solved conclusively by this little creature who was to be his mate. Almost immediately all his natural instincts, which had been dormant, began to assert themselves, he was living for the first time in his existence.

Oh, the joy of it all! Aunt Polly was forgotten, the kitchen was forgotten, everything was forgotten in the mad swirl of pleasures for which the days were far too short. Sometimes, such as he had never dreamed of, crowded themselves into his small being. To back in the hot sun until drowsy, and then seek out a leafy nook, through which the soft breeze sang a lullaby; the cooling showers after a hot day, and the delicious odors which arose from the grateful earth, and then the wondrous variety of food to delectate the palate—things that fly, grow and crawl, all to be had for the taking.

And then, ever by his side, or in easy call, the loved one, faithful partner and wife in all the little domesticities which make life. Under her tuition he learned many things, but most important of all, to sing. It did not take him long, and soon his voice was one of the sweetest and most powerful in the neighborhood. Needless to say, his little wife was very proud of him.

The sweetness of that first honeymoon of the General was indescribable; his cup of happiness was full, full to overflowing. What more happiness could one of God's creatures experience than the satisfaction of every instinct and desire with which he is imbued. But

something was yet to come, something which the General had not as yet pre-empted. It was the great event! The little mate knew all about it, however, and she diligently set about making preparations. First, she made a lot of inspection of all the desirable localities, careful to note the advantages and disadvantages of each—a little too much sun here, too much exposed to the wind there—until finally she decided in her own mind where it was to be.

All this time the General was ignorant of what was going forward, but when his mate began to assume an air of pre-occupation and considerably lessened attention to himself, as being of minor importance to what she had on her mind, he began to take notice. There was a certain branch extending far out from the body of a huge oak tree, and soon, about half way down the branch there began to accumulate a bunch of dried sticks which his mate had placed there evidently with a purpose. "She's crazy!" thought the General, "but there's no accounting for the idiosyncrasies of the female sex; and if she really wants a collection of debris, the sooner she gets it the sooner she will be satisfied, and I will help her."

So between them they soon had everything completed, to the full satisfaction of the wife. But still the General's troubles did not end, for she would persist in remaining on or near the nest and refuse to accept any of the General's attempts at sociability.

One morning, however, the entire atmosphere of things changed. She was sitting on her nest and he close beside her when with a soft thrill of delight, she stepped off the nest, and there in plain sight lay the sweetest little bit of turquoise that ever a mocking bird saw. Then the General knew and his respect and love for his wife, who could do this thing, was increased tenfold.

Together they romped and fairly screamed with delight, telling their good fortune to all the world. Each day after this a new egg appeared, until there were four in all. After this the General was kept busy, for his mate would seldom leave her nest, and he was obliged to feed her as well as himself. But the General was content—be had unbounded

confidence in his wife—he had already seen enough to convince him that whatever she did was right, and he loved forward in anticipation of some new surprise that he felt sure she had in store for him. And he was not disappointed. It was the culmination of everything that the sweet joys of matrimony could supply when the four little blue eggs opened and displayed four little bunches of stuff, which immediately opened their mouths and yelled for food. The General was now the proud father of a family with all the responsibilities attached to the title.

The open-mouthed proposition was certainly a responsibility, a pleasant one, to be sure, but nevertheless one that kept the General and his wife constantly occupied. The search for food now became a business instead of a pastime, and the receptacles they were trying to fill seemed to have no end. Only at night, when the open mouths had grown tired, simply from the fact of keeping open all day, were the parents allowed to rest.

Those evening hours were the happiest of the day. The mother sitting on the nest feeling under her the warm bodies and pulsations of her four little treasures, all her own, and the General sitting close to her, singing them all—himself included—to sleep with his soft modulated night song. And so things went on smoothly and satisfactorily, until the young ones had grown sufficiently strong to leave the nest. Then the anxious moments began. As long as they were safe in the nest, there was little cause for anxiety; but the danger to be avoided below were infinite, for a young bird that cannot fly is a toothsome morsel and easy prey to all carnivorous animals.

It was then that the General's natural abilities were likely to be called into play, for he was the natural protector of his family. The General, be it said, was ready and willing to meet in mortal combat any trespasser on his family interests, but, fortunately for him and his, the locality in which he lived was unusually free from enemies. Soon the young ones learned to fly, became independent and, ungratefully, perhaps, but according to the custom of birds, dis-

appeared from the lives of their parents.

These two, however, lived together in the old oak during the summer and well on into the autumn. When the leaves began to turn and there was a whisper of wind which chilled, and food began to be scarce and hard to find, the General's thoughts began to revert to the warm kitchen and Aunt Polly. But his mate, not being educated up to kitchens and Aunt Polly's, had other views. She knew of the warmth of Florida, where food was abundant, and where one could live the summer over again. Is you she tried to persuade the General to go with her. Finally he followed, reluctant and skeptical, for a short distance; and then, growing homesick, forsook her and hastened with all speed back to the old oak. The General felt now that he was all alone in the world, and he was very sorry for himself. His wife had deserted him, his family had deserted him, all his fellow mocking birds had gone away—he was cold and lonesome. What was he to do?

Aunt Polly was stepping into the backyard, when she heard a pitiful little chirp, and looking up, saw a mocking bird sitting on the fence, regarding her with a quizzical glance. For a few moments she paid no attention to him, but went on with her work, until another little chirp recalled his presence to her. Then the fact of a mocking bird being around at that time of the year occurring to her as unusual, she passed

in her work and regarded him with some attention.

"What yo' want, honey, nint yo' done gone south yet?"

Thru to her almost unconscious the bird flew from the fence and settled himself comfortably on her shoulder.

"Oh, Lorry!" she exclaimed, all in a flutter. "Clar to goodness, dis was 'be Gen'l Grant. Am it yo', honey? Am it really yo'—cum back ag'in tae see yo' ole manny? An' yo's welcome, baby, ye's shorly welcome!" And when Aunt Polly went into the kitchen, the bird flew too, perched on her shoulder.

The General did not come back empty-handed; he brought Aunt Polly a gift—a voice sweeter than any she had ever heard. This, after he had become comfortably established in his old quarters, he began to put into execution. And he sang from his heart, for the General was contented. He was home again, and after all there was no place like home. The desertion of his little mate did not trouble him, perhaps he would find her again next spring. Meantime Aunt Polly was good enough company for him, and his old quarters entirely satisfactory for the winter.

Aunt Polly was delighted. "Gen'l Grant," she said, "yo' is a bird, ye' certainly is a bird. What yo' learn all dem songs? I know," she said, shaking her finger at him solemnly, "yo' learn dem a-soo-tin', ye' learn dem single' to someone to make 'em lub yo'. An'," she said, thoughtfully, "I doan' blame 'em. My Gen'l, I am glad to see yo' back again!"

American Wastefulness

BY A. ZIMMERMAN IN OVERLAND MONTHLY

In the rush to accumulate wealth we have not learned to economize. We are wasting the resources needed for our resources and the resources for other nations are already becoming apparent.

NOWHERE in the world is there such a waste of material as in this country. In our eagerness to get the most results from our resources, and to get them quickly, we destroy, perhaps as much as we use. Americans have not learned to save, and their wastefulness imperils their future. Our resources are fast giving out, and the next problem will be to make them last.

In passing the alleys of an American city, a foreigner marvels at the quantity of produce in the garbage boxes. The thrifty German would have saved this; and there is no excuse for letting it spoil in these days of cold storage and quick transportation.

Our families are proverbially wasteful in their homes. It is said that two Frenchmen can live off what one American wastes and live better than the American. We do not utilize things closely, as others do, but serve only our best provisions when all might be used. We do not, for example, save apple parings, which a German housewife boils to get bits of pulp for soup or sauce. At the table, Americans often leave as much on their plates as is eaten, whereas abroad, it is thought vulgar to leave anything on the plate. And since foreigners eat everything given them, no more than enough is served.

Until recently there was a criminal waste at our slaughter houses. Only the best portions of meat were saved for market. Now all is used, and the by-products made from what was once the offal, are often enough to pay the expenses of the business. We are beginning to make the most of our resources, as foreigners do, and we must get into the habit of doing this with all our materials if we are to compete successfully with foreigners in supplying the markets.

A German or Frenchman going by where one of our buildings is being demolished, is struck with the fires that are built to burn up the materials. Much

good timber goes up in smoke, besides firewood, which in Europe, would be gathered up and sold for kindling. When decayed cellar blocks are taken from the pavements, we find it hard to get anybody to carry them away. Abroad the poor would gladly use them. We think here that the time required to haul them away is worth more than their value as fuel.

If one should follow a coal wagon through one of our cities, he might pick up enough coal to warm him through the winter. In Europe every small place is saved. It would not be allowed, in the first place, to fall from the wagon; and if it should fall, there would be a dozen to pick it up. Enough oats and corn is scattered in the streets of one of our cities to feed all the poultry raised within its limits. People think it cheaper to haul big loads than to save what falls off. This extravagance comes to us, as to most phenomena in civilization, because India is richer than materials. When our country was first settled, the problem of the people was to get quick results from their toil. They cultivated only the best land and raised the greatest crops. Much of the time of our fathers was spent in cutting away forests. In Indiana, until recently, the people cut down oak and walnut trees which would now be worth a hundred dollars each, and rolled them into heaps to be burned. A statistician has figured out the loss sustained by this wastefulness, and he claims that if all the timber which was destroyed to make farms were now in our possession, it would be worth more than all the agricultural products that have been raised on those lands since the settlement of our country. A like waste is still seen in Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The forests are destroyed along with the trees, and only a little of the tree is used.

There was at first a like waste of coal. Only the solid parts were used; the vast quantities of cinder and dust, which are

With the dawn of each new day cultivate the habit of determination. Do some one thing that will in time make your presence felt in the world. You may possibly not accomplish this in a day, a week or even a year, but the little things we do each day are what actually count and in time will aggregate a total of great value.

now so valuable, were thrown away. Half of our coal was thus lost in the mining and people are now trying to recover it from the beds of rivers and banks of refuse. As our coal is giving out in many places, and an end is in sight for the whole country, the saving is becoming a greater problem than the mining.

The sawdust and bark of trees were formerly wasted. Now we have important uses for them, but so little remains that it cannot be made available, as when it was produced in enormous quantities. With the burning of the refuse of the mills, and the destruction by fire of forests, we are poorer by hundreds of millions than if we had used for these resources, as forefathers do.

Our farmers early got into a wastefulness that is now continued even after their land has become valuable. We do not cultivate all that might be cultivated. Millions of acres are allowed to be fallow, which would yield headless riches, but the people do not care to till any but the best. An American farmer wastes as much in fence corners as a forefathers could live on. In Germany there are forty six fences to an ill, but narrow bands of progressive husbandry, or a few stakes along which the eye traces a line. While great fields are used in America to pasture a few calves, the calves are elsewhere chained to a spot only large enough to support them.

In building there is a like waste. Temporary structures are erected to be taken down in a few years; dwelling houses that cost thousands of dollars are removed to put up shops, which are expected soon to give way again to permanent buildings. It is not uncommon in Chicago to take down a six story structure to erect a higher one. Nowhere else in there such a waste of buildings. People seem incapable of looking far ahead when they first build, and so do not build permanently.

Alterations of great expense are yearly made for tenants, which do not improve the property. Our people quickly adjust themselves to what they want, which is wasteful if they know not what that is. Many of the alterations made are soon changed back again, and there is a successive series of wastes. For trifling conveniences, great expenses are incurred, and our buildings are more altered than those in the larger cities of any other country.

Nowhere are there so much money spent as in America in opening new streets and widening old ones. As great incompetence marks the laying out of cities, equal incompetence is afterwards shown in changing the plan. Miles of business houses are sometimes torn down for slight advantages, which are often but temporary. It is proposed in Chicago to widen Halsted Street for four miles at a cost of fifteen millions, when there are parallel streets near it on both sides which suffice for the traffic. London for centuries had no parallel street wider than a mile of the Strand, its widest thoroughfare, and yet the people never thought, until recently, of opening a new street, or even of widening that one. Streets are here opened through parks, because the people do not want to go a few yards around, so that often more damage than benefit results from the changes made.

In general, we have not learned to utilize our resources. We have had so much that it has been harder to save than to accumulate. But now, with the coming of a poor class, it becomes a question of saving, if only to give the surplus to the needy. We cannot safely routine our extravagance as the country becomes crowded, and there is only enough produced to support the population. When one wastes, many suffer, and the suffering cannot go much farther without endangering those who have an abundance.

Grand Old Man of Surgery

BY ARTHUR LESTER, IN THE CHURCHMAN.

Lord Lister, who has just celebrated his 72d birthday, has wrought richer names for surgery than any other member of his profession. The following article is taken from his work.

TODAY not only his personal countrymen, but people in every corner of the civilized world, will take off their hats to Lord Lister, and wish him many happy returns of the day. Exactly eighty years have passed since the Grand Old Man of Surgery was born in the little village of Upton, in Essex, and half that period has elapsed since he gave to the world one of the greatest discoveries of modern science, the antiseptic treatment of wounds, which has saved more life and alleviated more suffering than grateful humanity can ever tell.

Picture a somewhat broadly-set man in quasi-clerical attire, bearing a strikingly homely but intensely kindly head on his square shoulders, and run have an impressionist view of the "Anthon of Modern Surgery" as he appeared a few years ago, before his retirement. If you desire minutiae, imagine a man with clean-cut features, a small but firm mouth, and thoughtful, kindly eyes, which frequently wear the far-away look of the dreamer.

Thus is Lord Lister, the man, the personality; what of Lord Lister, the genius? He is yet another instance of the truth of Thomas Carlyle's aphorism that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. All his life he has been engaged in taking pains, in showing how little things count, and, indeed, antiseptic surgery, or Listerism, is little more than warfare war against the minute, by the most scrupulous care and cleanliness—in other words, taking pains. As a student, Lord Lister began by taking pains to imitate this characteristic from his father, a city merchant, who devoted his spare time to scientific pursuits, and who won much credit for his researches in the field of optics. Phred by this example, Joseph Lister went up to London to study medicine, but not content to be a more professional pedant, a sawbones

without culture, he took his art—degree as well as the degree in medicine.

It was young Lister's intention, on completion of his medical course, to practise in London. Fortunately, however, about this time he went on a holiday to Scotland. There he met Professor Syme, one of the ablest surgeons Great Britain has ever produced, and he obtained permission, as it was the vacation, to stand beside the professor's operating table at Edinburgh, and watch him at work. The medical session recommenced in November, and as students were not allowed to term to congregate around the operating table, young Lister asked leave, and obtained, the comparatively humble post of supernumerary clerk, so that he might be in close touch with the work of the great surgeon. Thus began his connection with Scottish surgery, which was destined to have epoch-making results.

Promoted for the brilliant young southerner was rapid. He was soon appointed assistant surgeon of the Royal Infirmary, then a lecturer on surgery, and finally Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow. This time was a critical one in medical science. In the early part of the nineteenth century, as everyone knows, surgery was of the roughest kind, and was little better than common butchery. In the wars with Napoleon, when amputation had been effected on hand on wooden blocks, the stumps of the poor wamen were often dipped in tar to prevent mortification—a rough-and-ready form of Listerism. The mortality was naturally exceedingly high, and so remained until Lord Lister's discoveries. In the 30's a notable advance was made, but the introduction of ether and chloroform into surgical practice not only removed men of the dead of physical pain which operations involved, but unobscured surgeons to strike out in new directions. But however skilfully the virus

tion was performed, there was always a dread fear that inflammation would intervene, and rob the surgeon of the fruit of his labors, and the patient of his life.

Lister's kinder heart was shocked at what he saw around him at Glasgow, and elsewhere. "Pneumia, septicaemia, erysipelas, and gangrene were then the scourge of the hospitals, although to-day they are of rare occurrence." The opportunity for taking pains was once again manifested. Lister insisted that surgeons should carefully wash their hands before undertaking operations, and the most scrupulous cleanliness was everywhere observed. He was laughed at as being a harmless crank, but he was on the right track. Up to this time it was thought that putrefaction was due to the influence of the oxygen in the air, and that only by its exclusion, a practical impossibility, could contamination of a wound be prevented.

But when Pasteur showed that putrefaction and all its attendant ills were set up by the action of minute organisms in the air, in dust, and in dirt, Lister jumped to the correct conclusion that the taint comes was not to exclude the air, but to exclude, by means of germicide substances, the microbes by which fermentative processes are induced, or to eradicate them from wounds to which they had gained access.

Experiments were now tried in cases on compound fractures, the mortality in regard to which had been very high. He washed the wound with a weak solution of carbolic acid, then little known outside the laboratory, which he had used as a satisfactory germicide. He also took care that the skin around the wound was similarly lavied with the solution, and that the hands and instruments of the operators went through a like process. How successful were the experiments is common knowledge. "I had the gas," said Dr. Lister, describing his discovery many years afterward, "of seeing these formidable injuries following the same safe and tranquil course as simple fractures in which the skin remains unbroken. Great reasons indeed had Dr. Lister, and not

only he, but the world beyond the hospital, for joy at his discovery. Whereas in 1864, just before the advent of the antiseptic process, the death rate in Lister's wards at Glasgow had been no less than 45 per cent in serious operations, in 1880, after the epoch-making experiments, it had fallen to 15 per cent. But even with this magnificent result the patient, painstaking Lister was not satisfied. He devised improved dressings, and invented a eugenic ligature, which, as it was capable of assimilation by the circulatory system, allowed the wound to be closed at once. This also bore due reward, and between 1881-2, when the system had been more fully developed, the death rate had fallen to 12 per cent.

In those days English surgeons were a somewhat conservative race, and a long time elapsed before they fully realized the importance of the antiseptic process. However, on the contrary, lauded Lister's discovery with enthusiasm. And that well they might the following extract from the fascinating address delivered in Lord Lister at the British Association meetings at Liverpool in 1896 is ample proof:

In the great Almonrocks Krankenhaus of Munich, hospital gangrene had become more and more rare from year to year, till at length the frightful condition was reported that 50 per cent. of all the wounds became affected by it. The institution seemed to have become hopelessly infected, and the city authorities were contemplating its demolition and reconstruction. Under these circumstances, Professor Von Nassebaum dispatched his chief assistant, Dr. Lindemann, to Edinburgh, where I at that time occupied the chair of clinical surgery, to learn the details of the antiseptic system as we then practised it. He remained until he had entirely mastered them, and after his return all the cases were on a certain day dressed on our plan. From that day forward not a single case of hospital gangrene occurred in the Krankenhaus. The fearful disease pyaemia likewise disappeared and erysipelas soon followed its example.

Small wonder is it that honors have

fallen upon the subject of this sketch "think an autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valhalla." Universities in all parts of the world have showered their degrees upon him, and he is a member of more learned societies than he could well remember. And now, to celebrate his eighty-first birthday, an

international committee is to be responsible for the collection of all his scientific papers, and to secure their publication, together with a biography.

Few men have better deserved the homage and respect of his fellow men than this Bayard of science, "sans peur et sans reproche."

The Jewel of Consistency

BY JOSEPH C. BENTON IN AMERICA

Ernest Brewer was an artist who had to please lowly folk. In order to gain the charity of the churchwomen he did not hesitate to practice the greatest deception. The following story shows the things which his religious domination is worth to some but which destroy the precious lives of these people.

THE clock in the cheery living-room—not "settling-room," or "front parlor," although the Johnson cottage was located in East Harnes—struck seven, and the Reverend Charles Dayton, remembering that seven was the hour of his parish committee meeting, intimated that he must be going. Miss Mary Johnson, upon whom the Reverend Charles was calling, politely begged him not to hurry. To the minister, however, her tone seemed to lack the earnest ardor which it was wont to have. Miss Johnson and Mr. Dayton had been engaged in an argument. The clergyman seemed troubled and hesitant. Miss Johnson was, to all outward appearance, calm and determined.

"Well," sighed the minister, sadly, "you may be right. No doubt you are right, from a purely practical point of view. But I like the Brewers; I confess it. They are devout people. Constant attendants at church, and—"

"That," interrupted Miss Johnson, "is the very best they could be."

"And I sympathize with Mr. Brewer's ill-health. And I admire the gentleness with which Mrs. Brewer deutes the children."

"In clothes contributed by the church people."

"Yes. Yes, of course; but they can afford no others. And I understand their house rent is always paid promptly."

"With the church's money. And it is paid because, if it wasn't, Captain

Blake would turn the family out of doors at once, and Everett Brewer knows it."

"The rent is not always paid with the church's money," declared Mr. Dayton, stoutly. "The sale of Mr. Brewer's paintings has—"

"Who bought the paintings? The church people, of course, out of pure charity, and because they like you. Do you suppose anyone—even the natives here, who adore spatter-work motifs and dragon enlargements, would possibly buy Everett Brewer's horrors? Set up your reasons? I bought five horses, I believe, and you must have as many."

The clergyman was strongly tempted to ask if Miss Johnson had bought her share of the paintings because she liked him. But, in the midst of this, their first difference of opinion since he had known her, he did not care. He rose and moved toward the door.

"Then you think—" he hesitated.

"I think that the Brewers have been fed and housed and clothed by the church people long enough. I think that they should be made to understand it. I think that Everett Brewer's ill-health and his wife's ill-health, and his ridiculous paintings, have been pampered long enough. I should refuse him another cent from the church until he went to work—real work, not loitering about with a palette and brush."

"But, Miss Johnson, don't you realize that the artistic temperament is such

that it unites one for ordinary business? Even if Brewer were well, which we all know is not the case, he—"

"Mr. Dayton, please don't make me lose patience. I cannot consistently agree to the church's chiefly being farther extended to those Brewers. And, above all else, I try to be consistent."

The elder sighed. "I, too, try to be consistent," he said. "But I have always believed that devotion to an ideal—devotion that rises above poverty and pride—is a grand thing, even though the ideal is a mistaken one, as it may be in the Brewer case. And I have always thought that it should be encouraged."

"Then I am afraid that our ideas of consistency differ," replied Miss Johnson, with decision. "Symphony should not interfere with reason."

"Good-by," said Mr. Dayton, extending his hand.

"Good-by. I hope your vacation will be a pleasant one. Shall I see you again before you go?"

"Perhaps so. I—Good-by."

He descended the porch steps and walked slowly to the gate. Old Mrs. Pepper, peering under the window-shade of her house across the road, watched him go.

"He's been in there twenty-two minutes by the clock, she declared. 'And it's the third time this week, too. And he'll be late for committee-meeting, sure pop. D'you s'pose he's asked her yet? I should hate to have anybody else find out about the engagement afore we did, bein' next-door neighbors, as you might say.'"

The young eleganza—for he was young—moved slowly along the sidewalk. The evening's call had been very disappointing. He had meant to ask Miss Johnson if he might not correspond with her while on his vacation. He had half-meant to be brave and ask something vastly more important. But like a perverse jack-in-the-box, Everett Brewer's name had bobbed up, and the difference of opinion had followed. And to-morrow he—the minister—was to leave town for a month, and when he returned the Johnson outrage would be closed, and Mary Johnson and her

mother would have gone to their city home, to return not until the following spring. And all sorts of things might happen in the interval. And there was the Brewer question to be settled that night at the meeting of the parish committee.

The committee was waiting by the vestry door. Mr. Dayton apologized for his tardiness, stating that he had been delayed by a call upon a member of the congregation. The committee-men accepted the apology, and glanced knowingly at each other. Everyone in East Harniss knew where the minister called most frequently, how often he called, and how long he stayed.

It was a proof of Mr. Dayton's popularity, this fact that he was invited to all meetings of the parish committee, except those dealing with subjects touching upon his own position, the increase of his salary, and the like. His parishioners were devoted to him to an extent which led Captain Blake, the sealer, to affirm that, "You folks don't go to meeting to worship the Lord A'mighty. You go to worship the minister."

So, in the absence of the chairman, Darius Eldredge, then on a fishing cruise, Mr. Dayton was asked to preside, and did so. Elnathan Snow, as secretary and treasurer, read the minutes of the previous meeting. There then was a pause, during which the members fidgeted uneasily. At length Mr. Snow spoke again.

"Mr. Dayton," he said, "as of course you know, there's only one question for this meetin' to decide to-night, and that's about Ev. Brewer. 'Shall the East Harniss Baptist Church go on supportin' him and his tribe or not? That's the question."

The minister nodded. He was only too well aware of the purpose of the meeting.

"That bein' the case," continued Elnathan, "and you havin' been with us less'n a year, and maybe not knowin' all the ins and outs of the thing, the committee have thought it best to let me run over the facts for a minute, so's we'll all have our hearin' and start fair."

"The Brewers landed here in East

Harniss about two years ago," went on the secretary and treasurer. "Nobody knew where they come from, and nobody knows yet. But Ev. Brewer was 'an artist'—anyhow, he said he was—and was 'dreadful poorly in health'—he said that, too. And Etta, his wife, she was 'poorly.' And his children was pretty to look at, and mighty cute and polite; but that ain't strange, the whole family is the politest, smoothest talkin', most obligin' critters that over I come across. After I'd talked with Ev. the first time, I made up my mind he could have any other coat if he wanted it—and he's come pretty nigh to gettin' it, at that."

"Well, maybe East Harniss was kind of proud to own a live artist. There's precious few summer folks comes here. The Johnsons are the only regulars, and they've done a heap for the town and the society. So the Brewers was welcome, and when they took that little old, ram-down house of Cap'n Sylvanus's, all hands was glad, includin' the cap'n; he'd had the shack on his hands a good while, havin' took it on a mortgage, same as he has most of his property."

"Of course we knew Ev. wa'n't well off, else he'd never taken that house. But just how we learned how mighty poor he was wa'n't quite clear to anybody. I guess the women found it out at sewin'-circle, from the way Etta Brewer dressed, or somethin' the young ones said at Sunday School. The whole family come to church the first Sunday, and they ain't missed a meetin', night or day, sence. They're as devout as the Twelve Apostles—not meanin' nothin' irreverent."

"Anyway, the society folks got to helpin' 'em, sendin' 'em grub and clothes, and the like of that. And there was always so ashamed to take it, but so grateful, that it made you feel almost as if they was doin' you a favor, instead of t'other way. And Ev. kept on paintin' like fury, and always tellin' how he was just goin' to sell one of his pictures, and we all pitied him, and liked him. Yes, there's no use in talkin', we like him yet. He just makes you do it."

"So things have gone on steady till far more'n a year. This church has furnished sent-money and clothes and everything else to them Brewers. And now we're gettin' suspicious. We begun to think it's a put-up job on us. And we've about decided to quit. That's the yarn, Mr. Dayton, and that's the way we feel. But we know you feel different, and we'd like your opinion."

The troubled expression which the minister had worn since his call at the Johnsons had deepened. He hesitated as he replied.

"I scarcely know what to say," he said slowly. "Of course, I realize that Brewer is an unspectacular man—hopelessly imperfect. Perhaps I sympathize with him there, being somewhat impractical myself. And I fear his paintings are not so very high art. I have purchased several of his pictures and—"

"Christopher!" broke in Beriah Todd. "Who ain't? Last one I brought home from the fair—give a dollar and thirty-five cents for it—my wife says, says she. 'Beriah,' she says, 'what on earth are you goin' to do with that artwork?' 'There ain't a room in the house that hasn't got two of 'em at least hangin' on the walls—that is, except the children's bedroom, and if we put it in there, the corn cobs couldn't sleep at night.' You see, Ev. he's got it. 'The Dying Martyr,' and 'twas horrible enough to give a grow-up man the hiccups. He does love to paint the mournfullest things! So we put it out in the barn. And the cow ain't been herself sence," he added dryly.

"A funeral is a thanksgiving!" howled aloud one of Ev. Brewer's pictures," declared Elnathan.

David Miscomber, who had just returned from a trip to the city, and was wearing a pair of new and tight shoes purchased in the metropolis, rubbed his left foot, scowled, and observed tartly:

"His pictures are no good, and he's no good, either, 'ordin' to my way of thinkin'. Now it's time to quit, I say. He owes everybody in town. He owes me, thanks to my soft-headedness and

that slick tongue of his. And I say quit—that's my vote—quit."

His fellow committee-men nodded in evident approval.

"I guess we all feel the same way, Mr. Dayton," assented Mr. Snow. "That is, everybody but you. We don't feel that just because we can't help likin' Ev. Brewer is a good reason why we should pay his bills forever."

"If a position might be offered him by one of us," hesitated the minister. "It—"

There was a unanimous grunt of dissent. Beriah Judd said:

"Ev. don't want any job. He's been offered three or four, but he was 'too sick' to take 'em, or else he was 'just goin' to sell a picture' somewhere for a big price or some other excuse. I calculate the plain truth is that he don't want to work."

"We like you, Mr. Dayton," the whole town likes you—you know that," put in Macomber. "We know you're dead set on livin' up to ideals and such. You've preached about devotion to an ideal more'n once, and they was movin' sermons, I'll say that for 'em. But this society's too blasted—excuse my swearin'—too everlasting poor to support devotion forever. We won't ask you to vote on this matter, 'cause, of course, you couldn't consistently vote but one way. We understand your position, and I'm sure you'll understand ours, and there won't be no ill feelin'." Let's have it over with Mr. Chairman, I move that this committee notify Ev. Brewer that the East Harniss Baptist Church can't give him no more help, munny, nor no other kind."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Snow.

Mr. Dayton, as in duty bound, put the question.

"All those in favor of the motion as put, will say 'Aye,'" he commanded. "Contrary-minded 'No.' The Ayes have it. It is a vote."

The committee-men were staring in wonder at their chairman. "Excuse me, Mr. Dayton," stammered Judd, "but am I gittin' crooked in my hearin'?" Didn't you say 'Aye'?"

The minister was gazing sadly at the floor. "Yes," he answered.

"But—not we know how you feel about it. You wasn't called on to jibe in with us. We'd swear by you same as ever it is—"

Mr. Dayton held up his hand. "Thank you, Beriah," he said. "But I am determined not to allow my own beliefs—or inclinations—to sway me in the face of the advice of those who—whose opinion I respect. I voted 'Aye,' and I shall stand by my vote."

The meeting broke up shortly after this. The Reverend Charles departed, his farewells given absent-mindedly, his manner sad and downcast. The committee-men stood upon the vestry steps and watched him go. Elmhurst jammed his hands into his trousers pockets.

"Ain't a feller's conscience the most fool thing?" he observed, with emphasis. "Now I know we've done just right, and yet I feel as if I'd robbed my grandmamma."

"I feel the same way," said Beriah. "I voted 'Aye' as loud as the rest of you, but I swan to man I hated to hear Mr. Dayton do it. He's always been such a stickler for principle that it disappointed me, his givin' in. It didn't seem consistent, somehow. I do like consistency."

And, oddly enough, Mary Johnson made a similar remark to her mother when she heard of the clergyman's vote.

As for Mr. Dayton, he spent a troubled night. During the next morning he called at the Johnson cottage, but Mary was out. That afternoon he left town for his long-anticipated vacation. On the hill by the station he paused, and looked across the fields to where the little Brewer home stood at the edge of the pines. There would be sorrow in that home before night, and his vote—however conscientiously cast—had helped to bring it there. At that moment, a big red hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Dayton," said Captain Sylvanus Blake, with enthusiasm, "I want to hear your pardon. You've got more sense than I thought you had. I always cal-

lated you was one of them dreamin' selfish like most ministers. But when I heard that you spoke up like a man, to shut down on that paint-slingin' loafer in my house, I took it all back. I've wanted to fire the critter long ago, but when the fools at the church paid his bills, I couldn't. He'll go now, though, and go a-dyin'. The rest was due a week ago. But I'm glad to know that you're a man, and I say, 'Bully for you!'"

Captain Blake was the village no-bob and "free-thinker," a man "well found" financially and utterly lost morally. To discover that one's action is approved by a notorious infidel is not gratifying to an earnest believer like Mr. Dayton. His vacation began dimly enough. The thought that Mary Johnson would discern that he had voted as he did, because of her counsel, was his sole consolation.

The vacation trip of a country clergyman who is dependent upon his salary is of necessity neither extensive nor expensive. Mr. Dayton's itinerary was a list of relatives, who expected yearly visits from him, and whose expectations were usually realized. His first stopping-place was at the home of a cousin in a small town in western New Hampshire. There he found the two youngest children of the family "coming down" with the measles, and, realizing that measles and visitors were a heavy burden on one little household, the minister immediately departed. In spite of protestations, for the next place on the list, the residence of an uncle in Vermont. He spent a fortnight there, and then migrated to another cousin's in a Massachusetts manufacturing town.

Here there was no measles, and he was made welcome. As he sat with this cousin in the library, on an evening shortly after his arrival, the cousin's wife entered with the afternoon mail.

"Here is something for you, Charles," she said. "It was sent to you at Ed's first, and I think the children's illness must have caused Ed to forget it, for it was not forwarded to Uncle William's until two days ago. Uncle re-forwarded it here, and you

have it at last. I guess it's nothing important, only a newspaper."

Mr. Dayton took the paper and tore off the wrapper.

"Nothing startling, I imagine," he laughed. "Only a copy of the Harniss Weekly Advocate. Now I shall leave those bars has been treated with a new coat of whitewash." Let me see," the East Harniss correspondence is always on the second page."

He turned to the second page, found the East Harniss column, and began to read. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" inquired his cousin, lamely. "Someone's cow dead?" "Why? Why, this is dreadful!" exclaimed the minister, in great agitation. "Just listen to this. This paper is two weeks old, too. Listen!" "A sad occurrence took place in our picturesque little village on the night of the sixteenth," he read aloud, adding: "The very night after I came away. Just think of it! Captain Darius Eldridge, skipper of the fine power-boat *Rebecca M.*, having got in late from a successful trip after pollock, was walking over from Harniss Centre at about 11 p.m., when he noticed a curious light in the window of the house on the wood road owned by Captain Sylvanus Blake, one of our wealthier residents. Captain Eldridge, with his customary shrewdness, recognized that something was wrong, and at once hurried across the field to see about it. He found that the kitchen was all on fire inside. Captain Eldridge raised no alarm—etc., etc."

There was a half-column more. Fires in East Harniss were a rarity, and the local contingent made the most of this one. Mr. Dayton read on as an avid reader does.

"The residence was completely demolished, not a stick being left standing. Mr. Everett Brewer, the well-known artist, and his family who occupied the house, were left absolutely destitute. Their case was pitiable, indeed. To see them, seated upon the ruins of a chicken coop and gazing hopelessly, yet with a brave, wonderful smile the circum-

stagnant, at the charred remains of their home must have struck remorse to the hearts of certain members of our community. That remorse is felt is evidenced by the changed attitude of these persons. They are the leaders in a charitable effort to aid the stricken ones. Clothing, food, articles of furniture, etc., have already been donated in large numbers. A committee, headed by Mr. Elanathan Snow, is busy adding to the list. Further particulars will be given in our next communication."

The minister dropped the Advocate and struck his hands together. "Splendid!" he cried. "How nobly they have come to the rescue. And yet, every one of them voted 'Aye' I did, too, to my shame be it said."

His cousin seemed remarkably interested. "Who were the people brought out? What do you mean by voting? Tell us about it," he said.

So Mr. Dayton told the whole story, beginning with the coming of the Brewers to East Harniss, as it had been told to him, and concluding with the momentous action of himself and the parish committee.

"Wait a minute," interrupted the cousin. "What did you say the man's name was?"

"Brewer. Everett Brewer."

"Is he a rather thin, sharp-faced chap with black hair and the most sgrittating, snake-like smile on earth?"

"He has a pleasant smile, but—"

"Is his wife a small woman, who wears glasses and has a mole on one cheek?"

"Yes. She is. Why? You don't mean you know them!"

And then Mr. Dayton's cousin laughed, laughed long and heartily, and his wife joined in the merriment.

"Know 'em?" he repeated. "I should say we did! Why, the fellow lived in this town for three years. They're church deadbeats; it's their regular game to be subjects of church charity. As fast as one denomination finds them out, they join the next. They were everything from Second Adventists to Universalists while they were here, and just as the last society was disgusted with them and ready to let

them either work or starve, one or the other, the Brewer woman's aunt died and left them enough money to get out of town with. And so they went from here to East Harniss, hey? And he's an artist now, is he? Well, he was an 'inventor' here, although I believe he did poing an occasional dash, for amusement."

On the evening following that during which this astounding disclosure was made, a single passenger alighted from the train at East Harniss. The driver of the "depot wagon" recognized this passenger, and was greatly astonished.

"Why, Mr. Dayton!" he exclaimed. "Is this you? Back again so soon? Thought you was callin' to be away a month, and 'tain't three weeks yet. Get right aboard the wagon, won't ya?"

But the minister declined to get aboard. He would walk to the village, he said. He did not explain his unexpected return, but strode off down the road, indignation in his eye and determination in his manner. The Reverend Charles Dayton having been omitted upon the one check, did not, in this case, intend to turn the other. He and his parishioners had been victimized by an impostor, and he had hastened home to expose the rascal.

It was too dark for him to see the signs of the Brewer home, but, as he turned from the "depot road" into the main street, he noticed a light in the window of a small house near the corner. He remembered it as a pleasant little dwelling, belonging, like many others, to Captain Sylvanna Blake, also so remembered that it had been untenanted for some time. Vaguely wondering who had moved in during his absence, and speculating as to the possibility of the newcomer's being a religious person and a Baptist, he strode on. Then he noticed that the vestry of the "meeting-house" was lighted, and that there was shadows on the window-panes. Evidently there was a gathering of some sort within. He determined to investigate. Perhaps the Brewers were there; if so, they were in for a lively session.

But the Brewers were not in the

vestry. Instead, Mr. Dayton faced the members of his own parish committee. They were astounded at their pastor's return, but they welcomed him with delighted handshakes and exclamations.

"No, 'tain't a parish meetin' exactly," explained Elanathan Snow, in answer to the minister's question. "Fact is, you see, Mr. Dayton, we just got together to have some talk about them poor Brewers. I s'pose you know they was burned out of house and home?"

Yes, Mr. Dayton did know it, had read the account in the Advocate, it was that piece of news which had brought him back so unexpectedly.

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Dayton," continued Elanathan, "your cousin's home ahead of time has upset our plans a little mite. We've done considerable, and we was plannin' to do more, and surprise you when you did come. I calculate we've been the most conscience-struck crowd on the saps."

"You bet we have!" concurred David Macomber, with enthusiasm.

Mr. Snow continued:

"I guessed you must have thought we was dreadful hard-hearted at that committee meetin', parson," he said. "Well, I ain't offerin' no excuses; we was hard-hearted when we thought we was businesslike and smart, to shut down on 'elpin' a fellow critter in trouble. We realize now, though, that you was right, and we've tried to make up for it."

"The next mornin' after Ev. was burned out, I met Beriah here at the postoffice, and he looked the way I felt—deek. 'Nate,' says he, 'I've made up my mind that we're all a gang of chicken-strangers, the meanest crew on earth. To think! he says, 'that after Mr. Dayton's talkin' as noble as he done, and us settin' back and makin' him wote against his principles, that this thing should happen. It's a lesson sent by Providence,' says he."

"Seems as, like everybody else, had felt mean inside ever since the mornin'. His mind says: 'You done right!' his heart says: 'You didn't, neither.' And when, same as the rest of us, he went to that fire and saw them poor, sad 'ra'ls, invalids lose everything they owned,

and saw how well they bore up under it, he went home and broke down and cried. And, says he to me, 'Nate,' he says, 'I don't care what you think of me; I'm goin' to help Ev. and his folks get on their feet, if it breaks me.'"

"Well, I was feelin' the same way, and so was Dave and all hands. We pitched in an give everything we could make of scrape. The new-made give clothes enough to last the Brewers a year or more. And the women baked cakes and pies and breads and everything. And we men give groceries, and salt fish, and corned beef from the store, and coal and wood, and I don't know what all. Everybody give somethin'—everybody but the Johnsons, they didn't."

"Even Blake," chuckled Mr. Judah. "Tell 'em about Cap'n Sylvanna's Nate."

"Oh, yes; that's the most surprisin' part. Shows that you can't never judge a person clear through, even though he looks to be closer to the bark of a tree and meaner than a crooked-horned chowder. Four or five days after the fire I met Cap'n Sylvanna along the road, and says he: 'I understand you good Samaritans are helpin' Ev. Brewer again,' he says. 'Yes,' says I, 'we are.' 'Well,' says he, 'I calculate I ought to do my part. They can live in that empty house of mine by the depot road,' he says. 'Ev. knows about it. We settled it this mornin'.' You could have knocked me down with a shuster. To think of old Blake's doin' an act of charity! It beats me, and it does yet."

"And so," cut in Macomber, "we moved Ev. and his folks into Cap'n Sylvanna's house, and there they be, comfortable and happy—fixed for the winter. And to-night Beriah's had the idea of lettin' Ev. paint his butcher-shop. 'Twill be kind of in Ev.'s line, paintin' wih, and he can sling in some fancy touches, if he wants to. The money'll help keep 'em for a good spell. We sent word of the job by one of Ev.'s children just now. Won't Brewer be happy, hey? He can support himself for awhile and be paintin', at that."

"I hope to the land he don't get in

any of them dyin' martyrs of his," observed Mr. Judd, looking troubled. "However, I'll forgive him if he does. I'm only too glad to do something to show I ain't as mean as I thought I was. For fellows that preached consistency, we're a queer crowd, Mr. Dayton, but I guess it's better to be generous than consistent. You'll agree to that, parson, won't you?"

The minister rose to his feet. "No!" he shouted vehemently, "I won't agree to it. I have discovered something while away that—that shakes my faith in human nature. Listen to this, gentlemen."

He told of his discovery concerning the Brewers. Told all that his cousin had revealed, and that was much. His hearers listened breathlessly. When the tale was finished, the committee stared at the minister and each other. Judd was the first to recover.

"The—the cheatin', stealin', good-for-nothin'!" he shouted. "I'll—don't know but we'd better lynch him. And to think of me offerin' to let him paint his miserable outrages all over my shop. Well, by time? he'll find out—"

There was a knock at the door. One of the Brewer boys, the older, stood there, holding a letter.

"Good evening," he said, with the unfailing family politeness. "There's a note father sent to you, Mr. Judd. There's no answer. Good-night."

He disappeared hurriedly. Berish tore open the envelope and read the following aloud:

"Dear Mr. Judd. I thank you for your well-meant offer concerning the decorating of your place of business. But I cannot conscientiously accept, for two reasons. First, my health will not warrant risking the exertion implied. Second—and you will pardon me, Mr. Judd—I do not feel that house-painting is in keeping with my dignity as an artist. Having a home once more, and money of my own, I shall continue the struggle toward the attainment of the ideal in my profession. Again thanking you, I am,

"Respectfully yours,
"Everett Brewer."

"By thunder!" shouted Macomber,

while Mr. Judd was too overcome by the letter to do more than gurple and brandish his fists. "There's one thing we can do to get square, and let's do it now, this minute. Let's go up and see Blake, and tell him the whole yarn. Then he'll turn them dead-beats out of that house of his, bag and baggage."

"But Brewer says he's got money," cried Blathan. "Where'd he get it? None of us had any money to give him, and the church ain't voted any—"

"Never mind. Come on, everybody! Let's see Captain Sylvania."

The captain met them at the door of his mansion. He did not ask them in Mr. Dayton, acting as spokesman, disclosed the Brewer perfidy and voiced the mission of the delegation.

"Want me to turn 'em out, hey?" chuckled Captain Blake. "Well, I can't, not for six months, anyway. Mr. Brewer came round to see me with a roll of bills in his fist, wanted to hire that house of mine that's been empty so long, and paid me six months' rent in advance—ten dollars a month, sixty dollars altogether. I got the insurance on his old house, and he's got another house now, and he can live in it till his time's up. I guess he'll live easy, too. Judge in' by what I hear about the donations you folks have given him. And at the end of six months— Well, that house may burn down too; you can't tell."

"But—but, Captain Blake," faltered the clergyman. "do you mean to say he has hired the house, rented it, and paid for it?"

"Sartin sure! Don't s'pose I'm givin' my property away to loafers, do you? I ain't a charity softy."

This chronicle ends, as it began, with a call upon Miss Johnson. And again Mr. Dayton was the caller. Having ascertained that the Johnsons were still at East Hamlet, although they were to leave before the end of the week, the Reverend Charlie made the designated parish committee a hasty good-night and walked briskly down the street. Miss Johnson was surprised but apparently glad to see him. She wished

to know what had caused his sudden return.

The minister told her. He concluded by saying:

"And so that rascally Brewer is better off than ever before. He has money, too, though goodness knows where he got it. But that's neither here nor there. I came to beg your pardon and to acknowledge my mistake. You were right and I was wrong."

"But you voted to discontinue the church's aid for the Brewers. That was inconsistent."

"I did, but not because I thought it right. I voted because I thought it might please you, that's the real truth. And I was weak enough to allow my conscience to trouble me for days afterward. The committee was weak, too, and voted directly against its professed principles. And we all preached consistency. Consistency! Huzah! Miss Johnson, you have been the only consistent person in this whole matter. You have practised what you preached."

The young lady began to laugh. "Oh, so! I haven't," she protested.

"I haven't at all. I am the one who gave Mr. Brewer the money."

"You? You gave—?"

"Yes. When I heard how you had voted, I surmised that it was done to please me, and my conscience troubled me at least as much as yours troubled you. And, after the fire, it troubled me still more, so I sent the Brewers a cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars. I thought you would be glad to learn that I had done this and—"

"Did—you do it because of me?"

The conversation took a new turn just here, and the Brewers were not mentioned for the next hour or more. Only at the last, as they stood together on the porch, did the minister refer to the "artist."

"Well, Mary," he said happily, "we have all been inconsistent, I guess, but I'm glad, very glad of it. And I still maintain that there is one consistent person in town. Captain Sylvania Blake appears to have been consistent all through: he is the one."

"I think there is one other," replied Miss Johnson. "You forget him of the 'artistic temperament,' Everett Brewer."

Opportunity has been pictured as knocking but once at every man's door. This is a mistaken idea—she knocks continually, but if the occupant, as it were, has not the shiftness and bold aggressive decision he is simply dead to all entreaties of dame fortune and lets opportunity quietly knock.

Life Saving Dogs of Paris

BY W. G. FITZGERALD IN TECHNICAL WORLD

The good work as completed by the well trained dogs of Paris

THE dog as a life-saver has been rediscovered. A thousand years ago Bernard de Menthon, great-grandson of a Paladin of Charlemagne, founded his hospice on the bleak 8,960 feet peak that bears his name, and installed his dogs as aids to the Alpine wayfarer. And to-day the emigrant laborer, lost in deep, pathless snow, owes life and winner to those superb brutes.

But the ambulance dog seeking the wounded on the battlefield, the dog as "policeman" and rescuer from the waters—these are institutions of yesterday—invented, so to say, to meet changing conditions in modern life. The war dog was wanted, and you will find him now with every army on earth. He commands, and carries dispatches through an enemy's line where a trooper would surely perish under a pitiless fire.

But, above all, he smells out the fallen who have crept into holes and corners to escape the rain of shot and shell, and the cruel wheels of galling guns and charging squadrons. The Russian general, Count Keller, employed a troop of ambulance dogs in the late war; and his medical staff were by their means enabled to find hundreds of the wounded, who most otherwise had died miserably in remote corners of a battle front extending for forty miles.

Captain Cistola of the Italian General Staff, maintains in Rome a regular stud of war dogs; and the great September maneuvers of the German army, commanded by the Emperor in person, saw officers like General Von Herget, and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe testing the dogs of the ambulance service by means of hidden "wounded," disposed in realistic fashion.

So much then for the war-dog, now thoroughly established as a valuable ally. As "policeman" the dog was born in Ghent, Belgium. The idea is due to Ghent's Chief of Police, M. Van Wesemael. Alarmed at the increase of crime, he asked for more men, but was told

that the city could not afford it—"the municipal budget has been exhausted."

And as it was, Van Wesemael's men already denuded the outlying suburbs by night, for they were haunted with desperadoes who stopped at nothing, even murder. And so he thought of big, powerful dogs as four-legged aids, and bought six forthwith.

A serious experiment, seriously undertaken. The names of the canine recruits were gravely entered on the police books. A veterinary surgeon was engaged to provide for their health; and the most patient, resourceful and intelligent of the captains (a brother of Belgian draft dogs, at that) entrusted with their education. They were trained first of all to mistrust every man in civil dress. And they were also taught by officers who "dressed the part" to know and chase persons who ran off with suspicious bundles.

They went on duty only at night, and the city's crimes diminished at once. Now it is hard to understand why. These dogs were everywhere—eager, restless, restless for reward which took the cheap form of an affectionate pat or an appreciative word. There was no hiding from them, for their keen scent ever betrayed the lurking malefactor. When he ran they ran much faster. When he plunged into river or canal, he might shake off the officer with two legs, but never the one with four, which was a rapid and powerful swimmer.

No wonder, therefore, the dog policeman came to stay. More than that, his fame spread in France and Prussia, Austria and Italy, where you will find dog police to-day, comically conscious of their own dignity, and seeing to it that all civilians respect them.

The canine police of Paris are likewise life-savers; but their element is the River Seine, rather than snowy mountain-top or fire-swept field of battle. They are all Newfoundlanders, strong and courageous, devoted and sa-

gacious to an almost human degree. Some of them, like Diane and Athos, have a long and noble record of life-saving. As quite a youngster, Diane saved a whole ship's crew. A "tramp" of 3,000 tons was driven ashore near Cherbourg in a sea so furious that no boat could get off to her rescue.

Diane was in "private life" in those days. Her owner, standing on the gale-swept beach, directed the big dog's attention to the distressed ship, put a little stick in her mouth and bade her plunge into the boiling sea. Slowly Diane fought her way to the tramp, which by this time was being pounded by pieces on the jagged rocks that emerged from the aquatic from time to time, like gigantic spear-points.

The powerful animal could not quite reach the steamer, but approached man enough to enable the crew to throw overboard a rope with a piece of wood attached, and this fell within five yards of Diane, now fast becoming exhausted. Dropping her own stick, she seized the new one, struggled back to shore with it and laid it at her master's feet. In this way a line of communication was established and every man on board rescued.

A very similar case is that of the German ketch Maria, which went ashore and was in danger of breaking up. The crew saw it was hopeless to jump overboard by reason of the rocks and terrible swell. They therefore tied a rope to a stick and threw it into the sea, hoping it would drift ashore. But it did not—quite. Athos was there with his mistress, who urged him with thrown stones to "fetch" the fateful scrap of driftwood.

He tried nobly, but was driven back time after time by the heavy seas, and badly hurt on the rocks whose topmost pinnacles were often awash. The distance was only one hundred and twenty yards, but it nearly cost brave Athos his life. He did succeed, however, in bringing the line ashore—a feat impossible to any human swimmer—and received the ovation he deserved so well.

Of such recruits are the aquatic police or water-dog police of Paris composed. And you may be sure the first

of them—Peloux, Diane and Athos, with Caesar, Paris and Turco; as well as Melde, D'Artagnan and the rest—have the pets of all Paris. They were installed by M. Leprie, the Prefect of Police, seven years ago when the great exposition was in full swing and the "City of Light" estimated she had up wards of a million visitors pushing their way through her streets and along the quays of the Seine.

M. Leprie and M. Tourny, his deputy, agreed that during the exposition season there would be such hosts crossing the bridges, fishing from the Seine's banks; boating up the river, and traveling up and down on crowded steamers, that accidents would surely happen. And so, having seen the marvelous work of Ghent's police dogs, the Paris Prefect decided to procure much larger and more powerful animals, which could be trained with equal skill to remove persons who fell into the river within the city's limits, whether the mishap were an accident or inside premises.

It was M. Leprie, too, who inaugurated the cyclist-police, which have since spread to every great city in France; they carry neither lamp nor bell, and are, of course, armed with loaded revolvers, especially in the dreaded quarters of La Villette, Montmartre, Vaugirard and Grenelle. Here are found the typical Parisian Apaches, or bohemians—almost always armed to the teeth—and they find rich scope for nefarious labor along the Seine quays in barges, and in the great stacks of merchandise piled up before river-side warehouses.

Now as the lifesaving river dog cannot be at their spectacular work all day, through lack of time or cause, they may do so very profitably fill in their spare time patrolling miles of quays, both by day and night. Their masters pass through the curious "school" for policemen directed by M. Lesage, and continue their education at the station on the Quay de la Touraille. Here they study the river currents, the construction of bridges, and all kinds of boats and lighters, and obtain an intimate knowledge of riverside life.

The big trained Newfoundlands, which

act as their allies, enable them to search more thoroughly and over a wider area than ever before. And you may well believe the Paris "apache" dreads one of these four-footed policemen more than a whole human platoon in the old days. It is no use his hiding in a great stack of goods covered with a tarpaulin, for Caesar will surely find him out. He cannot sleep underneath the bridge any more, for Athos shakes him roughly by the shoulder, shakes him as a cat shakes a rat, and bids him begone in terms unmistakable.

But, after all, it is because of their life-saving work that Paris loves these grand animals. It is well known that the French desperado's favorite way of disposing of his victim was by throwing him dead or alive into the river. All this has been altered, however, by the new "Brigade of Diving Police," whose headquarters can be found on the Quai de la Tourneille. M. Leprieux entrusted its organization to his subordinate, M. Moquin, of the Municipal Police, who was empowered to pay as much as \$150 each for the new recruits.

As in Ghent they were duly enrolled on the force, provided with a few canine necessities in lieu of uniforms, and then handed over to M. Guillemain, inspector general of navigation on the Seine. His office is very sparsely furnished, so there are no "home comforts" to entice the dogs or their human colleagues from their duty up and down the river, where they are constantly on the look-out for drowning folk. At present there are twenty magnificent dogs at work, all of them quite young, and increasing in intelligence and discretion with each year.

Experience has shown that the animals must be educated separately, for their sagacity appears to vary as much as human intelligence in the same number of individuals. It sounds strange to think of a monstrous effigy or dummy, larger than life-size, being constructed with public money; but that was what M. Guillemain did for the water training of his dogs.

"M. Mannequin," as the monster was called, was soon forthcoming—artistic and a little frowsy, with a canvas visage, cunningly arranged over a cork

cloth on which was painted a terrifying head. He floated limply when hurled into the river with strong arms; and I fear he deluded the anxious dogs, who has to be forcibly restrained until the psychological moment for the "rescue." Hardly a day passes that you will not see M. Mannequin, tucked under a policeman's arm with his legs dangling across the cobbled bank from station to riverside.

Here he is either pitched in, if the pup is a very young dog, and it is desired to instruct and direct him from the quay wall; or he is taken out as a heat to mid-stream, when one of the "old hands" is to give a demonstration of canine cunning and powerful swimming. You will see the dummy floating limply down the river; and it is an inspiring sight to see Turo or Athos leap in with a mighty splash, to reappear instantly and head off the approaching figure.

Once it was thought advisable to send two dogs to the rescue of the "drowning" person. That experiment was never repeated, and that for a comic, almost pathetic, reason. Both dogs attacked the dummy, and such was the zeal of each to accomplish the "rescue" single-handed, that they fought in mid-stream, so that the unfortunate Mannequin when brought ashore was so mutilated as to be almost unrecognizable.

More than once a demonstration has been specially arranged for my benefit by MM. Guillemain and Moquin; the dog selected being Sultan, now the abject of all the life-saving dogs of the Seine. This fine animal has already saved fifteen lives from the river, and the sagacious way he saves the helpless figure in the water has to be seen to be believed. Sultan is perfectly at home in deep water, and will swim round and round the drowning person until he sees his most advantageous hold, which is usually under the arm.

Then, no matter how strong the current, the huge brute turns his face shorewards and swims with powerful strokes, pushing the drowning person in front of him until he reaches the quay wall, when one of his human colleagues relieves him of responsibility and drags

the hapless person to land. Needless to say there is every possible "first aid" appliance in the central office on the Quay de la Tourneille.

As to the brave dog himself, it would do you good to see him shake his great early body and massive head, and leap around in ponderous play, looking from one to the other as though to claim his meed of praise. It is no wonder his trainer should be loath to use the whip and there is no practice with "M. Mannequin" on very cold days.

As it is, after each rescue the dog is taken back to the station-house, rubbed down and thoroughly dried; for upon his well-being precious lives may depend. Last year a tragic episode marked the week. A notorious criminal whose record was well known to M.

Goren, head of the criminal investigation department, robbed a rich youth on the Pont Alexandre III, stunned him with a bludgeon and threw him into the Seine.

The splash was heard and Pulvoux sprang in the rescue, while D'Artagnan and his master shot in pursuit of the runaway villain. Finding the big Newfoundland gaining upon him, the "apache" drew his revolver and fired three times. Two shots took effect, but the big dog pulled him down, and although dying fast, held him until the officer came up.

Poor D'Artagnan! His magnificent record is graven in brass on the Quai de la Tourneille, and a marble monument has been erected to him in the wall known as the cemetery on the Ile des Chiens.

Start Early—End Well

Youth is the season of generous impulses and high resolves, the career of the boy usually foreshadows that of the man.

No day passes without experiences which will lead to good or evil, just as they are neglected or pruned by; and the importance of directing the attention to laudable pursuits, by actual examples, at an age when the heart and mind are peculiarly susceptible of lasting impressions, can scarcely be questioned.

The honors and rewards consequent upon youthful talent being brought to full and useful maturity depend on the energy and perseverance employed in the struggles of life.

It is entirely by assiduity, self-denial, and determination that the men who move the world place themselves in positions that give them the power of performing great and worthy actions; for greatness is not reached by any sudden effort, but by midnight study and regular application.

No time of life can be found so appropriate as boyhood for laying the foundation of that peculiar influence arising from acquired knowledge and habitual industry.

The pleasing dreams of childhood, and the romantic visions of youth, may and will pass away; but the recollections of faculties truly exercised, intellect properly applied, duties resolutely performed, and great thoughts terminating in noble deeds, impart a satisfaction to the mind which neither length of days nor the cares of the world can efface.

Africa Fifty Years Hence

BY HARRIS F. VERNER IN WILDERD WORK

Mr. Verner, managing director of the second great American excursion in Central Africa, pictures the future position of the African continent in the light of present progress.

BETTER fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," wrote the poet. But now, a decade of Africa is better than fifty years of Europe.

Progress in Central Africa after discovery has been at least ten times as rapid as in America. Compare the conditions on Victoria Nyanza now, and on Lake Superior at a corresponding period of American history. It was more than fifty years after the discovery of Lake Superior as the white man before any settlement was effected on its shores, but the locomotive's whistle was heard along the African lake forty-seven years after Speke discovered it.

The early settlers around Lake Superior had to transport supplies from the coast by slow sail and by canoe up the St. Lawrence and the lake, or up the Mississippi and overland a matter of several months. Victoria Nyanza gets the London Times from home in less than a month. The first steamer on the lake came after three hundred years of white occupation, the first on Nyanza in less than forty. Superior's whites lacked matches, cartridges, petroleum oil, the sewing machine, the hypodermic needle, the thermometer, quinine, canned goods, rotten cloth, to mention only a few of the most familiar articles that have come into use since the settlement of our Northwest. Nyanza has all these and most of the other conveniences not enumerated. The settler in Uganda already enjoys the agencies and instruments of civilization for which our pioneer ancestry had centuries to wait.

The significance of this is that savage Africa will meet with the momentum of the forces of all modern civilization, almost from its initial step. What this means in comparative progress it is difficult to estimate. The history of the transition of savage America, of Australia, of other parts of the world,

affords no analogy. The progress of Africa will be infinitely more rapid.

The most important of the favorable influences is the latent growth of the continent. The marvelous growth of the newer parts of the civilized world in late years, richly rewarding the pioneers, has taught the lesson of the new opportunity. Europe and America have benefited this lesson well. Once let the full truth of the immense resources of Africa come home to the people of these continents, and there will be no lack of white men to work there. This undeveloped wealth may be summarized briefly:

(1) Five million square miles of wealth-producing land, absolutely undeveloped, in excess of what is or may be required for the natives, and exclusive of all desert or otherwise unproductive areas.

(2) Known gold-bearing reef, vein and placer deposits that will probably produce for scores of years after opening a total annual value of \$400,000,000.

(3) Diamonds and precious stones to the value of \$100,000,000 annually.

(4) Coal beds covering 600,000 square miles.

(5) Copper deposits equal to those of North America and Europe combined.

(6) Beds of iron ore aggregating a probable quantity five times in excess of those known in North America.

(7) A visible supply of hardwood and other lumber of the total quantity of at least 2,000 billion cubic feet (solid dimensions).

(8) Water-powers totaling a horse-power equal to at least ninety times that of Niagara Falls, neglecting all powers less than 10,000.

(9) An available labor force, not yet in use, of 15,000,000 able-bodied men.

(10) Forty thousand miles of river and lake navigation.

(11) Climate, topographic, and met-

ecological conditions so varied as to present an environment, somewhere within the bounds of the continent, suitable to every race.

The opposing influences are:

(1) The resistance for unhealthfulness resting upon the larger part of the African continent. This has kept away the mass of soldiers and still operates on the minds of the white race. Out of its 11,000,000 square miles, Africa probably has 1,400,000 which may be considered unfavorable to the Caucasian for permanent residence. 4,600,000 square miles are barren, or otherwise incapable of present development, though what irrigation or drainage may yet be an interesting question. Of the remaining 8,000,000 square miles, the larger part will be for some time under the ban caused by the unhealthfulness of other smaller parts. This evil regime is destined, however, to be corrected very rapidly in the near future.

(2) The inaccessibility of the interior of the continent, owing to the deserts and to the obstacles upon the mouths of the great rivers. This is really what has so long retarded the civilization of the interior of Africa. It is impossible for the railroad to change all this. The very obstacles in the rivers will now afford power for electrical transportation.

(3) The difficulties generated by the social and political relations between the races. This is a very serious source of hindrance to progress, both now and in the future. It is one to which statesmen and empire builders cannot be asked the most serious and unprepared attention.

(4) The conflicting ambitions of great European powers or between the African colonists and their home governments, may prove to be the worst stumbling block of all. Fortunately, the growing influence of the idea of arbitration and the lessons taught home governments by successful colonial revolts, may modify the ambition of European or colonial wars.

The development of Africa can hardly be compared with that of any other part of the world. At no time in history has mankind approached a new hand with such tremendous engines of achieve-

ment at its command. The steamboat and the insular character of the continent make it more accessible from the sea than any other great land. Steam navigation makes use of the wonderful river systems and gives access to regions which otherwise would have been absolutely unattainable. The railroad, instead of heaving the needs of an established commerce, will create commerce and incite industrial exploitation.

Compared, on the one hand, with the prejudices of the people and the actual displacement of vested interests in China, and, on the other hand, with the terrific obstacles of snow and ice in Canada and Siberia, the inducements to railroad development in Africa are not at all serious. The governmental stability of the European powers, as contrasted with certain South African governments, will also make for African progress.

Within fifty years, Africa will see the completion of two great trans-continental, north-and-south trunk lines, and five east-and-west trunk lines. On the north-and-south lines, the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is sufficiently well known. The other will probably run from Algiers, on the Mediterranean, across the Sahara to Timbuktu, thence branching to Dakar, on the Atlantic, along the mouth of the Senegal, and to Blyde, near the mouth of the Niger.

Cape Town should then have a population of over 1,000,000 whites, and half as many blacks. Kimberley will be as large as Birmingham, Johannesburg as large as Sheffield, Bulawayo as large as Leeds. At Victoria Falls there will be another Buffalo; and the southern end of Tanganyika will be a city as large as Detroit, one-third of whose inhabitants will be whites. Stanleyville, the present metropolis of the center of the Congo, will be a black St. Louis. On the shores of Lake Albert, there will be an African Cleveland. Khartoum will rival Memphis; and Cairo and Alexandria together will have the present population of New York. Somewhere in the highlands of Abyssinia, on the Blue Nile, there will have arisen the African Pittsburgh; a black New Orleans, somewhere about the lower Niger, will be

shipping palm oil to its prototype across the Atlantic. (We are not concerned here with prophesying how these American cities will have grown.)

The writer is less hopeful about the orderly arrangement, hygienic condition, attainable beauty, economic convenience, and other ideal points in the general plan of these great cities. It ought to be a glorious opportunity. The lessons in urban construction resulting from the experience of our immediate past ought to inspire the builders of Africa. But they seem slow to learn. The writer's observations as to the hues upon which the future great cities of Africa are being planned, convince him that the present designers are far too short-sighted and narrow of vision. When it becomes evident that natural causes will almost certainly determine the growth of a great city at a certain place, the Government ought to have that city laid out in the beginning with reference to its needs a hundred years hence. The lines should be generous, the plans embracing a scheme for drainage, water, light, power, sewage, local transit, the reservation of parks, the sites for public buildings, and division into manufacturing, commercial, official, and residential districts. In a word, the future growth of a city ought to be so provided for in its initial stages, that all subsequent development will be along the lines of greatest convenience and beauty, and without the necessity of continual destruction and reconstruction. Whether or not the empire-builders of Africa will rise to this occasion, it is difficult to say. In this connection, it is highly desirable that most of these cities should adopt a scheme by which the races will occupy definite and separate locations in the same general municipality.

At Khartoum, there will be a great university, in which English will be the language. At Stanleyville, probably another, where French will prevail. Cape Town will have scientific institutions which will do for the southern hemisphere more than has been done in London up to the present time for the north-ern.

Victoria Falls will fight Bulawayo and the upper Zambesi Valley, and will be

driving street cars, looms, and other industrial plants in all that region. The cataracts of the Nile will annually spin 1,000,000 bales of cotton into fabric. At the head of the Livingstone cataracts at Stanley Pool, a great dam will give the Congo a fifteen-foot draught for a thousand miles, and will deliver power to railroads in four different directions.

The Delta and upper country of the Niger will be raising 3,000,000 bales of cotton per year. Over 100,000 square miles of land will be in cultivation for various products, principally by steam motor plows. The production of rubber from the African continent will have reached an annual total of \$100,000,000. There will be 30,000,000 natives able to read and write. Most of the crews on the railroads will be black men. There will be a population of over 1,400,000 whites in the uplands around the great lakes, another 1,000,000 in the hinterland of Angola. The white population south of the Zambesi will number more than 7,000,000; that of North Africa beyond 1,000,000. In Abyssinia there will have been a severe conflict between immigrants from Egypt, resulting in the overthrow of the Abyssinian Government and the establishing of white rule in Liberia. There will continue to be black government, which will by that time have become the best illustration the world has yet afforded of the capacity of the Negro for government. On the whole, the white man will be governing Africa and the black man will be doing the bulk of the manual labor.

Fifty years hence there will be 150,000 miles of telegraph and telephone wires, 30,000 miles of automobile roads; 40,000 miles of railways. There will be over 1,000 steamships on the African rivers.

In the Zambesi and southern Congo region, there will be an annual production of pig-iron to the value of over \$100,000,000. There will be lumber manufacturing establishments in the great equatorial forests in German and British East Africa, and in the Soudan. One will be able to travel from London to Cape Town, if he wish, by way of Constantinople, Asia Minor, Jerusalem, and Cairo—all the way by rail.

This work of development will have called into prominence a number of men of great genius, whose principal function will have been the industrial development of the natural resources of the country, and the adjustment of the political relations between the colonies and the mother countries.

There will have been a number of special colonies formed for different classes of refugee peoples from Europe. These colonies will attempt the socialist principle, and will have definitely abandoned it. African colonization will result in the resurrection of the idea of individual effort, but this will be reached only after the general development by enormous combinations of capital.

Fifty years hence the awakening of the white settlers and colonists in Af-

rica to the possibilities of the architectural, artistic, and æsthetic in their civilization will have just begun. This will be the beginning of colossal works of art and architecture, having in mind such monumental triumphs as the Pyramids and other ruins in Egypt. History will have begun to repeat itself. Realizing that civilization seems to have begun on the banks of the Nile, the men of greatest talent in Africa will find themselves unconsciously influenced by the mighty ideals coming down from remote antiquity, and, with the materials for gigantic accomplishment at hand, a series of magnificent undertakings will be begun, probably eclipsing everything that has been achieved before. It is to be hoped that some of us will live to see the time.

What to Read

The business man who goes along day after day without taking on any new responsibilities or without tackling more difficult problems finds he doesn't progress, and so it is in the matter of reading.

If we get into a rut and read light, frothy literature all the time—the kind that is pleasing to the imagination, the kind that leaves no permanent impression—certain it is we do not advance mentally.

Reading should be like eating. We should have the dessert as well as the substantial.

One of the prime requisites to a successful business career is concentration of thought, and few things will distract thought so much as reading trivial literature.

Everyone should read two or three or more books at a time. Let him read some interesting work, whether it be history, story, or comedy, so long as it is well written and along the lines that will hold his interest. Let him read one book after another of this sort as a dessert to his dinner as it were, but with it he should eat the substantial food in the nature of substantial reading.

The Colonial Premiers

BY E. E. GORDON IN MONTHLY REVIEW

Mr. O'Brien gave a sketch of the seven original premiers now in attendance at the Imperial conference. A forecast is given of the stand which each representative will take at the conference.

THERE can be little doubt as to which of the four "primary topics" on the agenda paper of the Imperial Conference, which met on April 15, is regarded as most vitally important by the seven Premiers from beyond "the dim strait wall of wandering wars," who are to be the nation's guests. The majority of them are well aware that only the materials for Empire-building, and not an actual Empire, are indicated by the scattered red patches on the world's map. It follows, in the opinion of this majority, that the time for setting up an Imperial Council is not yet come, and that no co-ordinated scheme of Imperial defense is practicable for the present. It is a waste of time talking over the form and matter of a constitution for a polity that is as yet merely an Empire in becoming. The material bonds which connect the sister States and the Mother Country must first of all be strengthened, and that end can only be achieved effectually by means of treaties of mutual preference. That a Government created by this unthinking mob eager for panem et circenses (the big loaf and professional football) is unwilling to consider their proposals seriously must not prevent us from considering our guests as protagonists of Imperial Preference, the thoughts of each on that great topic being more or less colored by his political environment.

British North America is the oldest wing of the Empire, for which reason precedence over the rest shall be granted to its representatives in the war against insular free trade. Moreover, none of the living documents of Imperial history is quite so interesting as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has now held the Canadian Premiership for eleven years. It is a characteristic of the Canadian people to choose the great man for their Premier, if there be a man who is obviously better than the rest of the crowd

in the political arena, without troubling much about the party label which he wears. A little anecdote will serve to illustrate this point. After a general election during the long reign (1878-95) of the Conservative party, an elector in a small Ontario town, who disappeared of the National Policy for the time being, was asked by a friend to explain why he had gone back on his political conscience and voted for the Conservatives. "Political conscience and the Conservatives be hanged!" was the reply; "I voted for Sir John A." In 1896, when the Liberal party, which had been cold welded into solidarity by long years in Opposition, was returned to power, Sir John A. Macdonald had been dead for five years and his successor, Sir John Thompson, the equal of his more famous chief in knowledge of political strategy, though inferior as a tactician, had also passed away. There was no commanding personality on the Conservative side, so personage who could bring the maledictions into line and keep them in the front of the battle. Sir Charles Tupper did his heroic best. Considering his age and the fact that he had been High Commissioner—that is to say, Canada's Ambassador to the Mother Country—and out of politics for many years, the long sequence of his vigorous campaign speeches proved him possessed of a more than Gindanian vitality. But he had lost touch with his party; the power of political intuition—a quality not essentially different from the journalistic instinct—had been lost during his tenure of an office which is above and beyond the standpoint of a party leader.

The choice of the people fell on Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who had performed the thankless task of leading the Opposition since the resignation of Mr. Edward Blake with alacrity, tact, and a fine courtesy which won him the regard, almost the affectionate regard, of his

greatest opponent. Before he undertook that difficult task—infinite more difficult for a Canadian and a Roman Catholic than it would have been for Sir Richard Cartwright or for the late Mr. Mills, the only other possible candidates for the Liberal leadership—his ideal of happiness had been that of Edmund Scherer: "to work, to content one's self with a little, to lose without bitterness, to grow old without regret." Perhaps no higher praise could be paid to a leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons than to say that, despite the strain and worry of creating his party anew, he kept that ideal in public life. I have been told by a constant observer of his conduct in the Dominion House of Commons that he never around the wrath of Sir John Macdonald, as was often done by lesser men with lesser arguments. His avowed aim was for that keen-sighted politician and far-sighted statesman in perhaps the most memorable of all speeches ever made in the House. He admitted the greatness of his opponent, whom he compared with Pitt—one of the best historical parallels ever suggested—and analyzed it in a way which proved that he knew the old lion by heart. Really to understand the large and ample spirit of the man in the days before he became Premier, it is at least necessary to read this valdictory—it is to be found in Pope's Life of Sir John Macdonald—and his 1877 oration on "Le Libéralisme Politique," uttered at Quebec during the ultramontane reaction, which latter is given in full in Mr. Wilfrid's excellent biography of the Speaker. "En effet, nous a passage à cet point d'attitude, 'nous Canadiens français, nous sommes une race cosmique. . . . Mais, si nous sommes une race cosmique, nous avons aussi fait une cosmopolite, la cosmopolite de la liberté.' It is, and always has been, the chief reason of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's political creed that the second conquest restores to his people all that was lost by the first—and something more. Using this axiom as the basis of his political practice, he stood out from his surroundings on the eve of the general election in 1896, when the Manitoban schools ques-

tion might have revived the old bitterness of a racial and religious antithesis, as the only possible reconciler of French-Canadian and British-Canadian aspirations. At that time, when it was also clear that he had repented of his one great mistake—the advocacy of a closer commercial connection with the United States—not because repentance was a profitable policy, but because he had become convinced that the main current of Canadian commerce must run from west to east, and not from south to north, there was no reason why he should not be preferred even to one of the "Fathers of Confederation" by a generation which thought that the part was being played in too heavy a style. Young Canada gave the younger man the opportunity he desired, and there is no denying that he has used it with distinction.

Let his record during the past eleven years be considered. In the first place, he has succeeded in settling the question of separate schools in the Western Provinces. The settlement has been a compromise, which naturally does not satisfy the Quebec hierarchy. But it avoided further friction between the Federal authority and the Provincial Governments of a great and growing community, and gave substantial effect to a decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Furthermore, the agreement as embodied in the statutes of Manitoba has worked satisfactorily on the whole. Thus a temporary breakdown of the intricate machinery of Confederation was avoided, and a strain taken of a constitutional link between Great Britain and Canada—i.e., the legal authority of the Privy Council. That the people of Quebec regarded the settlement as equitable for the Roman Catholics of the West was demonstrated at the general election of 1900, when out of a total representation of sixty-five he carried fifty-eight seats, as compared with forty-eight in 1896, despite the undeniable fact that the French-speaking Canadians did not approve of sending troops to South Africa. In his attitude in Imperial issues, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has invariably followed the via media between the opinion of Quebec

and the opinion of the majority in the rest of the Dominion. As regards the question of a fixed contribution in money or men or warships towards the cost of Imperial defence, his position is that of the ordinary Canadian, who does not yet understand that the British Navy, together with its developed landing-party—that is to say, the British Army—is the only security for the integrity of Canada's territory and her commercial independence. In two matters of importance in regard to Imperial defence Sir Wilfrid Laurier's excessive caution—a fault of the statesman of compromise which has grown on him of late years—has certainly prevented him from making the best use of an opportunity. When every British Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific was anxious that Canada should take the lead in offering a contingent for South Africa, he hesitated—and lost a part of his prestige in all the English-speaking provinces.

Again, in the Dundonald affair he missed a great opportunity. In view of the unconstitutional form of Lord Dundonald's protest against Mr. Fisher's intervention in the appointment of militia officers, he was compelled to dispense with the soldier's services. The speech in which he justified that decision was, in matter and manner, a rebuke to those of his supporters who collected about the Minister of Agriculture, after the delivery of his mean and low-pitched explanation, and sang "He's a daisy." There can be no doubt that Lord Dundonald chose the best means to a great end when he perpetrated his historic act of unbecomeliness. The King's coat is no longer regarded, in practice or even in theory, as part and parcel of the Canadian minor politician's patronage. The use of the word "foreigner" in this controversy, which will always be cast up against Sir Wilfrid, was a mere slip of the tongue of one who sometimes thinks in French even when he speaks in English. Sir John Macdonald would certainly have dismissed Lord Dundonald, but he would also have dispensed with the services of Mr. Fisher—after a decent interval had elapsed to save the face of the agricultural expert. As re-

gards preferential trade, Sir Wilfrid cannot justly be accused of an excess of caution. The British preference was granted by him at the earliest possible moment, despite the disapproval of the Cabinet Ministers from Quebec, and his first outspoken declaration in favor of the principle of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals—it is clear that he thinks a practicable scheme of commercial federation can be gradually built up by contract legislation or co-ordinated "treaties of commerce"—came at the psychological moment as a full reply to Lord Rossbery's reasoned misinterpretation of Canadian fiscal policy. On the whole, he must be reckoned a much better Imperialist than any Liberal in this country. Seeing that the chief work of his life—the confirmation of the entente cordiale between the French and British Canadians—is now finished, we must not complain if he leaves to Mr. W. S. Fielding, heir-apparent to the Liberal leadership, the long labor of teaching Canada to think and act Imperially. In the Canadian confederacy Quebec, more than any millions thinking politically as one and enlarging their sphere of political influence without discontinuity, much as a spark of ink spreads in blotting-paper, is still the predominant partner. Nobody can appreciate the greatness and understand the limitations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier without descending to the political standpoint of the habitant who is, in but not of, the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as politician, is great because he can always rely on the support of the Quebec countryman, who sees in him a magnified image—a Brockian spectre, as it were—of his own personality. He is by far the greatest man in the world for that simple-savile rustic. But as a statesman Sir Wilfrid Laurier is great—the greatest of all French Canadians that are or have been—because by slow degrees, diplomatically, with infinite pains, he is leading the habitant into a higher plane of political thinking. There was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was accused of "velled treason" and a desire to break the Imperial connection. The charge was false, though it is still uttered by partisans. But there never was a time when Sir

Wilfrid Laurier was not guilty of a discreetly diagnosed Imperialism in his dealings with Quebec. Quebec is not yet converted to a wider outlook by his splendid minority. She sent a mere handful of townsmen to South Africa; she is neither for nor against the consolidation of the Empire. But, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives long enough, Quebec will become more than passively Imperialist. It may well be that the next generation will be active in Imperialism. Meanwhile we must remember that, all said and done, the French Canadian would sooner die than be drawn into the "orbit" of the United States and swallowed up in that wide winter of mortality, as were his fellow immigrants in Louisiana.

However reluctantly, Newfoundland, the first of the insular stepping-stones to the transatlantic colony, must some day become the tenth province of the Dominion. Until the building of the transatlantic railway and the establishment of steamship lines bringing the "outposts" into regular communication with St. John's and the Canadian haven of North Sydney—all this was the work of Mr. R. G. Reid—Newfoundland was a mere circuit of fishing hamlets, shut off from the outer world. Then the Newfoundlanders looked eastward toward St. John's, the window in which the phantasmagoria of British politics could be dimly discerned. His broad back was turned fully on Canada—a land of foreigners, as he believed, who would use his habits for gun-waddling if he consented to enter Confederation. Now he looks westward for employment between one fishing season and the next, or for capital to use in his small business, and the old horror of the mainland and its inhabitants has dwelled into mere distress. The removal of the French ex-minister and the breakdown of the fishing monopoly known as "Water Street" (from the name of the "down-along" thoroughfare of the capital) have given him prosperity and a new sense of nationality and renewed courage in the great task, the importance of which is not yet appreciated in his Mother Country, of asserting his right to the ownership of the Grand

Banks. That great submerged plateau, thronged with the swift silvery squadrons of immemorial cod, is the lard of the world's fisheries. It is a British possession by right of discovery. In the days of Elizabeth it was also the scene of a great annual market, once the Norman, Breton, and Basque fishing-boats journeyed thither not only to catch cod, the staple victualing for the armies and navies of that age, but also to exchange goods with the English fishing masters. By means of the profit from this twofold business, Bristol and other ports of the west country grew into greatness as entrepôts of commerce and schools of admiralty. Every acre of that plateau is a smoken English checkered, each wave out of the white mist is a wandering grave, a shaken pall, vague his moans, in the soft tongue of Devon or Cornwall, are heard in the wind's passing. I call to mind the tale of the master of a "bunker" who saw the ghosts of three fishermen from his own father's town in Devon sitting on a passing wave and warning themselves in the moonlight. We never won a naval battle in which seamen trained along the pebble of these pregnant waters did not play a glorious part. There were hundreds in Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, and not a few in Villeneuve's. The people of Newfoundland, that "seagirt Devon," are a garrison planted there by the forethought of England's genius to watch over and keep for us an industry that is necessary for the Empire's salvation. To-day the Grand Banks (with the subsidiary shore-fisheries) are more than ever the world's greatest school of seamanship, a thing not to be taught by German drill-books. If Newfoundland "will flourish, under suitable regulations" (I quote the words of Admiral Sir T. G. Hopkins, who formerly commanded on the North American station) "a tithe of its magnificent seafaring population as a naval reserve. It will produce a force in quantity and quality unsurpassable anywhere." Since there has never yet been a machine-made naval victory in all the annals of maritime warfare, it will be the height of folly if we fail to support Sir Robert Borden in his efforts to secure for the Em-

per the control of the Grand Banks fishing industry, which takes men of iron and transmits them into the steel of seapower. That is the key to Sir Robert's policy of retaliation against the United States, which must sooner or later drive the Gloucester fishing trust, as economic parasite, from Newfoundland's territorial waters. The second half of that policy—tariff discrimination against American imports—will add at least two threads to the nexus of Imperial Preference which already envelopes the whole of Greater Britain—a common which is growing wings. The Newfoundland Premier is an advocate of Imperial Preference, though, when the writer met him in 1905 on a journey from St. John's to Toronto, he did not see what the island could give to clinch a bargain. He knows better now. Of all Colonial statesmen, he is the most English and the least abstract; though the simple straightforwardness of the man is veiled by a seriously decorative courtesy which proved as "interesting" to the London shipboarders in the gala year of 1902 as it was "fascinating" to the envoy-collecting hostesses of eclectic Washington. There must be much stuff in a politician who awakens feminine curiosity in both London and Washington, who is also as much a friend of the salted fishfolk of Newfoundland outposts as of Theodore Roosevelt. Somehow he suggests to me a transplanted variant of Viscount St. Aldwyn, and so doubt both men have the quality of pliant obsequy, the will that bends but cannot be broken.

As in the case of British North America, so in that of Australasia—the Premiers of a continental and of an insular colony, which have many interests in common, are here to deliver yet another assault on the blind towers of Cobdenism. But there are reasons why New Zealand, unlike Newfoundland, is not likely to merge its personality in that of its mightier neighbor. Newfoundland can never become economically self-supporting—the lands of its interior, the pasturage of the caribou, are unsuitable for agriculture—whereas New Zealand can produce all the necessities and necessary luxuries of modern civili-

zation within its own sea-frontiers. In such matters, again, the degree of proximity counts for much; the sea voyage between New Zealand and Australia is fourteen times as long as that which separates Newfoundland and Canada. Nobody in Australia or New Zealand, so far as I know, now advocates the union of the two colonies. Indeed, Australian politicians would be more strongly opposed to such a step than those of "Macdonald," seeing that it is still no easy matter to keep the States of the Commonwealth recalled within the constitutional ring fence, and the inclusion of "The Colony" (as Mr. Seddon customarily called his political principal) would greatly add to the confusion of local ideals. As yet the Australian Commonwealth—like the Canadian Confederacy in the seventies—is a political machine rather than a social organism, and Mr. Deakin is the only Australian statesman—not excepting Mr. G. H. Reid, in whose waistcoat pocket on the left side a Cobden Club gold medal still shines balefully—who has purged his mind of sectionalism. They say in Victoria that he is not as good a Victorian as he was in the eighties, and that is a very high compliment, though not meant to be so considered. He has a personality which provokes the making of epigrams, all of which are of a friendly nature. Thus it was said of him as a leader-writer that even the (Melbourne) Age could not stifle his infinite variety; he has been described as the Balfour of colonial politics, and a rival speaker once asserted that he could "throw a halo of attraction around the office of Hadon"—a remark which, by the way, illustrates the prevailing fault, a weakness for the "thunderous hull-and" of Australian minor oratory. Mr. Deakin has always been more anxious to do his work than to seize the spoils opima of political victories. He is a great authority on irrigation, and I happen to know that his "Irrigated India," an established text-book on wet farming, has been an inspiration to President Roosevelt in the framing and carrying out of that "irrigation policy" which is turning the American southwest into a fe-

tile checkerboard with myriads of squares, each square a farmer's homestead. He was a great factor in the Federation movement, which might have failed but for his mediation between the extremists. Indeed, he has always been the man with the political off-man, injecting here and there and everywhere the slow-falling words of soothing courtesy which prevent friction between incongruous personalities seeking the same end. But it is as the uncompromising advocate of Imperial Preference that he is best known in Great Britain. Here is his creed, a spoken passage which every tariff reformer should know by heart:

"It is usually urged that the British workman, or the colonial purchaser, will have to pay more. I do not admit that. Treaties can be made which would not raise the price of articles on either side, and which would still confer a mutual advantage. Others can be made which would, or might, incidentally or temporarily for the most part, raise prices. Again, it is a question of so much. There may be an increase in price which is inconsiderable, and a compensating advantage which is considerable. The only figures I propose to quote are those which indicate the possibility of diverting within the Empire trade which is at present without it. I find that in 1903 the exports—including gold and bullion—into the Empire represented upwards of £300,000,000. Adding the exports of the Empire for the same year I find the total trade was £1,690,000,000. There must be a large proportion of those exports which the Empire cannot reduce profitably, and a large proportion of exports which we cannot consume. With these I will not deal. The enormous magnitude of those figures suffices to show the margin we have to work upon. They show the portion of our trade which now leaves only one of its profits within the Empire, and puts another profit in the pockets of our rivals and possible enemies. That trade may be retained within the Empire, to the lasting benefit of those portions of it which, like Australia, are but imperfectly cultivated and inadequately settled."

W

No such wide vision of the possibilities of Imperial Preference has yet been attained by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But those who know that the development of the upper half of the North American prairie region is, and must remain, the mainstay of Canadian progress, and that markets must be found in the Pacific if that development is to proceed continuously, are thinking along somewhat different lines, from Mr. Deakin's sociolus Whigs. In 1911 or thereabouts, the Dominion has three completed transcontinental routes—to say nothing of an emergency ead for western freight by way of the Hudson Bay—the wheat production of the great prairie provinces will be too great to be absorbed by the British market unless a tax be levied on the grain of Russia, the Argentine, and the United States. In view of the fact that the whole Far East is now the theatre of a war of industrial conquest waged by Japan co-operating with China, Canada cannot find adequate additional markets in that quarter, and will be prepared to pay almost any price in the form of tariff concessions for the preferential treatment of wheat, the product of the pivotal industry of the west. Mr. Deakin has foreseen this change, and so has the Premier of Manitoba, the most far-seeing of all the Imperialists of Western Canada.

New Zealand will never be incorporated in the Australian Commonwealth, but as regards nearly all the larger questions of Imperial policy the two countries are of the same mind. Both understand the meaning of British sea-power, without which they might at any moment—now the sun of an Oriental renaissance with its chrysanthemum rays is above the horizon—be swamped by armies of emigrants, numerous as the Mongol hordes of the Middle Ages, and able to conquer by an economic *plu-jum* or power of under-living, from the overcrowded lands of southern and eastern Asia. Both are anxious to profit by the well experience of the United States, and prevent the creation of gigantic soulless trusts within their borders. Both are well aware that Germany and other foreign powers are

setting into our trade along every stage of the "long trail" (of which Rudyard Kipling sings) and diminishing the hoarded prestige to which the keepers of India—the Holy Land of the Far East—are clearly entitled. Both will vote the same at the conference through their chosen representatives, Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward. The New Zealand Prime Minister is not yet known to the people of the "Home-land," though he has visited London on several occasions. We are still haunted by the magnanimous personality of the late Mr. Seddon—a statesman of mass and momentum comparable with the mighty scoundrelers, one at least of them a relation of "King Dick," who sported the red rose in the heroic age of Rugby football. To Richard Seddon New Zealand was "God's own country" (the same name has been given to the Saskatchewan valley on the other side of the globe), and his ruling ideal was to recreate England in its image. In the contemplation of this monumental patriot one was apt to forget that he was also the subtlest politician of his day, the wisest of party meteorologists, a benevolent Count Ponce working the waves of immemorial profound projects. He was the "back" forward of his pack of Cabinet Ministers, of whom his sarcasm was one of the dearest in getting the ball. Though he cannot be compared with his immortal rival, there is no doubt that Sir Joseph Ward is a strong and able statesman. It has been said that he resembles Mr. Seddon as a bull-terrier resembles a bull-dog, no more and no less. The collection of these stray programs is an interesting hobby. Whether this particular specimen is more than half a truth remains to be seen. For the time being Sir Joseph Ward must govern according to the spirit as well as the letter of Cabinet law, and one doubts whether he is able or willing to become a political autocatalyst. As to his all-round ability there can be no question whatever. He was the best of Postmasters-General, an official after Mr. Hemker Weston's own heart, and the story that when at Rome he read off a Marconigram and translated the

dots and dashes into good Italian is a good illustration of the man's many versatility. It will be long before a Postmaster-General in a British Cabinet—the place is given to party maudlin-work or to young men of a coming-on disposition—will be able to work the wireless telegraph personally. In the matter of preferential trade Sir Joseph Ward is not (perhaps) so zealous as his predecessor. Last year he was talking over the possibility of a reciprocity treaty between New Zealand and the United States with President Roosevelt, that heroic busybody.

And so we come to the three representative of British South Africa, who will probably vote as a group in the conference. Two of the South African Premiers—De Jameson and General Botha—need no introduction. The former has been working out the political testamentary military of the late Cecil Rhodes in the mother-colony of the sub-continent, and so laying the foundations of the third great Federation in the Empire. We all know that he is an advocate of Imperial Preference, as ardent and outspoken as Mr. Deakin himself. General Botha has filled the news-sheets of late, and there is nothing new to be said of this honorable soldier and honest politician, who will probably be as cordially welcomed in London as was Marshall Sout while he visited us after the collapse of the Napoleonic tyranny. His opinions in regard to Imperial Preference are as yet unknown; perhaps he himself does not know what they are. But he is defining his political personality day by day in admirable pronouncements, in which no trace of Primrose self-deceiving is to be discerned. Perhaps there is a trifle too much nobility in these utterances. One distrusts any variant of the ineffable John Gladys who appears on the political stage. Besides, Mr. Hofmeyr was rather given to that particular pose. Lastly, there is Mr. Frederick Moor, the Premier of Natal, which, despite the suggestion of an untravelling Radical member of our own Parliament, is a very much more important thing than the poverty-stricken "workers' dormi-

tory" of West Ham. Mr. Moor, who began by digging diamonds at Kimberley, was one of the party which carried responsible government for Natal. He has done a vast amount of adminis-

trative work and was acting Premier when Sir Albert Hime was attending the Coronation Conference. There is no stronger advocate of Imperial Preference.

Dowdan's Patent Scarecrow

BY E. STEVENSON SMITH IN OVERLAND MONTHLY

An illustration of a reinforced basket which gave rise to many startling and costly rain-scarecrows.

DOWDAN, albeit a basketer of fortune, was a gentleman. Therefore the handful of pebbles he had gathered up in hasty anger were dropped into the nearest salver bush at his side, and Miss Patricia kept proceeding down the steps of her tiny cottage unmolested.

Women were Dowdan's aversion—women in general and Miss Patricia in particular. When he had purchased the old Longley place, which lay far out where the road began to flinger sagged toward the uninhabited marsh-lands beyond, its chief attraction had been its freedom from over-crowding neighbors, an attraction whose bloom had been rubbed off by Miss Patricia's arrival early in the second summer. Although he never had exchanged so much as a single word with the prim little woman, a sight of her ever seemed to activate animosity his always present cynicism.

Grimly he waited, as conscious of what was transpiring beyond the closely woven screen of privet that had been allowed to grow tall between his carefully cultivated estate and her little half acre, as though the green leaves had been crystal panes, for Miss Patricia's all-embracing love of God's creatures had manifested itself in daily repetitions of the same.

Only the top of her garden hat was visible above the glossy green, but Dowdan scowled as he watched the berries of birns that, like the maple leaves in autumn, came sailing down about it. From much experience he had learned to know what would follow. Invariably, after having partaken of the largess that Miss Patricia scattered with such a generous

hand, they flattered out the hedge to cast their drabnet in the one exposed crevice of his possessions, the strawberry beds.

He had not long to wait. Soon an animated twittering told of crumbe devoured, and the peacocks, a myriad of orange-throated blackbirds, rose in a warbling cloud to show down on the tipping fruit like a pestilential rain. Quickly he gathered up another handful of pebbles and buried it in their midst before retreating to the house, where his wrath, so long smothering, boiled over.

Kyama, his Japanese house-boy, listened astounded to the threats of howl and talk of vengeance. He had heard it all many times, besides, he himself having been set guard during Dowdan's enforced daily absences at his office in the city, openly had rebelled and flatly refused to perform the added duty, thus eliminating all personal interest in the affair.

All through the summer, Dowdan fumed and swore, but the birds glanced every scarecrow twice, so when the brown leaves of winter lay on the beds in sodden rows, he set his fertile brain to planning.

By spring his efforts had met with no success far beyond his expectations. He had invented a scarecrow, a scarecrow that would frighten the most valiant robin that ever led an army to plundering victory. It was an automaton that, by the aid of a cunning arrangement of clock-work, could wait his right hour gracefully at intervals of fifteen minutes. In that hour was an hour-glass set of contrivance that inverted itself regularly every five minutes with a resounding

ratlike, like the pelting of hailstones on a sheet of tin. It was simply an ingeniously constructed tin cylinder containing bird-shot, but the racket produced was truly enormous.

While, during the long winter evenings he had toiled with such patient care, there had been no malice in Dowdan's thoughts, but the morning after the thing was completed he nearly missed the 9 o'clock local train. Panting from a hurried run to the station, he dropped into the first vacant seat at hand and found himself beside Miss Patricia Kemp. Much closer proximity to the conscious despoiler of his peace roused all his sleeping life. He had meant to clothe his invention in any sort of cast-off garments which he, or Kyama, might have at hand, but after office hours that afternoon, instead of returning on the four o'clock train, as was his custom, he waited until a later one, and with deliberate intent, visited the city's most complete department store.

The ensuing hour was a trying one, but at its close he was the satisfied possessor of a flowered dainty gown, white with shadowy pink roses, a narrow white cashmere shawl with silk-trimmed ends, and a wide, rose-decked sun-hat, each and every article being as near a counterpart of those forming the habitual summer afternoon costume of Miss Patricia Kemp as he could find.

Now, although Dowdan from the first had treated the villagers with cavalier neglect, he had been the one bright star in their firmament of interest. Despairing mothers, mindful of his comfortable income, openly tried to inveigle him to afternoon teas and family dinner parties; precocious maiden ladies, conscious of his lowly state, threw languishing glances after his retreating form; while more than one building belle, admiring his not unattractive features, sighed at her inability to enlist him in the regiment of willing swains that trooped to do her bidding.

The deepest interest of all, however, was displayed by Mrs. Morrison Myers, president of the Sewing Society, the Village Improvement Club, the Shakespeare Class, and whatever else there was of any importance. She was neither

mother, spinster, nor blasting maid, not even a coy and gracious widow, but instead, that most industrious of all busy-bodies, a born match-maker.

Her position of official prominence in the village kept her at perpetual variance with most of her compatriots, and Dowdan's advent had found her sadly crippled as to available forces, not a marriageable female being within the circle of her tolerance. Scornfully she had watched the tactics of the other matrons, secretly fretting that she could not out-general them, and sadly desolate, until the building of the little white cottage and the arrival of its mistress, Miss Patricia Kemp. Then her ambition gave a bound with all the elaborate buoyancy of a child's toy balloons. Never had anything been more prophetic.

Miss Patricia, holding herself aloof from the village festivities as rigidly as did Dowdan, the task would have seemed a formidable one to any save Mrs. Morrison Myers. Dauntlessly she set to work, employing a sort of absent treatment, somewhat after the fashion of that recommended by the cult that preaches the superiority of the mind over all things material.

At the earliest opportunity she started the members of the Shakespeare Class by briefly predicting a marriage between Mr. Dowdan and his charming neighbor. Daily, almost hourly, after that, she commented upon the suitability of such a match, giving her imagination wide scope, she told of the congeniality of their natures; ardently she let fall little remarks as to the happiness he store for both; and quickly she smiled in the cloud of despair that flitted across the face of each anxious mother.

It so happened that the morning of Dowdan's ride to the city beside Miss Patricia, Mrs. Morrison Myers was a passenger in the same coach. She returned on the four o'clock local, but neither Dowdan nor Miss Patricia were aboard. This fact, matching so neatly the swiftness of her active brain, was all that was needed.

"Well," she gradually announced to the members of the Mothers' Meeting, over which she was presiding that

very evening, "it has come about just as I prophesied. Mr. Dowdan and Miss Kemp went up to the city together this morning and have not returned as yet. Doubtless they are spending their honeymoon at the coast."

The effect entirely repaid her efforts. Disappointment appeared rampantly, and the meeting adjourned in order to spread the news.

This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday a big, tissue-lined box was sent out to Dowdan's country address by the city department store. That night, aided by the staid Kyama, Dowdan arrayed the automaton and laughed aloud. Miss Patricia Kemp to the life! Miss Patricia Kemp to stand beside his strawberry beds and scare away the birds!

Spring had blossomed forth in lavish splendor. The borders were aflame with scarlet poppies, the air fragrant with the scent of roses and heliotrope, and in the strawberry beds faintly blushing fruit peeped with coquettish reluctance from beneath the leaves, giving Dowdan rich promise of luscious harvests.

Early on Thursday morning he carried his treasure to the garden, and stationing it in the most conspicuous corner, wound the clockwork. Then he waited. The birds, which had been frightened away at his approach, returned in clattering droves. Slowly the arm uplighted, the glittering cylinder inverted itself, and rattle, rattle, bang, went the half a pound of shot inside, a squashing, hurried bird rose in precipitous alarm, and Dowdan exultantly smiled. He glanced toward his neighbor's cottage, and felt a twinge of disappointment when he saw the blinds drawn that gave it a deserted appearance, but, after careful instruction to Kyama, took the usual nine o'clock train to the city, free from all worry.

It was the morning of the grocer-boy's weekly visit, and he, having heard the gossip afloat in the village, eagerly questioned Kyama, who remained silently non-committal. A surptitious peering about, however, revealed the flutter of freckled drapery, and the boy hastened with the news to the next station on his route. Mrs. Morrison Myers.

"So the Dowdams have returned!" she exclaimed, bestowing a hot cracker on the boy by way of compensation. "And she is out in the garden this morning, the dear child. I must call and see her right away."

With conscientious impartiality, the grocer-boy delivered his tidings with every package of coffee, pound of tea, or half-dozen of eggs that was ordered that day. A bride being sufficed magnet to attract the most indolent being, many a neglected constitutional was taken out toward old Langley place. Kyama, weeding the panny beds, effectually warded off too curious pryings, but through a gap in the shrubbery, the new Mrs. Dowdan could be seen industriously driving the birds from the strawberry beds.

It was a queer pastime for a lady newly wed, and people wondered. They also talked. Similar walks on succeeding days gave forth like results. Morning or afternoon it was ever the same. Sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another, there she stood under her new rose-crowned hat, her vigilance never slackening. With the arrogance of a stream that outgrows its banks in the spring freshets, the story spread about, flooding all else from the village mind.

"Out in the garden every day, is she?" exclaimed Mrs. Morrison Myers, helping herself to the Sewing Society's cake. "Shooing the birds away from the strawberry beds! Well, well! No doubt the poor dear is lonely while he is away, and don't know what else to do. I will call immediately!"

She induced the Methodist minister's wife to accompany her, and they, arriving on a day when Dowdan had returned by the noon train, Kyama ushered them, unannounced, into the library.

Dowdan, mentally wondering what in thunder had brought them, and too embarrassed to speak, gravely bowed as he offered them chairs. Once before he had met the Methodist minister's wife, and had come to grief on the question of foreign missions. Determined not to be stung again, he quickly recovered himself and began a violent tirade on the subject of International Diplomatic Correspondence, talking so eloquently

that rather bewildered lady took an opportunity to utter a word.

From where she sat, Mrs. Morrison Myers could look through the window and see the busy figure on the lawn, only half-hidden by the intervening trees. Twice she opened her mouth to ask the lady whose she had come to visit, but each time Dowdan, unobserving, turned to her with a more emphatic illustration of his argument, thus forcing her to sit in angry silence.

"It is outrageous!" Mrs. Myers said, when Dowdan finally had talked them through the passage and out the front door. "Simply outrageous! I shall call again when I am sure that he is not at home."

Clanking her neck in order to see around the corner of the house, she watched Dowdan cross the strawberry beds, approach the figure, and, taking it by the arm, escort it to the house. Dampness was had in the clockwork, and never was it left out in the evening air.

"Simply outrageous!" Mrs. Morrison Myers reiterated, choking with indignation. "Never did I dream that the man was such a beast. Of course the poor thing is so infatuated with him that she is willing to be his slave, but I'll open her eyes."

When she made her second call, being carefully sure that Dowdan had not returned from the city, Kyama, as usual, answered her ring.

"I wish to see Mrs. Dowdan," she said, very distinctly.

Kyama's English was meagre, both in understanding and in rendering.

"Not at home, madame," uttered in arboreal earnestness was the only reply he could give.

Indignantly she repeated her request, speaking in cold displeasure.

"Not at home, madame," Kyama replied, with polite obsequiousness.

She was furious. Again and again she made the demand, meeting with no better success. Determined not to be frustrated, she decided to force an entrance.

"Stand aside, you heathen, and let me in," she cried. Bounding her parson at the door's foot

But the sturdy little Japanese barred the way.

"Not at home, madame," he said, looking at her with a blank expression.

Just at that moment, the rattle, rattle, bang, banged forth, and Mrs. Morrison Myers made a wild dash around the corner of the house.

The mystified Kyama followed, standing by, undecided, while she tried to estimate herself from the bushes, with fewer into which she had stumbled. Like a rabbit caught in a snare, she struggled to get free, and with rent garments and torn hands she emerged utterly defeated, for there was no way of penetrating to the solitary figure in the strawberry beds whose back was turned and who seemed totally deaf to the cries of the indignant lady.

A whole month passed. Twice the town had to be renewed; once because a playful puppy that had strayed from the kennels tore a wide rent in the rose-bordered skirt, and again because Kyama, carrying the figure to its nightly resting place in the tool shed, had stumbled and let it fall on the freshly sprinkled grass. Dowdan whimsically smiled when he paid for the lost, a lavender-sprigged muslin that the saleslady pronounced the latest thing. The second had been a dainty blue and white striped lawn, one costing a pretty penny, but he felt amply repaid by the strawberries on his breakfast table and the frequent baskets of perfect fruit that he carried to his friends in town. Besides, the blinds still were drawn in the little white cottage, and he waited the satisfaction of having Miss Patricia Kemp behold her counterpart staring the blue.

In the village, indignation smoldered, but a day of reckoning came. The weather was found, so warm that Dowdan had not gone to the city, preferring the cool shade of his garden to the sweetening sun. Wonderingly he had watched the villagers saunter along the path before his house. By ones and twos and then they came, despite the heat that wilted the leaves on the trees and curled the soil into dusty flakes. Eddy they strolled half way beyond his front gate before turning back, but he was content to sit

on the vine-climbed upper verandah and let them stare as much as they liked. Then, too, over the tall hedge, he could see the light through the windows of the little white cottage, and catch occasional glimpses of Miss Patricia about her garden.

At six o'clock he descended and proceeded to the back piazza, where Kyama was preparing to serve the evening meal. There on the gravel walk stood Miss Patricia herself.

Miss Patricia was fearful. Only the day before she had returned from her visit, and the first task had been to scatter crumbs for the birds. But they could not, nor could she coax them. A chance glance had shown her the figure behind the hedge and she had come to remonstrate. She was testful, but she also was indignant.

Dowdan was ashamed. For the first time his actions seemed ungentlemanly. Humbly he was beginning an apology, when Kyama appeared.

"The madame, Mrs. Morrison Myers, is at the door," he announced. "She and some others."

"What? that woman again?" Dowdan exclaimed. "It is the third time she has been here. What does she want?"

There had been a meeting of the High-class Cultivate Club, presided over by Mrs. Morrison Myers. Dowdan had been the subject of discussion. Words as scorching as the sun's most burning rays had described his conduct. A man who would compel his wife to scare the birds at all was heathenish, but one who would compel her to stand all day on such a day was fendish. If the woman was a fool, something must be done to protect her.

A committee of three was sent to interview the constable, but he doubted if

anything could be done. Not so the indignant women. Something could and should be done, and at once. Each one repaired to her home, and marshaling a motley of less unswerving spouses at her heels, had led him, like a docile sheep, to the Longley place. Up the garden path they marched, each station carefully pointing out the pitiful sight that had wronged their sympathies. Arrived at the house, Mrs. Morrison Myers at their head, rang the bell.

Kyama, amazed at the crowd on the front steps and overrunning into the downy plots beyond, hastened to report them, leaving the door unwatched. Remembering former occurrences, and resolving not to be threatened again, Mrs. Morrison Myers pushed after him, the followers close behind her.

On the back piazza they came upon a surprising group—a pale little lady, hatless, and in a clinging black gown, stood beside an apologetic gentleman, who turned toward the women with withering scorn.

"Your husband's phase?" he asked.

But out by one the people turned and fled. Over the heads of the couple on the cool porch they had glanced in time to see the stiff, automatic arm rise in calm precision, time to hear the rattle, rattle, bang, that followed, despite the needless snarl that, setting in a glow of color, etched with startling clearness, every stolid outline of face and figure.

Shame-facedly they trailed back toward the village. Mrs. Morrison Myers, still at their head, alone was unabashed. Half way home she stopped, and, turning, faced the once belligerent conspirators.

"Well," she said, in tones that cut like blades of steel, "if he don't marry her after all this, he will have a piece of my mind that's all."

A man always with his eyes on the ground bumps his head; a man with his nose always in the air stinks his toe.

The Most Unpopular Man on Board

BY CLYDE FARRINGTON IN THE ISLES

How the majority of the passengers in a steamer was won by the strongest action of a fellow passenger

It was a gaunt gorilla had suddenly dropped through the skylight and stood grinning toward the passengers, the beast would not have created more consternation than that brought into being by the appearance of Mr. Alan Sheargold. When he entered the dining saloon of the Adriatic liner Calista, the passengers gasped dumbfounded.

The voyage westward of the Canadian had been quite uneventful. For the time of year, the weather had proved brilliantly fine, the Atlantic heaved in huge rhythmic rollers, to which the passengers soon became accustomed. Meals were popular, and the promenade decks were thickly peopled all day long. The captain found everything so propitious that he lunched and dined in the saloon as regularly as the passengers who had crossed seventy-eight times. Unlike it all in all the passage threatened to be as uneventful as a suburban household.

Then Mr. Alan Sheargold came; on the third day out he entered the saloon to break his fast.

"I thought election bets were all paid by this time," exclaimed Mr. Michael Gowan, alderman of the fourth ward in the City of St. Louis.

"Wind possesses the man!" growled Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Glasgow.

"My eye!" said Mr. Reginald Gilbert Foss-Gilbert, of the Albany, Connecticut.

"He's been out with the boys all night," ejaculated Mr. Robert Gregory, of Montreal, a cathedral town in the foreign quarter of Canada.

"Good—gracious!" whispered the altogether lovely Miss Moe Raleigh, of Atlanta, the prettiest girl on board; although there were many who

claimed that distinction for Miss Audrey Penelope Broadwood, of Hindland, an Alpine region in Saxony.

"Such carryings on should not be allowed," said one.

"Wedding day, I suppose," remarked another.

"He thinks he's head steward," said a third.

"Anniversary of his escape from the gallows," cooed a pessimist.

One hundred and seventy-five exclamations of surprise were made that morning when, as near as might be to nine o'clock, Mr. Alan Sheargold entered the dining saloon, retired in full evening dress.

Mr. Sheargold walked sedately enough up the saloon until he came to his accustomed place at one of the moderation tables. Here he abandoned his silk hat to the care of the table steward, and then in his usual deliberate manner he crept his table companions with a civil "good morning"; then he seated himself and went on quietly with his breakfast.

The passengers at his table were the first in the saloon to recommence the interrupted meal. Staring was out of the question for them, being in his immediate presence, and Alan Sheargold was not a man with whom even the most thoughtless passenger was likely to attempt a familiarity. His manners were extremely courteous, and he was gracious and delightfully correct in speech, and his range of pleasant subjects in conversation seemed unlimited. He wore a carefully trimmed beard which was pointed like a Frenchman's, yet, nevertheless, he was unmistakably English. His clean-looking, rosy skin was ruddy; his upright, bony figure and swing-

ing stride were English, and the cut of his clothes was as English as his foot-gear. Hitherto he had attracted no particular attention on board. His table companions thought him an amiable, intelligent, quietly interesting elderly gentleman, and beyond this their thoughts did not go. Those who had not come into immediate contact with Mr. Sheargold thought of him not at all. Few had even heeded themselves to even learn his name. This morning, however, every one insisted on knowing it, and, after learning it, they immediately exclaimed, "Who is Mr. Alan Sheargold?"

A few thought him mad; more thought he had laid a deep plot to "take a rise" out of his fellow passengers; while many said he merely courted notoriety; but all vowed that he should be compelled to clear up the mystery of his unusual dress appearing at the breakfast table.

As far as could be seen, Mr. Sheargold thought of nothing in particular, and he proceeded to eat his breakfast with all the deliberation and circumspection of a healthy Englishman. His imperturbable tranquility worried the passengers, while he appeared utterly oblivious to their agitation.

When he sat down at table, each man recognized that all the ladies were distraught with curiosity.

There were few hurried breakfasts that morning, even amongst the men, notwithstanding the sun smiled to all to come on deck. Groups at tables which hitherto had broken up at the earliest available moment, continued whole, and it was not till Alan Sheargold rose and accepted his glassy hat from the hand of the steward, that a general movement for the deck took place. Mr. Sheargold at once retired to his cabin, but he soon reappeared, and—no, he had not doffed his evening clothes; the only change in his costume was he had slipped on his flannel towed overcoat. As he paced the long sweep of the deck,

passengers gathered in little groups and stood eying him.

Mrs. Sloane, wife of a Milwaukee judge, was the first one to gape seriously with the mystery. In most decided tones she said to her friend, Mrs. Samuel K. Bush:

"Well, he can't eat me," the "he" undoubtedly being Mr. Alan Sheargold.

"Not at one sitting," admitted Mrs. Bush, with sarcasm.

Mrs. Sloane's propensities were substantial and commanding. She was a pushing personage who in polite society might be referred to as "successful." She was almost snub-proof, and she had led society in Milwaukee so long that she would have insisted upon shaking hands with the Grand Lama, as he existed in the primeval days before General Yungheuband knocked at the door of the Temple of Gold.

"I mean to lookle him right now," said the intrepid lady, disdainful her companion's sarcasm.

"Sure!" approved Mrs. Bush.

The successful woman took up a strategical position directly in the path of Mr. Sheargold. Mrs. Sloane smiled graciously upon the Englishman as he drew within range of her baton.

"Good morning, Mr. Sheargold," said Mrs. Sloane.

Thus addressed, the gentleman politely raised his hat to the lady.

"A beautiful morning, indeed, madam," he said.

Mrs. Sloane had anticipated an attempt on the part of Mr. Sheargold to pass on his way, leaving her standing alone, consequently she distributed her forces in such a manner as to make breaking through her line all but impossible. But she need not have troubled over the matter, for he was too chivalrous to even appear to slight her.

Mrs. Sloane plunged into the heart of her subject without preliminary postures.

"You know, Mr. Sheargold, we ladies are very inquisitive creatures."

"Inquisitiveness, madam, is a beautiful trait in the character, a very beautiful trait."

"Well, Mr. Sheargold, we are very inquisitive about—"

"Inquisitiveness, madam, in persons other than ladies, is apt to be confined to the verge of impudence; I have noticed, however, that ladies never resty it too far."

"It is nice of you to say that, Mr. Sheargold, for the ladies in this ship have had their inquisitiveness aroused this morning."

"It has often occurred to me that curiosity is at the root of learning, and that those who can be inquisitive without paying into matters which do not concern them, but may seriously concern others, are to be greatly respected."

This somewhat disconcerted the resourceful matron. The man in evening dress seemed so genuinely sincere in his appreciation of high-minded curiosity, that it appeared impossible to prevent him entering upon a dissertation on that virtue, which was by no means the lady's chief desire on this particular morning.

"I am glad to know that you do not think inquisitiveness a bad thing," she stammered.

"Bad thing? No; and I am not alone in admitting the readiness displayed by ladies: they invariably are inquisitive in their own charmingly staid way. They strive to increase their store of knowledge without troubling their pretty heads about matters that merely concern others. I am delighted to learn that the ladies of this ship are of the right sort—not that I doubt of it for a moment. Of course," he added, and he smiled his gallantest, "they were bound to be the right sort, otherwise they could not be ladies, you know."

Mrs. Sloane looked sharply at Mr. Sheargold, but his glance did not waver,

neither did the keens of his smile diminish.

"It is indeed a charming morning," said Mr. Sheargold.

"Delightful," admitted Mrs. Sloane, as she moved away.

"Did he eat you?" asked Mrs. Bush later.

"He's an idiot," snapped Mrs. Sloane, as the deck steward tucked her into her chair.

Many passengers witnessed this encounter, some even overboard and spread the salient points abroad. The affair gave the ladies pause, but at the same time it heightened their curiosity. Wives strove to induce husbands to try to fathom the reason of the costume. Sisters appealed to brothers, and were irregularly hidden to think of something else. But it was all to no purpose, and matters were beginning to look desperate when the young girls, led by Miss Audrey Pringle Broadwood and Miss Mae Raleigh, considered the situation. They fell upon Mr. Sidney Kane, of the *Janitor Bar*, and surrounded him in a body, demanding that he should champion them in pecking the mystery of evening dress in the morning.

The young harrier tried to hedge, and to wriggle out of the complication; but, alas! he could not. For days he had been such a daredevil when there was not the faintest devil to dare, and now he found that he must undertake the task of hatching a hen, or be written down as a coward. In the end he promised that should the mystery remain a mystery until after lunch, he would use what his powers of cross-examination could accomplish.

"Mind you do!" they insisted, and left him.

Sidney Kane ate little at lunch, but he glanced often towards that part of the saloon where Mr. Alan Sheargold sat consuming a generous meal.

Half-an-hour later, the gossiping on deck was rather interesting. The girls stood in an excited knot, and their brilliant

and excited glances alternated between Mr. Sidney Kane and Mr. Alan Sheargold.

The former talked with Reginald Gilbert Fox-Gilbert, but he had his hands shoved deep into his trousers' pockets, and, for the most part, he gazed at his boots as he clicked their toes together. Occasionally he shot a furtive glance towards Mr. Alan Sheargold, who stood leaning against a davit gazing placidly out to sea. Sidney Kane heartily wished himself back in the Middle Temple, a salient place one is used to solving mysteries. Inwardly he called himself an ass for having spoken a single pleasant word to any pretty girl. Suddenly, however, he took his courage by the forelock, and led it alongside Mr. Sheargold.

"We are having a glorious passage, Mr. Sheargold."

"We are, indeed."

"I fancy we have a chance of breaking the record this voyage."

"The weather has favored a speedy passage."

"An interesting company of passengers," remarked the harrier.

"Avaliable people, I must say, of the few I have come in contact with," said Mr. Sheargold.

The young man folded his arms on the rail and continued for some moments to watch the broad-backed rollers heave over the horizon. On a sudden he straightened himself, took a half-step back, and coolly ran his eyes over Mr. Sheargold, beginning with the crown of that gentleman's hat and continuing to the toes of his boots, then as coolly back again. Afterwards, he allowed his eyes to rest upon those of Mr. Sheargold, and his face to break into a genial smile.

No long space of time elapsed before the smile began to turn pale, and then to fade, and soon it underwent total eclipse, for the features of the elderly man changed not so much as their most unimportant wrinkle; his eyes, calm to

the verge of the majestic, accepted and absorbed the gaze of the younger man. Kane had hoped his face would have called forth either an explanation or an expostulation, forasmuch his smile was much more than a smile, it was an inviting interrogation. Yet that interrogation became shattered against the serene, almost stony glance of Mr. Sheargold. The young harrier grew desperate. He blurted out:

"Pardon me, but is it not unusual for a gentleman to wear evening dress at this hour of the day?"

"Very," ejaculated Mr. Sheargold.

The "Very" struck the crown of the harrier's head and passed in a great wave of reverberating shivers down his spine; it separated into two divisions, and careened down his legs to his feet, where each again branched into five separate and distinct shivers which shot out from his toes like electricity from a grounded wire.

"I thought it was somewhat unusual, don't you know," he stammered, backing away from Mr. Sheargold, as though he were withdrawing from the presence of a crowned head. When he saw the mirthful glances shot at him by the bevy of girls, Kane felt himself a vermin indeed.

Half-past five, and Mr. Alan Sheargold descended to his cabin. Six o'clock had been reached on deck dressed in ordinary clothes.

"Well, that beats the Dutch!" exclaimed one.

Mr. Sheargold had now his pipe in his mouth for the first time on this agreeable day. His hands were deep in the pockets of his jacket, and he strolled leisurely about, apparently enjoying his change of costume immensely. From every point of the compass curious glances were shot at him. Some of the more avowed ladies thought the captain should be spoken to about his going-on.

Presently, round from the starboard deck came Master Oscar Adams, of Chi-

oars. He carried his thirteen years as importantly as though they were thirty. He paused for a moment on seeing Mr. Sheargold, then he strode up to him.

"Say, Mr. Sheargold, what did you have on them clothes for this morning?"

Mr. Alan Sheargold withdrew his right hand from his pocket and placed it upon the boy's shoulder. Each looked the other frankly in the eye. Then the man spoke:

"My boy," he said, "I'm glad to meet you. Your question is a fair one. And frankly put, quite in the manner a gentleman should ask a question. You deserve an answer, and you shall have one. Let us sit here."

Many of the passengers noticed Mr. Sheargold seat himself beside Master Adams. Many of them, too, overheard the explanation of the dress suit. They also overheard more, and it was the more that mattered.

"As you grow older, my boy, you will find many a thing, on the face of it passing strange, which, upon examination, reveals the most simplicity. You will find that simplicity is amazing to the complex mind of to-day. It is the commonplace that astonishes. People see something that appears strange, and instead of fathoming their minds upon it to discover what it actually is, they turn a telescope upon it in search of an explanation. In my case I have not failed to observe the curiosity among my fellow-passengers because of my unusual clothes. I wonder it did not occur to someone that the explanation of the mystery might be found in a simple desire on my part to wear my own apparel. I am a particular man, and prefer my own clothes to anyone

else's. But why that particular suit? you ask. Surely it was an inappropriate one to wear in the morning? That being recognized, the thoughtful mind says, 'He wears it, then, because he has no other.' Right again. Then says the same brain, 'As he came on board with appropriate clothes, something must have happened.' Again correct. Last night I carelessly spilled oil on coat, waistcoat and trousers, oil which has given my steward considerable trouble to remove. By an accident my cabin trunk was put into the hold, instead of into my cabin, and I shall not see it until I reach New York. Therefore, I found myself with the clothes in which I stood and these contained in my dress-suit case, which has not shared the fate of my cabin trunk. Now the cat is out of the bag, and you see the complex made simple. You asked your question frankly, and I am pleased to give you a frank answer. But allow me to tell you something more. I am an old angler. We have in our English waters a very common fish, the guddoon. When we fish to catch the guddoon we take up the bed of the river until the water is clouded with mud, then we sink our worm and land our fish. This stirring-up of the mud is all very fine when it is guddoon you are fishing for, but such a proceeding makes a certainty of your not catching a finer fish, and anyone can catch a guddoon. I will say no more, only—if you ever fear to ask a question, don't ask it, and if it should come to pass that you are obliged to angle, cast your fly over clear waters. Give your fish credit for being a trout, not a guddoon."

During the remainder of the voyage the most unpopular man on board was Mr. Alan Sheargold.

Iceland's Wonderland

BY FREDERICK H. LAW IN TRAVEL MAGAZINE

The dramatic expression of a geyser on horseback among the lava walls of the desert region

THE general impression that Iceland is a cold country is a false one. In Reykjavik, the capital of the island, I one day perched myself on one of the lava walls, and looked at a scene of summer warmth and beauty. Familiar cows and cats and hens were busy in the sunshine; children, thinly clad, were playing about with sheets of marmosettes. Potatoes were in full blossom, and cabbages and various vegetables added to the sense of homelike comfort. But such days are ones in vast deserts of rain, for, in Iceland, in summer, is not cold, it is not comfortable.

A walk of a mile or so across the rolling semi-desert of ancient lava brings one to a valley filled with steam, in the floating clouds of which half-seen ferns dart to and fro, while shrieks and laughter from unseen places add to the impression that one has come upon some rift from the under world where demons are at play. We plunged down into the grey clouds and found a score or so of Iceland women at once busy and riotous over their work of scrubbing clothes in the hot springs. They had cast off the sombre black skirts and appeared in brilliant petticoats. Their cheeks were red, their eyes danced with mischief, as they called from valley to hill.

Beyond the steam-filled valley extended the desert, the grey lava expanse, lonely and monotonous. Hour after hour we had ridden across it, now crossing bridges, now fording streams. We were galloping at full speed when I suddenly cried: "Stop! stop! stop!" and waved my hand to my English friend, who was galloping behind me. With a clatter of loose lava pebbles our horses came to a stand, leaving their riders looking with astonishment at a chasm that had suddenly appeared before them in sharp contrast to the level monotony of the plain.

The purple twilight that men call night in the Iceland summer had found

us picking our way over the lava waste between Reykjavik and Thingvellir. We had stopped many times to gather specimens of the tiny flowers that came themselves in the lava, or to look off at wonderful views of erratic mountains that even to be in orderly ranges. This one geyser endured for a time, but when the natural weariness that one who rides all day long on an Iceland pony is sure to feel, made us delay more and more, our guides became impatient. With a rattling of boxes on the pack ponies, and with the snapping of their peculiar whips, they disappeared under clouds of dust. As it became darker we, too, grew impatient and rode at top speed. No house, no sign of life, nothing but the dreariness of the tundra, and then suddenly a chasm over a hundred feet deep! There it lay in the lava, below us, black, gloomy, full of foreshadowing, as though some giant power had torn the ground in anger. The road found its way into the very heart of the chasm whose narrow walls seemed to contract as we entered it. From a distance came the steady roar of a waterfall. Thus, with suddenness and in the mystery of the northern night did we come to the most wonderful place in Iceland,—the Rift of All Men (Almannagja) and the Plain of Thingvellir.

In times beyond the reach of history an immense stream of molten lava two or three hundred feet deep and many miles wide flowed across this section of Iceland and stopped in the region of Thingvellir Lake. At first the surface of the lava was comparatively level but some seismic disturbance,—possibly the early cooling of the surface and the subsequent withdrawal of the under lava,—caused a section many square miles in extent to sink scores of feet below the general level. This great area was literally torn from the surrounding lava in which two immense chasms were formed—on one side the Rift of All Men;

on the other the Rift of the Raven (Hrafnagja). Within the place guarded by these two chasms is a region of wonder, for the whole surface of the plain between is broken into a maze of crevices, ravines, and chasms as irregular as the cracks in sun-dried clay. These, too, may have been formed by the subsiding or the shrinking of the lava, but more probably they were caused by earthquakes of unusual violence. It was in this place where the effects of natural forces are most evident that the first inhabitants of Iceland met to hold their popular assembly, and it is around this gloomy place that all the history of Iceland for the last thousand years has centered.

Our ponies slithered easily down the ash-belt between the old, brown walls of Almannagja, now cracked and broken by hundreds of fierce winter storms, and bearing flowers and bits of green where once there was unmitigated heat. On the left, the Örnara River, having found its way over the lava plain, leaped with a roar and in a cloud of spray among the broken blocks at the bottom of the chasm. For a moment its waters found calm in a series of pools, and then at last twisted and boiled among great fragments of lava until they found then was across the inferior plain. On the right were the shattered walls that had been torn from the opposite lava. Far in the distance were brown mountains pelted with snow.

Out on the surface plain was an Iceland house and a tiny white church. Around it the lava blocks were covered with thick grass and great clumps of weeds.

At first sight the plain seemed unbroken, but when we had crossed the Örnara with its beds of treacherous quicksands from which strange, damp odors rose, we found ourselves in a maze of chasms. They confronted one at every turn—sometimes mere cracks in the lava, and again thirty or forty feet wide. As we looked into their forbidding depths we could see, some two-score feet below us, pools of water so marvellously clear and calm that it magnified every detail of the lava bottom. It was as if good

fairies had filled with magic water the crevices made by enraged demons. A strange fascination made one wander from crevice to crevice or linger to look into the crystal depths that mirrored the blazes and the grey of the ascent lava.

In our wanderings we found a place where two chasms came so near together as to form a pass two or three feet wide leading, like a drawbridge to a castle, to a great body of land that was otherwise entirely surrounded by chasms of unusual width. Crossing the pass and bending through dense clumps of weeds and stunted bushes we climbed a rough elevation, and found ourselves on the Leigberg, the meeting place of the last free Parliament in the history of Northern Europe. Elevated as we were we could see all the river plain about us, we could see the dark walls of Almannagja, and the snow-capped mountains; we could hear the ceaseless roar of the Foss of Örnara, but everything added to the sense of desolation. Certainly no people ever chose a stranger place for their parliamentary meetings.

No one knows just why the Vikings, in 938, came into this gloomy place in the interior to found the Althing. Possibly they connected its evidences of superhuman power with their own grim ideas of justice. At any rate, for century after century the Icelandic parliament met in this retreat among the chasms. A single guard at the pass protected the council from the violence of intruders. From the opposite edges of the ravines the people watched their rulers as they descended right down to power, or spoke their sanity against their neighbors to the south and the west. Here it was that the writers of the sagas and of the eddas read aloud to their fellows those great, heroic stories of the north, stories as wild and rugged as the place in which they were read. In the deep pools under the drawing lava walls the Vikings drowned their enemies who had crossed the law of revenge.

In the year 1806 a great assembly was held in this place to consider whether Iceland should follow the worship of Christ or the worship of Odin and Thor.

Christian Science in New York

BY WM. ALLEN JOHNSON IN BROADWAY MAGAZINE

The following quotation from Mr. Johnson's article gives a good idea of the advance of Christian Science in New York City. It is a masterly review of the life account provided of a great religiousist.

MUCH as being pointed to-day for and against the theory and practice of Christian Science. It is variously called—a "heresy," and a "blessing"; a "fad" and "an established religion." Out of the clamor two great truths are self-evident: first, that Christian Science has become a mighty power, and secondly, that some millions of the best citizens of America evidence a need and hunger for just what it does, whatever this may be and however it may be done.

Christian Science has had its greatest, most difficult, and most interesting development in New York City, and the Broadway Magazine presents in this article some significant facts attendant upon the rise and growth of the six New York churches. We have conducted our investigation with care, thoroughness and a spirit of impartiality. We believe that none of the truth about Christian Science should be known, and that the thinking man or woman ought to and will be glad to know just what the precepts of Christian Science are and what they aim to accomplish.

Twenty years ago a lone woman came to New York to help plant the seed of a new faith. She had no resources other than her own, few friends, and but a handful of helpees, most of whom were women. They, too, were strangers in New York.

I say that this woman had no resources—she had a single great idea, an idea! The exponent of a new idea has always a hard road to travel to success; but this woman had a harder one. She was a stranger in a strange city; but that was not her greatest handicap. The idea she came to exploit was opposed in precept not alone to orthodox religion, but to the theory and practice of medicine, as upheld and firmly established throughout this city and this country

and among the millions on the civilized world.

A handful of women against millions of unbelievers! New faith and new theory against those established by the study and practice of ages and reckoned by old and mighty prejudice! The unknown and untried against the known and accepted. Limited personal means against organized wealth! And what is it that happened?

Twenty years ago this woman preached from a cushion-covered dry goods box, in a dusty, barren hall over "Gawell & Masser's" drug store at 578 Fifth Avenue. Her loyal helpees were three, and a few recruits, chance acquaintances gathered here and there, who came in wonderment, and sat upon benches and improvised chairs. The preacher was unknown to fame. She and her few associates were trifling and uninteresting atoms in the life of a great city. The trend of whose thought ran counter to theirs and their belief, and whose attitude toward the stranger within its gates was, as a rule, indifferent, if not positively hostile.

To-day, at the northwest corner of Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West, if you happen there Wednesday or Sunday evening or Sunday morning, you will note a block-long line of handsome automobiles and carriages waiting before a magnified church that cost one and one-quarter millions of dollars.

This is the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, and the woman who built it is Miss Augusta E. Stebbins, the teacher who was sent to New York by Mary Baker G. Eddy from the "Mother" church in Boston. Mrs. Stebbins now occupies the large, beautiful residence directly back of the church.

Further down Central Park West, at Sixty-eighth Street, is another handsome edifice, erected at a cost of five hundred and twenty-five thousand dol-

lers. This is the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, organized by Mrs. Laura Lathrop, a woman of unusual ability and a most interesting personality.

There are fast more churches of Christ, Scientist, in Manhattan, two in Brooklyn, and one in Staten Island. They have scarcely four thousand members, but their seating capacity and standing rooms are constantly taxed to their utmost, and it is estimated that there are fully fifty thousand followers of this faith in New York City, in all the country there are nearly one hundred Christian Science churches. Their total membership is only eighty thousand, but their worshippers are legion, and comprise the most prominent and successful industrial, professional, and commercial men in the United States.

The First Church, its most loyal members hasten to explain, is first in establishment only. It is the largest and most easily edified, but each of the others is of equal importance. They were founded simply in response to the call from the various sections of the city which evidenced a need for them. This spirit of equality and humility is a rightly spread doctrine of Christian Science. There are no leaders. The smallest church, the humblest member of the congregation each has equal claims to respect.

Heute is a church which in external beauty is not surpassed by any of the magnificent, time-worn cathedrals of the old world. And one woman, a pupil of another woman at Concord, Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, built it all out of a dry goods box!

Mrs. Stetson is a most remarkable woman—possessing a great mental, splendid energy, and a strength of character such as is only found in those who actually make epochs in the world's history. She has the air of one who has the courage of her convictions. Her features are handsome, yet rugged, and chiselled finely with the lines of great decision and unbreakable reserve power. She is the kind of woman who will defend what she believes to be the truth, no matter how long it takes or what

obstacles or difficulties may happen or be thrust in her way.

Mrs. Lathrop came to New York from a little town in Illinois in 1885. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister, and when she entered Christian Science was, like Mrs. Eddy, a confirmed invalid. She is now a woman of sixty-eight years, of good height and figure. Her hair is snow-white and attractively worn. She has large, brilliant dark eyes, a pleasant voice and manner, unusual personal magnetism, and is in every way a most charming woman to meet. Such a woman could gain some converts in almost any cause. Her son, John Lathrop, an athletic, clean-cut, face-looking man of less than thirty years of age, is first reader in the Second Church.

Mrs. Stetson was a young woman when she first came to New York. The added years she bears remarkably well. Her hair is brown and undyed with grey, her manner and general appearance are youthful. She is most kindly and gracious, and is greatly beloved and respected by the church. She is quick of speech and talks easily and fearlessly. Mrs. Stetson is also a writer of some note, and has published one volume of her poems. She wrote the words of the beautiful anthem, "Love Watches Over All."

"I had but two acquaintances when I arrived in New York," she said. "They were friends of Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, and I had met them the previous summer in the White Mountains. General Westworth, of the Laurel hotel, introduced them to me. I had given them treatments. I had been teaching and practicing Christian Science for two years in Boston before I came to New York. I also occasionally supplied the pulpit of the Mother Church. Public speaking was not new to me. I had often lectured and had graduated from a school of oratory in Boston before I became a student of Mrs. Eddy. I had also travelled many times about the world, accompanying my husband upon his business trips. He was a ship-broker at Havre.

"My converts came at first, as do all our many converts now, through the practical evidences of healing. I began

healing at once, and the patients I cured brought other sufferers, and so the numbers grew. It is true, and this only, that has made the Church of Christ, Scientist—open, self-evident results. We ask the world to judge Christian Science by its fruits alone, and by our claims.

"Many of those whom I cured became healers themselves and added us in the practice of Christian Science. We were greatly handicapped then. The present resources of the church enable us to carry on this work with increasingly greater success. I can not recall the number of patients who came to us the first year; but there were not many. Last year in this one church alone—First Church—over forty-three thousand persons visited the reading-rooms of the church. Where are the patients treated? Come and I will show you."

Ordinarily there are few men present in the reading-rooms. But Saturday afternoon you will find here a crowd of men from all walks of life and all avenues of activity in this great city—brokers and financiers from Wall Street, manufacturers and merchants from mid-Manhattan, men of the professions, including some men from the editorial sanctuaries of our great newspapers, men at the heads of our leading industrial and commercial enterprises. They seem to prefer the tasteful, spiritual atmosphere of these rooms to the atmosphere of the Saturday afternoon markets.

Opening of the reading-room on either side are the healers' rooms. Healing is done simply by the application of thought-force directed by the practitioner of Christian Science upon the mind of the patient. Thought-force, its power and its applications to the spiritual, mental and physical life of humanity, make up the fundamental idea of Christian Science. An exposition of this theory is given by the practitioner and passages are read from "Science and Health." Often the thorough appreciation by the patient of a single phrase or sentence in the text-book will bring about, so Christian Scientists claim, that elevation and balance of mind which are essential to and can effect a cure. No distinction is made as to the

nature of any case. Mental and bodily ills and diseases of all kinds are treated in the same way. Absent treatment may be had, and is often, it is claimed, fully as efficacious.

Healing may be practised by any Christian Scientist who has been thoroughly instructed in the principles of Christian Science. This instruction is generally given to dozens of students by a graduate of the Metaphysical College in Boston. As a matter of fact much healing is practised outside of these rooms and universally by those who do not call themselves regular healers.

As we opened the door of Mrs. Stetson's room a faint, silvery tinkling of chimes began and lasted for several moments. There was a small harpsichord with tiny pendant balls affixed to the inner side of the door. This room is larger than the others, but betrays the same sense and idea of decoration. Here again, standing out unmistakably from the four walls of the room, was the reflected mentality of its occupant—to add a double force to the spirit of her teaching. And so in each of the healers' rooms the very atmosphere helps to elevate the patient above the sense of physical and mental suffering into a condition of well-being, what shall we call it? Thousands of patients call it health and peace of mind. Charles Kins, the playwright, says in a recent article that it was "happiness far beyond my wildest dreams."

Later, as I stood looking from the front balcony toward the magnificent and expansive rotunda of First Church I was told how it was built. Some twelve hundred members subscribed the sum of over nine hundred thousand dollars and paid it as much as it was needed. Then it was decided to add to the beauty and substantiality of the edifice, to make it great and enduring, and one afternoon Mrs. Stetson arose and asked this same congregation to give three hundred and fifty thousand dollars more! The church was then finished inside; the comparatively small congregation was sitting in chairs and improvised pews. One man arose and offered one hundred thousand. Another said, as quietly, that he would give fifty thou-

and more, and before they all left the church that evening the entire additional amount was completed in sums ranging from fifty cents up—and paid in!

It is a rule in Christian Science that no church shall be defalcated until it is paid for. There are no mortgages.

"Who," I asked, "are the prominent New Yorkers who are Christian Scientists?" I myself know of William D. Baldwin, president of the Otis Elevator Company; Charles E. Fugley, president of the Jettie National Bank; Colonel Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Charles Klein, the author and playwright; Henry D. Estlinbrook, the well-known attorney who are some others? New Yorkers want names?"

"No names are given out from the church," I was quickly informed. "Christian Science is still new and misunderstood. The public still stings its shoulders in doubt, and many are contemptuous, so, in deference to the many gentlemen in high and responsible places of public trust, we say nothing of their connection with us, in order that they, too, may not be misunderstood. But," I was further informed and in the same quiet, confident manner, "New York would marvel if it knew them all!"

"The charge is made frequently that you appeal only to the rich," I myself have noticed that most members of your congregation are richly dressed. They come in carriages and motor cars. You very church breathes affluence. You have no missionaries. You make no effort to go after the poor—Your books, which make the basis of your faith, are expensive. Does all this bar the poor from your doors?"

"Again, is not this theory true? Christian Science appeals primarily to the dissatisfied. Dissatisfied persons are, in nine cases out of ten, egoists, people with fancied ills; and egoists are found most greatly among the leisure classes, people who have too much time for self-investigation, who do not forget themselves in working for a living, in other words, the well-to-do, the classes with large incomes?"

The text-books of Christian Science are open to the public of New York,

absolutely free of charge. Reading-rooms and loan libraries, bright, cheery, cleanly, comfortable places, are open to all, at Twenty-third and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth streets. Members of the church are regularly in attendance to answer questions and give any advisory assistance asked for.

"The Christian Science Church does not support missions," I was told. "Its missionary work is done at its own doors. Its theory of charity is that of rushing one to obtain and hold positions that prevent the necessity of charity. We enable the poor to help themselves and not ask for alms. The greater charity, says Mrs. Eddy, is that which shows one how not to need charity."

"Yes, Christian Science does get its converts from the ranks of the dissatisfied, but they have suffered from physical as well as mental ills. Voluntary statistics are steadily being compiled, giving in each of the many thousands the respecting affidavits of the patients, showing a physician's diagnosis of a malignant disease, and the patient's testimony of complete cure, through Christian Science."

"Why are these not published?" I asked.

"The time is not yet ripe. They would not be believed. We are reserving them, and will publish them when they will do us most good. We do not wish to waste their force."

Christian Science is too great a phenomenon alone to be lightly treated. This faith deserves and demands the most careful investigation and alibiage at least until such investigation has been made. The matter at issue is not so much, it would seem, in the Christian Science Church in the wrong, but rather, how nearly right is it? If it doesn't hit the truth, does it hit at all? Is it at least a move in the right direction? The truth is undeniable that it is already a potent factor in making humanity better and happier.

The mid-week meetings of a single Christian Science Church in New York—the First, for instance—attract more people every Wednesday evening than do any one hundred of all the other ecclesiastical denominations put together.

On Sundays, when bad weather makes the other churches half-deserted, every Church of Christian Science in New York is crowded to the doors. These are not only astounding facts but most pertinent ones.

Herein lies the strength of Christian Science. It couples faith in God and His teachings with the problems of every-day activity. It is a week-day, work-day faith, a mental, bodily and business help, not alone a Sunday religion. It is ever-present in the mind of the individual, not delivered in pellets on stated occasions.

At the close of the mid-week service one Wednesday evening recently I met Charles Klein, the noted playwright-author, "I am almost totally ignorant of the principles of Christian Science, Mr. Klein," said I, "but I am greatly interested. I had given your religion only casual interest, till I took it up for Broadway."

"Well, I came from Broadway to Christian Science, myself," said Mr. Klein, laughingly, "only I came here not for, but in spite of Broadway. And I have only one objection to the church—they won't let me come here every night."

"But, after all," he continued, "there's the spirit of Broadway here. I mean Broadway the street, as it typifies this great city, which in turn typifies the New World—progress, discovery, mental and physical evolution, in short, the spirit of the twentieth century, the determination to get at the real gist of things and then apply them to a practical end."

"After all is said," said he, earnestly, "there's something to this, isn't there?" And as I thought of the remarkable church service I was forced to answer: "Yes, there is!"

Just before the final hymn was sung, several testimonies were given of marvelous cures by Christian Science mind-healing. To me they were simply unbelievable, and I so expressed myself candidly to Mr. Klein.

"There are many things we do not understand," said he, "Take this ball of mud we live upon. It's round and whirling ahead and around faster than a Masser bullet; yet we seem to stick on pretty

well. I haven't heard of any people falling off. And the man who first told us about it, we put down as a fool and fanatic."

"Christian Science is the modernist triangle of religion; its principles are as indisputable and its corollaries follow as inevitably as do the laws of bones and members."

"One of the greatest reforms enacted by Christian Science in my opinion is this: 'It has unloosed the Bible,' and—ed a prominent New York lawyer, who was standing near. "I have you ever read your Bible through? No, nor did I. Now it's my business guide. I apply its truths each day. I read it as eagerly as a young girl reads a novel. It is filled with most interest and practical value. Christian Science has applied it to my life, and now I can't get along without it."

In the congregation this night I had pointed out to me David Bismarck, the well-known barrister, and Winney Nockledge, the tenor; William Morris, the comedian; H. Clay Barnaby, the famous "Bostonian"; Mary Ellen Leane, the lecturer; and Clara Louise Burdett, the author.

"Christian Science," said one of these men, "gives a business man that peace of mind, mental peace, freedom from worry, which are absolutely essential to business or professional success. To me it is all in all, an every-day, ever-present, practical help."

"But, you must understand, the influence of Christian Science doesn't end with the individual. It goes away beyond the unit of society. Just as it soothes and tranquillizes the individual, so it will also harmonize the great social strata to which he belongs, bringing peace and unity where now misunderstanding and discord prevail."

"Christian Science will, I firmly believe, do more to unite labor troubles in America than any political influence which may be brought to bear. Then, as its work becomes international, it will help clear away the clouds and dissolve the bitterness and distrust that now exists between the nations. If the world Christian Science, you may be

sure, will be a prime mover in promoting world-wide peace. It is inevitable."

"Let me give concrete facts. We Christian Scientists like to give them in every instance. In April an important peace conference will be held in New York, preliminary to the Hague Tribunal. Great men will attend it from all over the world. It is a big gathering, and the Hague conference this year, representing every independent state from Abyssinia to Norway, will bear much fruit. Did you know that this movement has been largely helped along by several Christian Scientists and that we have always vigorously supported it and are now aiding it individually and as a church?"

"If Christian Science will make leading citizens and successful men out of murderous anarchists it ought to regulate the masses and heal their differences. It will do this by regulating the individual. Most great and abiding reforms arise in just this way, and this is the only way. The moment you begin to deal with people in 'classes' and 'masses' you are in the best possible way to defeat the end you seek. Go after

the individual, and make him satisfied. Individual happiness and prosperity make national and international peace."

As I listened Sunday morning in First Church to the selected readings from the Scriptures and their logical paraphrasing from "Science and Health," the calm, measured intonations of the readers sent each home with added force—and a new meaning. They applied the Bible to every-day life and offered its teachings as a guide for the morrow, for Monday and for work! This was the dominant spirit. The voice of the first reader as he concluded sounded far away—"the spirit is real and infinite"—"matter is eternal and temporal"—"God is love, truth"—Amen! I was thinking of the wonderfully pertinent and far-reaching application of this religion to the working hours of the day, the hours that make a man, and his place in society. And then, as I turned and looked into the calm, happy faces of the worshippers near me and read the unmistakable answer there, I was forced to admit against all prejudice: "At heart, this wonderful religion helps!"

The man who accomplishes things believes in himself, has a positive character and is not afraid of any obstacle. Those who stand for negation never accomplish any great undertaking. The world calls for men of nerve, men of action, men with confidence who dare and do.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear.

ARMY AND NAVY

The Luxury of War.....World To-day
The Mexican War, R. McElroy.....Metropolitan
United States Marine Corps.....Metropolitan
With Lincoln in 1865. J. Barnes.....Appleton's
First Squadron Cruise of the Naval Militia.....Appleton's

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Work of Mr. West. A. Baldry.....Studio
Designs in Domestic Architecture.....Studio
Museum Collection at Louvre Museum. H. Francis.....Studio
Color Blindness. E. A. Ayers, M.D.....Century
Copper and Brass Repose Work. Priestman.....Am. Homes and Gardens
Bronzes Three Thousand Years Old. Dr. Lauffer.....Craftsman
Parchon of Painted Desert. F. Monahan.....Craftsman
Photography, An Emotional Art. G. Edgerton.....Craftsman
Pittsburg, Home of Fine Arts. F. Fowler.....Am. Rev. of Rev's
Art of Mr. F. Youmans. A. Chester.....Windsor
The Stencil and Its Possibilities. A. Holton.....Ladies' Home Journal
Arts and Crafts in America. C. DeKay.....Putnam's

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

Coffee Culture in Mexico. J. D. Cook.....World To-day
Easter Flower Market of New York. W. Fitzgerald.....Am. Homes
Boston Auto and Boat Show. N. Warren.....Fore 'n' Aft
Chicago's Annual Boat Show. H. Shaw.....Fore 'n' Aft
Romance of Steel and Iron in America. H. N. Cresson.....Mansey's
The Electric Power Supply of London. C. S. Veasy-Brown.....Condor's
Gold Supply and Cotton Press. T. Prior.....Moody's
Soldier Posing of a Mother Town. L. Bartlett.....Pacific Monthly
Savings Bank Innovation. A. Kellogg.....Moody's
Quickening of Nevada. C. J. Blanchard.....Pacific Monthly
Sizing Up People. O. S. Marden.....Success Magazine
Packingtown To-day. S. Mathews.....World To-day
Mining the World's Diamonds. W. Fitz-Gerald.....World To-day
Ten Million Dollar World's Fair. F. Merriek.....Overland Monthly
What Business Means to Me. A. Carnegie.....System

Fifty-five Years in Business. H. Cleveland.....	System
The Battlefields of Business.....	System
Establishing a Mail Order Business.....	System

CHILDREN.

Fight to Save the Children. A. J. McKeay.....	World To-day
The Cradle a School? The Nursery a University.....	Good Housekeeping
How to Develop Character in Children.....	Education

EDUCATION.

Autobiography of a College Professor. H. Rolfe.....	World's Work
Traveling Libraries. G. Reynolds.....	Craftsman
Letters From School. Prof. E. G. Taylor.....	Reader
Essays on Life and Character. M. W.....	Irish Monthly
Is Literature Dying? H. Paul.....	Contemporary Review
Secondary Education in England. M. Husband.....	Empire Review
Departmental Organization of Schools. Prof. Saelen.....	Education
Doctor in the School. J. C. Comm.....	American Monthly Review of Reviews
Educational Outlook. O. H. Lang.....	Forum
Russian Students. Prince Kropotkin.....	Wisdom
Literature and Statesmanship.....	Putnam's
Japanese School Question. J. Hershey.....	Popular Science Review
Commercial Value of University Education.....	Ed. Times
The Function of the Public School. G. Gay.....	Education
School Administration. J. Williamson.....	Education
The German Teacher. G. Hall.....	New England Magazine
Confessions of a Spelling Reformer.....	Atlantic

FICTION.

Complete stories.....	
A Toothless Saw. C. B. Falls.....	Collier's
Sam and Rags With the Silver Bow. C. Stewart.....	Century
The American Heretic Co. P. Browne.....	Sinuous
Victor's Waterloo. A. Morrison.....	Metropolitan
Moyett Mystery. Dr. Hopkins.....	Lippincott's
The Fiction of Quality.....	Lippincott's
Little Thoughts on Big Things. E. Hildred.....	Lippincott's
Findings of the Crown. H. Walsh.....	Irish Monthly
My Link With Robespierre. J. Hanson.....	Irish Monthly
The Mistaken Man. V. Rosseton.....	McClure's
Brother in Arms. G. Richmond.....	McClure's
Diary of an Amateur Waitress. W. Younger.....	McClure's
As a Man Sees. G. Lennett.....	Popular
Where Friendship Ceases. A. Chisholm.....	Popular
Man Who Was Dead. A. Marshment.....	Popular
The Mine War. C. Bourke.....	Popular
Tracer of Lost Persons. R. Chambers.....	Idler
Miss Primrose and the Patient. M. Cooke.....	Idler
Quests of Paul Beck. E. Prester.....	Moyal
Singers' Heart. G. Oliver.....	Royal
Soldier of Paul. G. Morgan.....	Pacific Monthly
Modern's Wild Intest. E. Wood.....	Pacific Monthly
The Home Penman. J. Smith.....	Red Book
The Laughs of Chico. F. Stealy.....	Red Book
An Amateur. W. Maxwell.....	Windsor
Brigandage of Commerce. Ian MacLaren.....	Windsor
Burdley Stelmie's Story. M. Williams.....	All-Story
Voice in the Dark. K. Deakley.....	All-Story
Stories of Real Railroad Men.....	Railroad Man's
Peril of the Palatine. E. Franklin.....	Argosy
When a Man's Hungry. B. Lehar.....	Argosy
Opportunity's Knock. J. Dunn, Jr.....	Argosy

In Search of an Atmosphere. H. Smiley.....	Argosy
The Second Engagement. A. Sholl.....	Murray's
Kate Sterling. Cowley. S. R. Mylen.....	Woman
Serial Stories.....	
The Third Hand. A. Stronger.....	Saturday Evening Post
Come and Find Me. E. Robins.....	Century
Revel of Cellars. H. MacGraith.....	Reader
The Moyett Mystery. N. Hopkins.....	Lippincott's

FOR THE WORKERS.

Opportunity No Loggards. E. Hubbard.....	Human Life
Lamenting Opportunity. J. Collier.....	Saturday Evening Post
Penny Foolish and Pound Wise.....	Canada First
Worry, Drugs and Drink. Dr. Salsbery.....	Canadian Magazine
Young Man's Point of View.....	Young Man
Can a Man Be a Christian on Cl a Week.....	Young Man
Food and Their Money. F. Fawcett.....	Success Magazine

HEALTH.

Nature's Guide to Health. Dr. L. H. Grubb.....	Am. Review of Reviews
Reflections on Hygiene. J. Appell.....	World To-day
Testing for Health in Deeds. E. Elliott.....	World To-day
Happiness and Health. Dr. Corliss.....	Good Housekeeping

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

Ten Thousand Acres of Seed Farms. W. Harwood.....	World's Work
Farm Book-keeping.....	Farming
Great Value of Co-operation. E. Wilcox.....	Farming
Opportunities of Western Farming. W. R. Lightfoot.....	Farming
Garden of Hardy Flowers. E. Revford.....	House and Garden
Landscape Garden on Small Scale. M. Durling.....	House and Garden
The Herb Garden. H. Morris.....	House and Garden
Rhododendrons. F. Duncan.....	Country Life
April Days. John Barroughs.....	Country Life
System on the Farm. John W. Hanson.....	Country Life
Vines for Twenty Purposes. W. Pendleton.....	Country Life
Selecting and Planting Fruit Trees. G. Reuward.....	Country Life
Points for Amateur Flower Growers.....	Can. Horticulturist
Turning Field Stones to Good Account. L. Warren.....	Schubert's
Canadian Farm. C. K. Goldie.....	Empire Review
New Agriculture. W. Gifford.....	Chamber's Journal
How Clover is Fertilized. E. Finlayson.....	Pearson's
Notable American Homes. B. Ferres.....	Am. Homes and Gardens
Evolution of American Greenhouses.....	Am. Homes and Gardens
Aquatics in House Garden. Wm. Tricker.....	Suburban Life
Birds in the Garden. P. Humphreys.....	Suburban Life
Ways of Beautifying Home Garden. E. Fullerton.....	Schubert's
Developments in Plant-growing. G. Nuttall.....	Fortnightly Review
How L. Barham Creates New Flowers. W. Harwood.....	

Ladies' House Journal.....	Ladies' House Journal
What To Do in the Garden in May. F. Duncan.....	Ladies' House Journal
Make Money Growing Weeds. E. Clark.....	Trusted World

HUMOROUS.

The Deputy. B. Sinclair.....	Lippincott's
That Dead of Dorset's. W. Moberg.....	Lippincott's
Jimmy Emmence. Watchmakers. C. Cunningham.....	Lippincott's
The Westminster Zoo. L. Van der Veer.....	Pearson's
Red-Fox Dungen. H. M. Hyde.....	Red Book
Mark Twain and His Double. R. Burdick.....	Ladies' House Journal
The Great Tangle. J. Bellfield.....	Lippincott's

Century of Steam Navigation. J. Speers. *Atlantic*
 Future of Transportation. A. Ford. *Metropolitan*
 Railroad Accidents. F. Dixon. *Atlantic*
 The People and the Railway. E. Riley. *System*

RELIGION

The Socialized Church. M. Cranston. *Craftsman*
 Problem of Old Testament. Prof. Peake. *Contemporary Review*
 Quest in Christian Morals. Prof. McManus. *Contemporary Review*
 Experiences in Theology. A. Fairbairn. *Contemporary Review*
 Christianity of Christian Science. S. Moss. *Success Magazine*
 Aim of New Theology Movement. *Herbert Journal*
 Aim of New Catholic Movement. *Herbert Journal*
 Theology of "The Average Man." *Herbert Journal*
 Ecclesiastical Position in Scotland. *Gentleman's Magazine*
 Christianity in Japan. K. Asakawa. *Atlantic*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Solving the Mystery of Life. E. Brewster. *World's Work*
 Submarine and Its Enemies. Captain Mahan. *Collier's*
 Channel Tunnel. Jas. Knowles. *Electric*
 Waste Gases as a Source of Power. F. Jung. *Collier's*
 Modern Gas Outfit Machinery. J. Horner. *Collier's*
 Science Happo. Japonesque. *Chambers's Journal*
 Moving Mountains. J. Chapple. *National*
 Money Market. J. Ryan. *Money's*
 Applied Science. H. Sigbee. *Forum*
 The Call of the Sky. H. Littlehale. *American Inventor*
 China's Awakening. *American Inventor*
 New Wheel of Power. C. Carter. *Technical Power*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Motor Boating on Lake Ontario. A. Partridge. *For 'n' Aft*
 Games on an Open Lawn. W. Fitz-Gerald. *Travel*
 College Athletics. C. Macmillan. *Canadian Magazine*
 Fishing and Hunting in North Ontario. F. Garrell. *Rod and Gun*
 Fishing on Lake Minniewanka. *Rod and Gun*
 American Yachts in 1907. A. Aldridge. *Recreation*
 Royal Trout Fishing. E. A. Bradford. *Rod and Gun*
 Sports in Land of The Pharoahs. Wyndham. *Recreation*
 Motor Boating. F. Crane. *Recreation*
 Hunting the Kangaroo. F. Haverhill. *Recreation*
 Principles of Golf and Cricket. H. Beldam. *Badminton*
 Prospects of Polo. A. Custer. *Badminton*
 The Coming Cricket Season. Sir H. Gordon. *Badminton*

THE STAGE.

Modernizing the Greek Theatre. F. H. Getzold. *World To-day*
 Antics in Plays That Have Never Pleased. W. White. *Munsey's*
 Our Overdressed Drama. A. Dale. *Cosmopolitan*
 Downs of American Drama. J. Coburn. *Atlantic*

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Books on Geography and Travel. C. Adams. *World's Work*
 Rheims Cathedral. E. R. Pennell. *Century*
 Under Winesap From a Cause. W. H. Piggott. *For 'n' Aft*
 Through the Malay Jungle. M. C. Gwyn. *Electric*
 Year in Capri. Julian Street. *Travel*
 By-ways of London. A. McC. S. *Travel*
 Walking Telp in Wales. J. Marks. *Travel*
 Tramping in the Alps. C. Hamilton. *Travel*

Future of Adirondack National Park. *Rod and Gun*
 Fine Tourist Region. *Rod and Gun*
 Wanderings About New Britain. L. Beebe. *Chambers's Journal*
 Tour in Syria. Lord Gower. *Chambers's Journal*
 Floating Shipyards. *Chambers's Journal*
 Life on the Canal Zone. J. Chapple. *National*
 Idler in Arcady. T. Edwards. *Idler*
 Strange Pilgrimage. Rev. Devins. *Royal*
 What the Jamestown Fair Will Celebrate. G. Hodges.
 British Columbia Sportsman Land. *Ladies' Home Journal*
 North-eastern Rhodesia. *Geo. Journal*
 A New Island in the Bay of Bengal. *Geo. Journal*
 The Spirit of St. Petersburg. T. Dalton. *Electric Magazine*
 A Day in Howell's "Boy's Town." *New England Magazine*

WOMAN AND THE HOME

An Artist's Home. G. Mitchell. *Home and Garden*
 Small House Which is Good. *Home and Garden*
 Housekeeper's Need of the Ballet. M. Warren. *World To-day*
 Kitchens of Olden Time. E. Singleton. *Am. Homes and Gardens*
 What a Householder Should Know. A. Berg. *Suburban Life*
 Swede Girls for Canadian Homes. M. Spafford. *Can. Magazine*
 Woman's Movement. F. Bright. *Farthingly Review*
 The Woman Beautiful. A. Pressell. *Royal*
 Where Girls With Talent Are Wanted. A. O'Hagan. *Woman*
 Public Service Heroines. *Woman*
 Dorothy Dix on Life. A. Patterson. *Woman*
 Ideas of a Country Woman. *Ladies' Home Journal*
 \$2,000 House Built by a Woman. *Good Housekeeping*
 Real Social Secretaries. C. Cunningham. *Home Magazine*

If you are thorough and industrious, you are sure to be necessary, and when you are that you have started on the road to success.

It is much easier not to begin a bad course than to stop when begun.—Tillotson.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



Business

BUSINESS SUCCESS. By G. G. Miller. (New York: The Moody Corporation. Net, 50 cents.) A practical book of suggestion and advice to business men on matters which will help them towards a successful career. Contains chapters on the ethical aspect of business, 20th century business, starting business, selecting and paying employees, etc.

MODERN PENMANSHIP. By C. L. Rickman and G. F. Herford. (Chicago: Laird and Lee. Cloth, \$1.) This book contains a series of plates of various styles of lettering and writing as used in modern offices, etc., with 40 lessons on penmanship. There are, in addition, chapters on the origin of penmanship, penmanship and writing; how to learn and how to teach penmanship.

DIRECTORY OF DIRECTORS IN CANADA. By W. R. Houston. (New York: The Moody Corporation. Net \$5.) A directory of the directors of all kinds of corporations in the Dominion of Canada, arranged alphabetically.

THE GOLD SUPPLY AND PROSPERITY. By Byron W. Holt. (New York: The Moody Corporation. Net, \$1.)

The increasing supply of gold is constantly advancing the selling price of all commodities, or what is the same thing, deprecating the value of the dollar. The aspects of this problem are presented in this book by a number of writers, fitted by training and experience to elucidate the subject. This work will be of inestimable value not only to the investor and speculator, but to every business man in whatever line.

Fiction

CHECK TO THE KING. By Maurice Gerard. (Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., \$1.50.) A thrilling romance of over two centuries ago, when plot, intrigue and sword-play filled the serious moments of life, and love and idle ease the rest. The story hinges on that interesting period in English history, when the people, tired of the oppression of James II., were about to welcome the arrival of William and Mary. A delightful feature is the account of a charming young woman's intrigues for William of Orange.

CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY. THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND. By John T. McCutcheon. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, \$1.25.) This book by the cartoonist of the Chicago



Our Spring Importations of
Genuine

Oriental RUGS

Have just arrived and are cordially invited to
bring them to you as an early visit

Goods sent on approval to any part of
Canada.

SEND FOR PRICE CATALOGUE

GOURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

Oriental Art Importers

40 KING STREET EAST,

TORONTO

Carpet Your Floors With Oak

Will last longer than a
dozen carpets, look hand-
somer, and are immeasur-
ably more sanitary.

Write for our catalogue
of designs.

ELLIOTT & SON

LIMITED

79 King St. W., TORONTO

The Embellishment of a Home

depends very largely upon its
Mantels and Fireplace Fixings.

See that yours are right

We are specialists in this
class of work; also Wall and
Floor Tiling



IMPORTED ENGLISH FIREPLACE

The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.

97 Yonge Street, Toronto

(Gerhard Heintzman Bldg.)

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

Tribune presents a graphic description of the masses and pitfalls lying in the path of the unwary Congressman. Congressman E. J. Humphrey, of Minnesota, upon leaving his native hamlet for Washington, vows that the country shall be made too hot for anyone in the shape of a smart to live in. But, alas! When he reaches the capital he speedily succumbs to all manner of corporate interests, and in particular to the wiles of a certain charming and wealthy lady who wants some legislation put through.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING. First Folio Edition, Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 75 cents; limp leather, gilt top, \$1.) This is the twelfth volume in this scholarly little edition of Shakespeare. The editors reprint the original first folio of 1623 exactly, reserving corrections and suggestions for footnotes.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT. By Dorothea Price Hughes (Toronto: Wm. Briggs, \$1.25.) A well-written story, both clean and wholesome and possessing considerable literary merit. The lesson conveyed by the book is that no good influence is ever lost. Through all the vicissitudes of life there is a guiding light by which humanity is led along the path of obedience and service into that divine freedom which truth alone confers. A book which may be commended as both interesting and instructive.

JEWISH MAIDEN, A. By J. Dempster (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferner, Cloth 2 shillings net.) The sub-title of this book is "Flockings Before the Dawn." By that is meant certain events in the lives of a few people a short time before the crucifixion of Christ. A Roman Senator has in his household as a governess to his daughter, a Jewish maiden called Claudia. She suddenly leaves the household and returns to the home of her cousin in Jerusalem, who is the custodian of certain funds left by her uncle for the use of the Christ when he should come.

Miscellaneous.

SOME CITIES AND SAN FRANCISCO. By Hubert Howe Bancroft (New York: The Bancroft Company Cloth.) This is an interesting little 64-page book comparing the city of San Francisco with other cities, both ancient and modern. It contains an eloquent argument for the beautification of cities in general and San Francisco in particular. In view of the present general tendency towards civic improvement this book as a valuable addition to the literature on the subject. Typographically also it is a very fine little book, being bound in stiff cloth boards with an elegant design embossed in gold, and being printed on heavy unglazed paper in clear type.

FIGHTING ON THE CONGO. By Herbert Strang (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Cloth, \$1.50.) A stirring tale of a boy's life on the upper Congo, showing how rubber is collected by the unfortunate natives, for companies who have been delegated powers from the Government. Mr. Martindale, a wealthy American, and his young nephew, Jack, go prospecting on the Congo, and take a village of natives under their protection. This involves them in a dispute with the authorities which brings out the fighting qualities of Jack, who is in command, his uncle having died. Jack and his followers invariably outwit the company's agent and finally destroy his camp and capture all his supplies.

AMERICAN IDEA, THE. By Lydia Kingsmill (New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.) The title of this book does not imply that there is only one idea in America. It deals with the problems brought into prominence by President Roosevelt, the solution of race studies. The writer does not pretend to offer any solution of the problem, her aim being to bring the facts before the public, which aim is very ably accomplished. The position, industrially, of modern women is dealt with at some length, and the cause of the small farmer among Americans is made very clear.

FOR ABSOLUTE ACCURACY

in all mathematical calculations, and for the saving of time, you ought to use

The New Model \$150

COMPTOMETER



You cannot realize how valuable a Comptometer will be in your own business, until you try it and to prove its worth, we will gladly arrange

to place a machine in your office on trial, where you can test it in actual operation as you probably tested the typewriter before you realized its usefulness in your business.

Marshall Field & Co., Carnegie Steel Co., the U. S. Navy, the Western Electric Co., and other commercial houses use from 25 to 250 Comptometers daily—the positive proof of their superiority.

Write for pamphlet and special trial offer for the U. S. or Canada. Let us send you a machine express paid for a short trial. In this way orders are daily proving to be a success.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 50 E. Illinois St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Increase Your Knowledge

Every man should possess a library of books dealing with his profession, trade, or business. We can furnish the best works on any subject; write us saying what subject you desire information on and we will furnish you with particulars of the best works pertaining to it.

Knowledge is Power

TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Humor in the Magazines

SOME years ago there was a political campaign in Illinois in which a certain candidate was so certain of his election as sheriff that he actually arranged for the distribution of the subordinate offices that were to come under him. Some one was telling "Uncle Joe" Cannon of this. The grizzled veteran of many a political battle smiled and observed:

"I trust our friend's case will not be like that of a man I knew in Indiana. This fellow went on a hunting-trip accompanied by his faithful retriever. Things went on finely up to a certain point; then the expedition suddenly ended in disaster. The dog undertook to jump over a deep well in two jumps."

"Do I understand you proper?" asked the alias of the insurance agent. "If I pay you five shillings and I have a fire, you will pay me two hundred pounds?"

"That is it exactly," said the other triumphantly.

"Vat! Two hundred pounds for five shillings!" repeated the foreigner, growing very suspicious. "I have a fire one night, and you come de next day and give me two hundred pounds?"

"Oh, no. We first ask some questions to find out how the fire was caused, and make you write down exactly what was burnt, so that we—"

A gentleman entered a bookseller's shop in Dublin and requested the bookseller to bind a valuable work he had in superior style.

"And how will you have it done?" was the query. "In Russia?"

"In Russia? Certainly not."

"In Morocco, then?" continued the shopkeeper.

"No, neither in Russia nor Morocco," rejoined the patriot, "if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookseller over the way."

When the railway passenger awoke, he found himself at a station many miles beyond his real destination. Calling the guard, he exclaimed angrily: "Look here; why didn't you wake me up at B—, as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station."

"I did try, sir, but all I could get from you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

A patient in a hospital had to be fed on a daily diet of eggs and port wine. His physician asked him how he liked it.

"It would be all right, doctor," he said. "If the egg was as new as the port and the port as old as the egg."

In a small town in the West of Scotland the local barber (who is a little addicted to the cup that cheers) was one day sharing the parish minister.

While applying the razor he was so perverse that he made a slip and cut the minister's chin.

The minister, thinking the time was now ripe to say a word against drink, said in a reproachful voice:

"Ah, John, it's an awful thing, the drink!"

"It's a' that," replied John. "It makes the skin wonderful tender!"

The public is invited to sympathize with a quiet and retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded Chicago street car when a maternal woman entered.

Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seizing herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the furthest end of the car:

"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet, "I—I fear I am not deserving of such an honor."

"What do you mean?" shrieked the

South African Calabash Pipes

The coolest, sweetest, and most hygienic Pipes on the market.

Made from the skin of a gourd, grown in South Africa. Colors like moonsham. Very absorbent. The tobacco bowl can be unscrewed, removed, and the pipe thoroughly cleaned without any trouble. Sterling silver mounts, hand-made volcanic stems. First selection gourd, hand polished.

\$3.00 each

BENSON & HEDGES

Tobacconists to His Majesty The King

15 Old Bond St., London, W.

485 Fifth Ave., New York

183 St. James Street, MONTREAL

N.B.—Five Marlene Cigars, Cigarettes, Pipes, Smoking Materials, etc., delivered free everywhere in Canada, Great Britain or the United States.



RAILWAYS DO SOME GOOD, AFTER ALL

GROCERIES—“Henry, everybody seems to be the other person you told me. Joe Roscoe was in yesterday and said the best he ever had. Just put it on the table so it goes right along (about a shilling).”

HENRY WAG—“Yes, you know it is one of the best grocers. I got four more right up to the railroad track—within a day or so the same grocer alongside you (the best of apples) inside!”—Judge

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*

woman "You know very well I was speaking to my niece three behind you."

* *

At a recent dinner given to the new-boys of a great city, one of the gentlemen in charge of the feast noticed a "newy" stowing away the food at a rate that looked ill for the immediate future of his digestive apparatus.

"Why do you eat so fast, sonny?" he inquired.

"So's I kin get a hull lot more 'fore I feel full," was the choked reply.

* *

Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Georgia, visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, and consequently privileged to put the question, asked:

"Honey, when is you givin' to get married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:

"Indeed, I can't say, ma'am. Perhaps I shall never marry."

"The old woman's jaw fell. 'Ain't dat a pity, now!' she said. 'But, after all, honey, der do say dat ole ma'am is de happiest widder dere is, cause she's quits strugglin'."

* *

A certain young preacher was much disliked by his congregation for his foolishness and conceit. He considered himself greatly persecuted, and, meeting an old German friend of his on the street one day, began to tell his woes, ending up by saying, "And Mr. Brown, the churchwarden, actually called me a 'perfect man', my cloth prevents me from resenting insults, but I think I should refer to it in the pulpit next Sunday. What would you advise?"

"Main friendli," said the old German, with a twinkle in his eye, "I know no, but I tink dat all you can do vill be youst to bray for them, as usual!"

* *

Peering down from their position on the crater's brink were a party of tourists, their continued silence a tribute to the awe-inspiring appearance of the volcano's mouth.

The meamerie spell was at length broken by an American, of the typical "slightly bred," remarking:

"Say, sinners, I reckon this show reminds me of nothing so much as Hades!"

"How traveled these Americans are!" was the innocent comment of a bespectacled old fogey forming one of the company.

* *

Two Scotchwomen were discussing which of them was the more thrifty.

First woman: "Div ye see that purse? Wool, that's na first use, an' it's as good as new. Ye canna come up to that now, I'll waver."

Second woman: "Look me, whit a poor beast! Ye ken Sandy, na man? He, ay, ye; whit about him?" said the first woman, scornfully.

"Wool, he's na first man, an' nae ye've got yet third. Awa' hame, woman, an' dinna catch thrift tae me again!"

* *

WHY THE TURKEY WAS TENDER.

"When I was city editor of the Virginia City Enterprise," said Mark Twain at a dinner in New York, "a fine turkey was one day left at the office. Turkeys were rare in that altitude, and we all lunkered after this bird. The proprietor, though, claimed it for his own. He took it home and had it stewed for dinner. The next morning as he was expatiating on the turkey's richness and tenderness a letter was handed to him. He opened it and read:

"My Editor—Sir: Yesterday I sent you a turkey which has been the cause of much dispute among us. To settle a bet will you kindly ask your agricultural editor to state in to-morrow's issue what it died of!"

* *

"No," snapped the woman with the square chin. "I don't want any burglar alarms."

"Then the lady next door was right, I suppose," rejoined the hawker as he turned to go.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she didn't say very much," was the answer. "After purchasing

Kramer's \$5.00 Book of Trade Secrets—Re-released to \$1.25 While They Last. Only a Few Copies Left.

Every one should have a copy of this book.

The pages of "Kramer's Book of Trade Secrets" has been re-released from \$5.00 to \$1.25 for a short time. Order the book while you can get it. "It's" a saving to you for the book. Did you know every store and company, hidden secret, foreign countries this year. "It's" makes business "go" and brings in the \$48.00 per. Endorsed by all manufacturers.

THIS IS ONLY ONE KRAMER'S BOOK

"Kramer's Book of Trade Secrets" was written by Adam Kramer, Amsterdam Chemist, assisted by other experts. Mr. Kramer was educated in Germany's most noted Technical schools and was for over 16 years connected with large manufacturing concerns in Germany and the U. S. It is the most complete thing ever written on Inventing, Patents, giving formulas that have never been published, costing from 20c. per page and wholesaling for \$1.00 per page. It contains hundreds of other formulas which never have appeared in print, where the cost has ranged for each formula in parts of pennies, from \$5.00 to \$100. Every person who is not in employment can make more out of this book than a person in ordinary business can on a year of \$10,000.

"KRAMER ON ICE CREAM" is a booklet which has just been issued, telling how to make a good ICE CREAM for 20c. per gallon, a household sure and will save. Is an find how can, including giving a number of other formulas and information. Can't get all about it here. Regular price \$2.50, now \$1.00, or both books \$5.00. Act quick.

SIOUX PUBLISHING COMPANY
SUTHERLAND, IOWA.

British America Assurance Company

Incorporated 1833

FIRE and MARINE

CASH CAPITAL - \$500,000.00
TOTAL ASSETS - \$2,119,347.88
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION,
\$37,283,968.65

HEAD OFFICE

BRITISH AMERICA BUILDING
Cor. Front and Scott Sts., TORONTO

HON. GEO. A. COE, President.
F. H. SIMS, Secretary.
J. J. KENNY, Vice-President,
and Managing Director.

Beauty and Solid Comfort

BRICK FIREPLACES
MADE FROM

**MILTON
BRICK**

any size only, except here are divided
by ornamental designs. The cost
is reasonable.

Send for Catalogue



MILTON PRESSED BRICK COMPANY

Works and Office - MILTON, ONT.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Rusty Man's Magazine

one of the alarms she said it would be a waste of time to call here, as you had nothing worth stealing."

"How dare she!" exclaimed the other indignantly. "Here, give me three of them."

* * *

A prosperous grocer in a certain Lancashire town had occasion recently to engage a new cart-horse. Trade was very brisk, and the lad had a great deal of work to do in delivering parcels in different parts of the town.

"Well, Georgie, how did you get on on Saturday?" asked the grocer on Monday morning.

"Oh, fine," replied Georgie; "but I'll be leaving" at the end of the week."

"Why, Georgie, what's up now?" queried his master. "Are the wages not high enough?"

"I'm no duffer" any fan't to the pay," replied the boy, "but the far's, I'm darin' a horse out o' a job here."

* * *

"He'd been serving for some time, and had bought a motor about which he was very enthusiastic, and there was no one on the road could equal him at steering."

He'd been before the magistrate on more than one occasion for excessive speed, and had been fined, and now he had to appear again.

"You've been at it again with that car of yours, have you?" snapped the magistrate. "Such people as you are a danger to the public, frightened them and also the horses, and ought to be locked up. You certainly ought to know better. If you will persist in racing against time, you should buy a firing machine."

"It wouldn't be a bit of good," sighed the prisoner, wearily. "I'm'd have me arrested for frightening the birds then."

* * *

A kind and benevolent old gentleman, who took a great interest in little boys, stopped in the street one day to look with compassionate sympathy and interest at a lad whose face bore clear evidence of having been in the wars.

"My poor little fellow," he said, patting the boy on the head, "I fear you've

been fighting! You've got a black eye. Dear me, now, I'm really very sorry, I —"

"Never you mind about me," said the poor little fellow; "you go home and be sorry for your own boy. He's got two black eyes!"

* * *

Edwin was the pride of his parents, because, as they said, he was a boy of such truly brilliant ideas.

An interesting little story is current about Edwin which will fully demonstrate their statement.

His mother had given him several basket-eggs for a birthday present; but the youth had been rather disappointed by the smallness of the eggs, and would not be convinced by the repeated assurances of the dame that as the birds were small it was only natural that the eggs should be the same.

But, as we said before, Edwin had ideas, and he hit upon an excellent plan to make his baskets lay larger eggs.

Some days later when his father went out to inspect the hen coop, he noticed a large ostrich egg suspended from the raft and bearing the inscription in red ink:

"When you're laying, keep your eye on this!"

Unhappily, this was one of the very few ideas neglected out by Edwin that was not completely successful.

* * *

Georgie was a well-behaved little boy. He had been especially taught by his father to be polite to the ladies, and in a crowded car always to give up his seat to one of the prettier sex.

But recently papa had an unpleasant and embarrassing illustration of how well Georgie had learned his lesson. The tramcar was crowded, and at one of the stopping places a handsome young lady entered.

There was not a vacant seat. "Take my seat, ma'am," said little Georgie, as he doffed his cap.

She didn't take his seat. She looked fierce enough to box his ears. Georgie was sitting on papa's lap when he so gallantly offered to give up his seat to the pretty young lady!

JAEGER

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Is a Guarantee of Better Health for You.

Because it stimulates the circulation of *your* blood—

Does not chill the surface of *your* skin, even when damp—

And assists *your* system to get rid of much poisonous matter (in the form of perspiration), which, if retained, would injure *your* health.

Being a slow conductor of heat it keeps *your* body in an equable and comfortable temperature in all seasons.

The porous nature of natural undyed wool and of the Jaeger Underwear itself allows the air to circulate freely—keeping *your* skin dry, fresh, and in a healthy condition.

Linen and cotton retain moisture and have a smothering effect on the skin, which keeps it moist, sticky, hot, uncomfortable and liable to chill even in warm weather.

Our illustrated catalogue and a copy of "Health Culture," by Dr. Jaeger, will be sent free on request.

Dr. Jaeger Co., Limited,

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
236 Portage Ave., - Winnipeg

Cash for Writers

We solicit manuscripts telling the life stories of great Canadians, in business, professional, or special work, or relating the rise and development of any great business institution in the Dominion. Also Specials on subjects of interest to Canadians.

MSS. submitted must not be over 5,000 words and great care must be taken by authors to avoid anything which could be construed into misrepresentation.

All MSS. must bear the author's name and address, and be accompanied by stamps to cover return postage in case they are found unavailable.

MSS. will be carefully examined by competent critics, and may be rejected for other reasons than lack of literary merit.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and London, Eng.

PUBLISHERS OF

Bookseller and Stationer
Printer and Publisher
The Canadian Grocer

Hardware and Metal
Plumber and Steamfitter
Canadian Machinery and
Manufacturing News

Dry Goods Review
The Financial Post
Busy Man's Magazine

Manuscripts should be addressed to Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine

10 Front Street East, Toronto.

The Wary Investor

realizes that **knowledge is power.** Grasp is the essential thing. A knowledge of the strength or weakness of Canadian Securities, at the opportune moment, may save you thousands of dollars. That explains why the wary investors of the Dominion subscribe for

The Financial Post

They always keep the back page of The Post on file. It mirrors the market exactly—just as it is. No unreliable matter can appear in The Post. It presents the latest news of Canadian Investments and **that news is confirmed.** \$8.00 per year assures safe investments and may save you thousands of dollars. That's the subscription price of **The Financial Post.** Can you afford to be without it?

The Financial Post Company

10 Front Street East, - - TORONTO.



CLARK'S BUSINESS INSTITUTE
Accommodating 500 students. Located in
the above magnificent John D. Rockefeller
Building, 415, 417, 419 and Pearl Streets,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

It especially appeals to you - you will patronize Clark's. For Advertising Specimens, address

C. M. CLARK, President, Either Hamilton or Buffalo



CLARK'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

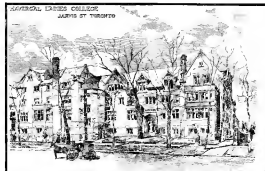
Located in the above commodious McVee Block,
Third Empire Plaza recently acquired to meet
the demands of this Superior General Institute,
Nos. 46, 48, 50 and 52 Jones Street North,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Havergal College

TORONTO

Separate Senior and Junior Residential and
Day Schools



PREPARATION FOR MATRICULATION, HAVERGAL DIPLOMA, EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC AND ART

RESIDENT FRENCH AND GERMAN MISTRESSES

PHYSICAL CULTURE UNDER TWO RESIDENT GRADUATES OF THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL—WITH SIX DEPARTMENTS

GROUNDS—RINK—SWIMMING BATH

Principal

MISS KNOX

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Shorthand in 30 Lessons

(BY MAIL)

\$500 Reward!

will be given by us to any person of ordinary intelligence and education, who will study according to our directions, and who cannot master the **Boyd's Syllabic Shorthand in 30 Lessons.**

You could not master any other system in **100 Lessons.**

Write for **FREE LESSON** to-day.

The Patterson Correspondence School

307 Division Street, OTTAWA, ONT.

The Bishop Strachan School

WYCKHAM HALL
College Street
Toronto

FORTIETH YEAR

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls.

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN

For Catalogue apply to **MISS ACRES, Lady Principal**



Scavengers of Education.

One of America's foremost business educators said "Business Colleges are the scavengers of education," meaning thereby that, from an educational point of view, they attract the least desirable students.

This remark, however, does not apply to the Kennedy School. It is a school for the better class of pupils; a school of expert stenographic training; a school which does what business colleges are supposed to do.

It is the school which, in eight successive contests, has won the typewriting championship of the world; the school which originated the world-famous "new typewriting," the scientific system which has revolutionized typewriter operation.

Need we tell you more about the Kennedy School? The Kennedy School needs no recommendation but its own achievements. It does need young people with brains, and the ability and ambition to "do something," to make themselves worth while. If you are in that class it can make your services exceptionally valuable.

The Kennedy School belongs to the new order of things. It is a school which has never failed to "make good." It is the only school good enough for you if you want the best. The Summer session is an excellent one to spend with us. We have some interesting literature. Send for it.

Kennedy Shorthand School

9 Adelaide Street East,
Toronto



\$3000 A YEAR

After Seven Months Study

**SOME RECORDS OF GRADUATES OF
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL**

NO other school in the world can show such wonderful results as those which have attended the work of The Success Shorthand School of Chicago. Presided over by expert court reporters—men whose ability has built up the greatest shorthand business in the world—its graduates are expert shorthand writers and are paid the princely salaries earned by experts.

Some Successful Graduates

After seven months' study, and with no previous knowledge of shorthand Chauncey W. Pitts (Alton, Ill.), was appointed official court reporter of the Fourth Judicial District of that state. Another graduate, D. M. Kent (Colorado, Tex.) is the official reporter of the courts in his district, and is a single month old a business of \$650.25.

Miss Corrie A. Hyde (7 Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.) is the official reporter of the courts in that district. Our graduates include successful commercial stenographers, private secretaries to prominent statesmen, railway magnates, bankers and milkmen. They are successful because they are taught by the most expert court reporters in the world.

You Are Taught at Home

You can learn this expert shorthand at your home, the same these people have done, and obtain the emoluments paid to those who are really expert.

If you are a beginner, you will find this course the simplest, shortest and the most easily read of any shorthand taught. We teach correct shorthand from the beginning and absolutely guarantee our instruction.

If you are a stenographer, we will perfect you so that you can write the same shorthand with which the experts have succeeded. No matter what system you write, we guarantee our instruction, giving our written agreement to return money in case of dissatisfaction.

Write today for our elegant forty-eight page catalogue, and copy of agreement given accepted pupils. If you are a stenographer, state system used and experience. Address,

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Suite 124, 79 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The School That Graduates Expert Stenographers.

\$650.25
A MONTH



To Stenographers:

W. L. James and R. F. Rose, of this institution, edit and publish the most up-to-date, instructive and inspiring shorthand magazine ever known. Subscription is \$2 a year. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription. Address: THE SHORTHAND WRITER, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



High Grade Printing

from the conception of the idea to the finished job—we are now ready to produce to our NEW PRINTING DEPARTMENT

With everything new—
NEW MANAGER—from New York City, full of the ideas and methods of the best printers, advertisers and publishers of the States—
NEW PRESSES—the latest products of the press makers—
NEW TYPE—the best faces selected from the stocks of leading foundries and a
NEW RESOLVE—to make every job a credit to us and to you—we ask for a chance to figure, furnish layouts, dummies, schemes and designs for anything from a letterhead to a catalog—

If you want
"printing that's
different"
let us hear from you.

**MACLEAN
PUBLISHING
CO. LTD**
John Bayne MacLean
President
10 Front St. East Toronto
ONTARIO WINNIPEG
LONDON SING
PRINTING DEPT
Charles Edward Peabody
MANAGER



Can You Draw for Cash?



Have you noticed the handsomely designed covers of magazines, and of recent books and newspapers? Have you ever been impressed with the drawings and designs found in our leading magazines? Have you been attracted by the pictures and illustrations of our daily papers? Have you ever wondered at the beautiful designs in travel and women's magazines, comics, lanterns and all miscellaneous articles.

This is practical art. This is the work of the illustrator. This is the work for which there is an unlimited demand, and for which big prices and salaries are paid. This is the special work which we teach men to illustrate of people the world over with nature scenes.

Our students are good money while studying, when mailing from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week; and when successful they can earn from \$30.00 per week upward. Just about two students. One year's time employs is easygoing. A few months will follow. You come to home. Write today for our FREE booklet. It tells you all about it.

OUR OTHER COURSES

Clip out the coupons, mark any course you want and send to us:

Higher Advertising
Colored Illustrations
Commercial Illustrations
Bookbinding
Stenography
Penmanship
Decorative Writing
Etching
Brigging
Illustration
Steel Stamp Making
Photography
Modelling (any clays)
Turnery (wood) (any wood)
Commercial French
French
German

Name _____
Address _____

The Shaw Correspondence School

383 Yonge St. Toronto

W. H. SHAW, President

The Gerhard Heintzman

GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOS

CANADA'S FINEST INSTRUMENTS
A REPUTATION GAINED THROUGH
HONEST MERIT.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

Hamilton Salesrooms:
127 King Street East

97 Yonge Street
TORONTO



THE CONTINUOUS CHALLENGE

Jimmy—"Aw, no wonder you can lick me—per two years older 'n me."

Mickey—"Well, come round when yer as old as me an' I'll lick yer den, too"—Judge.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

COBALT ONTARIO

IMMENSE PROFITS can now be made by purchasing COBALT STOCKS at present prices. WE HAVE OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE AT COBALT, who daily informs us of the movements of the different securities. We have no particular interests to conceal, and every information we are possessed of, is at the disposal of our clients.

WE ARE BROKERS ONLY, buying and selling stocks on the TORONTO MINING EXCHANGE and NEW YORK CURE on a commission basis.

OUR WEEKLY NEWS LETTER gives reliable and up to date particulars concerning COBALT STOCKS, and is mailed free to any address.

Our up-to-date book on the history of Cobalt, also maps showing location of different mines, will be mailed free to any address on application.

WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE WHEN BUYING OR SELLING COBALT STOCKS.

INVESTORS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Limited

Phone 6316.

Telegraphic Address: "Metrol" Winnipeg

307 Kennedy Building, Opposite Eaton's

DEPT. 'A'

Real Estate is the basis of all values, the foundation of our Financial System, the highest known type of security.—Russell Sage.

Western Farm Lands

and
Winnipeg City
Property

Cable Address:
"METROL"
WINNIPEG

INVESTORS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
LIMITED
307 Kennedy Building, (opposite Eaton's) Winnipeg, Canada

DEPT.
C.

We own and control over 200,000 acres of the finest wild lands in Western Canada. We have also a fine list of improved farms. If interested in Winnipeg City property, write us.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Dandy Den Pictures

4 in Brilliant Colors 50c.

SIZE, 9 x 12

Dandy and attractive reproductions by the most popular Power artist in the U.S.
Here is a gift for your own heart, plenty of fun and head-aches of both, lovable, dandy and with the price that has made the dandy picture the queen of the earth. We have selected a complete set of eight of these search-capturing and wonderful scenes in exact duplicates of the originals. They are printed on fine mounted card stock, 9 x 12, and make you ready for the walls of your den or library.

We send this set of four **UNPAID**, together with 50 mounting illustrations from our extensive list of beautiful and attractive den pictures, ideal books, and the like.

Most Exquisite Portrayals of "Woman Beautiful"

Ever Shown in One Collection

For only 15c. each, 10, 50 or 100. Or send us \$1.50 for the full set of eight picture gifts, illustrations, etc., and we will enter your name on our regular monthly mailing list. **Send at once. To-day. Money back if not satisfied.**

GORDON ART CO.

1208 Foster Ave. Gen. Dept. Chicago, U.S.A.

FREE—Order the full set of eight at once and we will include absolutely free and complimentary a dandy drawing by **Rembrandt**, 9 x 12, entitled "The Summer Kingmakers."

QUEEN OF THE PLAINS

THE HUNTRESS

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Containing the choicest and most entertaining articles and short stories appearing in the current numbers of the leading magazines of the world carefully selected and expertly reproduced at extremely low prices. Also lists full the following articles of interest to the readers of the month.

CONTENTS: THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1914. THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 2, 1914. THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 3, 1914. THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 4, 1914.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

at once, for

The Busy Man's Magazine

We do not want a salesman who is simply an order-taker. **WE WANT A LIVE, ENERGETIC, RED-BLOODED SALESMAN** who is prepared to **CREATE** and to get business in his territory, who will work with a vim and determination that carries with it—as it always will—pleasing and satisfactory results to his own pocket and to our circulation.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE—what arguments even the coarsest pharise in the mouth of the wide-awake salesman. The magazine is interesting and pleasing to the reader, it places the best magazine literature in his hands at low cost. It saves the reader's money—dollars—and it saves his time—which is a busy business man's most valuable asset. Besides, it is **COMMON-SENSE**. As our salesman—YOU will be building a business for yourself—we will help you. In the meantime you will earn a very

satisfactory income for good work. One magazine man, inexperienced when he started, cleared \$2,000 last year.

Write us to-day for our plan of assisting you as our representative, and learn how we will help you build up a business of your own.

Remember The Busy Man's Magazine is for **EVERY MAN**.

Remember—write to-day, giving us full particulars.

The Busy Man's Magazine,

10 Front Street East
TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Ask Your Stationer

FOR



HOLLAND LINEN PAPERS

THEY APPEAL TO THE
MOST REFINED TASTE

200 Customers' Numbers at Your Fingers' End



Ready for instant reference, yet concealed from curious eyes. Has a second list in covering the number you want if your telephone is changed without notice.

Automatic Telephone Cord Index

Save time and trouble each day of valuable time. Made of aluminum. Contains space for 200 names, alphabetically arranged. Simply pull down the cord you want. Done in minutes, so you can be sure the number will be right. The most reliable, suggestive. From 50c. to 1.00. Durable and convenient to use. In your home or office. Made and sold by **ALUMINUM AND NOVELTY WORKS**, 250 Lincoln Street, New York.

Cuckoo

\$1.00

Puts this
**Beautiful
Common-Sense
Cuckoo Clock
in Your Home**



Cuckoo

Nearly
**Two Feet High,
14 Inches Wide,
In Solid
Walnut Case**

The accurate cuckoo clock is a clock of two kinds. The group of the cuckoo and the cuckoo clock. In fact, they are identical in construction—the cuckoo clock is a cuckoo clock.

At \$1.00 we will ship it to you. **Advantage you pay \$1.00** and we will ship it to you. The cuckoo clock is a cuckoo clock. The cuckoo clock is a cuckoo clock. The cuckoo clock is a cuckoo clock.

THE COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING COMPANY is back of the offer—everything is as we represent it to be. Our object is giving you the greatest bargain in the world. **COMMON-SENSE**, the magazine that brings you the greatest bargain. If you are **COMMON-SENSE**, extend your subscription or order some new subscriptions, and you get the clock.

Address **COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING CO.,**
Dept. 264
55 Wabash Ave., Chicago

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



There's One strong fact every consumer should remember when buying food products:—

The standing and reputation of the manufacture of the article bought.

The manufacturers of

"Crown" brand Table Syrup

have for nearly fifty years held the confidence of the consumer throughout Canada.

"Crown" brand Table Syrup

is Pure,
Rich,
Healthful,
Delicious,
Nourishing.

That's the
Story in
a Few Words.

Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
MONTREAL

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

FEARMAN'S



English
Breakfast
Bacon

Is the very best
breakfast that you
can have. Try it.
Your guests will go
in for you, if not,
we will.

F. W. FEARMAN CO.,
LIMITED
HAMILTON

Try
MAJESTIC
it will help you houseclean



Made in Canada
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

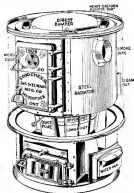


UPTON'S ORANGE MARMALADE

is the one preserve that a man never tires of. Try it and you will find that the more you eat it the better you will like it.

Insist on Having Upton's

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine



THERE ARE MANY "Good Cheer" Furnaces

in use, but you will not find a single one which is not giving every satisfaction.

If you are interested, write us for booklet, or see your local dealer—he can supply you.

The James Stewart Mfg. Co.
WOODSTOCK, ONT. LIMITED

Western Branch, - WINNIPEG, MAN.

NO MORE BURNT FINGERS



A thousand women say that the

Perfect Idea Range

is just as near perfection as it is possible to make a range

our
**PATENT ELECTRIC SLIDING
OVEN TRAY**

makes cooking a pleasant art.
Write for interesting facts.

Guelph Stove Co.

GUELPH, ONT. LIMITED

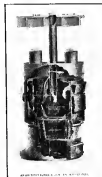
When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

**DESIGNERS
OF CATALOGS,
BOOKLETS,
PAMPHLETS,
BOOK COVERS,
DES. STEEL
PLATES, WOOD
CUTS, ETCHINGS.**

THOMSON
ENGRAVING CO.

TELEPHONE MAIN 5489
216 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

Down Draft Furnaces



WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can depend on in any way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every source of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little, for your goods, opening that you would never even hear about in the ordinary way, and this gives you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day. The

CANADIAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU,

the largest press clipping bureau in Canada reads and clips all the daily and weekly papers published in the Dominion each month and even if you are new a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will pay you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our Booklet about Press Clippings, and ask about information which supplies material for addresses, quotes, pictures and details, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

THE CANADIAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

10 Bond Street East, TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

The name **Down Draft** instantly suggests something new in furnace construction.

The only furnace with this advanced principle.

The most economical, practical and scientific device for burning Hard Coal, Soft Coal, Wood or any other kind of fuel.

It reduces the fuel bill 15 to 25 per cent.

Send for our catalogue. It tells you all.

**THE
Down Draft Furnace Co.**

Limited

GALT, ONTARIO, CANADA

**Barber Chairs
Mirror Cases**



**Specialty Cabinets
Library and Office
Chairs**

**Interior Wood Work
Bent Steel Rod Furniture**

SEND YOUR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS AND GET QUOTATIONS

THE CLARK MFG. COMPANY, Limited
GRAVENHURST - - CANADA

BOOKS FOR BUSINESS MEN

Business Short Cuts

This book is full of "wrinkles" as to the shortest way of carrying out your office duties. Over one hundred different subjects are treated upon—any one of them will show you how to simplify detail work. Articles on

Lighting Address
Notes for Locating Errors in Total
Balances
Some Arithmetical Devices
A Quick Collecting System
Handling Orders

A Quick System of Filing Orders
Figuring Percentages
A Card System for the Memory
Distributing Letters
Time Savers for the Office Man
PERPETUAL INVENTORIES

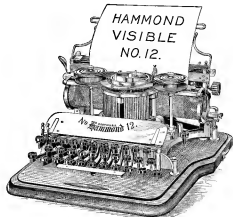
and numerous other subjects

"Short Cuts" is full of sound, practical advice to the man anxious to save time—and therefore accomplish more work. It will prove an eye-opener to you—you will marvel at the easy solution to seemingly difficult questions.

Send To-day. Price, post paid, \$1.00

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine



The No. 12 Visible Hammond

is the most up-to-date typewriter on the market. Its automatic features alone place it head and shoulders above its competitors. WHY? Its construction is such that uniformity of impression and perfect alignment—two essential features—are always ensured, and, is something the other makes of machines have not, and can't get.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.

50 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO

183 St. James Street
MONTREAL

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

YOU CAN'T LOSE!

When remitting by mail
if you use

**DOMINION EXPRESS
MONEY ORDERS**

Cheapest **Most Convenient** **Absolutely Safe**
Foreign Cheques **Cable Transfers**

Payable in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Etc.
At Lowest Rates.

Are You Going Abroad? Take our TRAVELERS' CHEQUES with you. Better than Letters of Credit. No discount. No trouble to cash them. Positively the best method of carrying funds ever devised. Payable everywhere.

Main Office, 48 Yonge St.

Branches in all parts of the city.



A GREAT SAVING

The Kid—Aw, wat yer givin' us? Dem suspenders is miles too big 'er me.
The Merchant Prince.—Such a! Wit dem suspenders you can pull up your pants as high det you vut! never need any tool.—Puck.

**Underwood**

If you use a typewriter, use the best; it is economy—economy of time, of money, of labor.

The Underwood is the best typewriter. That is a claim made for every typewriter, but the Underwood has the advantage of being able to "deliver the goods."

It has won the Championship of the world in eight successive contests. Here is the list:

Chicago, March, 1906, 3 events.
New York, Nov., 1909, 2 events.
Chicago, March, 1907, 2 events.
Boston, March, 1907, 1 event.

If you use a typewriter, use the best.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd.

Adelaide Street East
Toronto

And in all the principal cities

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

White Opalite Glass Tile

The only Sanitary, Non-Crazing, Weather-Proof, Light-Reflecting and Non-Absorbent Tile on the Market.

Complete with
Corners, Mouldings and Cove
Base. . . .

The Cleanest
and best Material
for Wall Protection. . . .

Estimates
and
Samples
Supplied.

Used in Vestibules, Halls,
Lavatories, Bathrooms,
Operating Rooms, Kitchens.



One of Our Latest Store Fronts

LUXFER PRISM CO., LIMITED
100 King Street West, - - - TORONTO

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



VERTICAL FILE

THE biggest selling article in the finest line of filing appliances ever manufactured—and why? Because, our open-back drawer construction (see cut below) affords 96 inches of available filing space—in each 4-drawer cabinet—or 20% more than any other vertical file, accommodating 23,500 letters—because the Macey is incomparably superior in construction, utility, material and finish, and, last but not least, because we give you more for your money than you can get elsewhere.



No. 2-02, \$29.50

WE carry the largest and best assorted stock of Office Desks, Chairs, Screens, Hat Racks and Filing Cabinets, in Oak and Mahogany, in the Dominion. Send for cuts and prices of our "Adams Special" line of Roll and Flat Top Desks—the biggest values ever offered in office furniture. A large, handsome illustrated catalog of Macey Filing Cabinets free for the asking.

The Adams Furniture Co.
CITY HALL SQUARE TORONTO, CANADA Limited

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

REQUISITION ORDER SYSTEM

A GOOD Purchase Order System is a real necessity to every business where goods are purchased on a large scale. Our requisition order system is ingenious and simple. It saves time and labor and prevents mistakes.



WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU:

All orders, whether given to a visiting salesman, or sent by mail, of uniform size.

Perpetual separation of "Filled" from "Unfilled" orders.

No going through dead matter to find the live.

All orders filed alphabetically by purchaser.

Discourages substitutions.

Direct reference to any particular order, no matter how many orders purchased is executing.

Makes buyer independent of invoices.

Prevents "padding" of orders.

Immediate identification of all boxes, barrels, crates, etc., on arrival.

Advices Receiving Clerk without showing quantities or prices.

Insures Accurate Count by Receiving Department.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS AND PRICES.

The Copeland-Chatterson Co., Limited

Marks: BRAMPTON, ONT.

General Office: TORONTO, ONT.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Do Your Books Show You?

Mr. Jones Smith or Jones Jones — when your book-keeper says that is, look.

Then you open your books off hand and put your finger on the page you want to know about?

Then you say there is something wrong with the system you use.

* * * * *

Then you are able to find an account in your books as soon as your book-keeper.

Then your book-keeper never keeps your books for you.

Then what good are your books to you if they won't show you where you stand?

Business Systems show you where you stand.

Business Systems always mean an early monthly report.

Business Systems mean simplicity, depth, accuracy and promptness.

* * * * *

Your request will bring detailed information by return mail.

Address



**BUSINESS
SYSTEMS
LIMITED**

94 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO, CANADA

